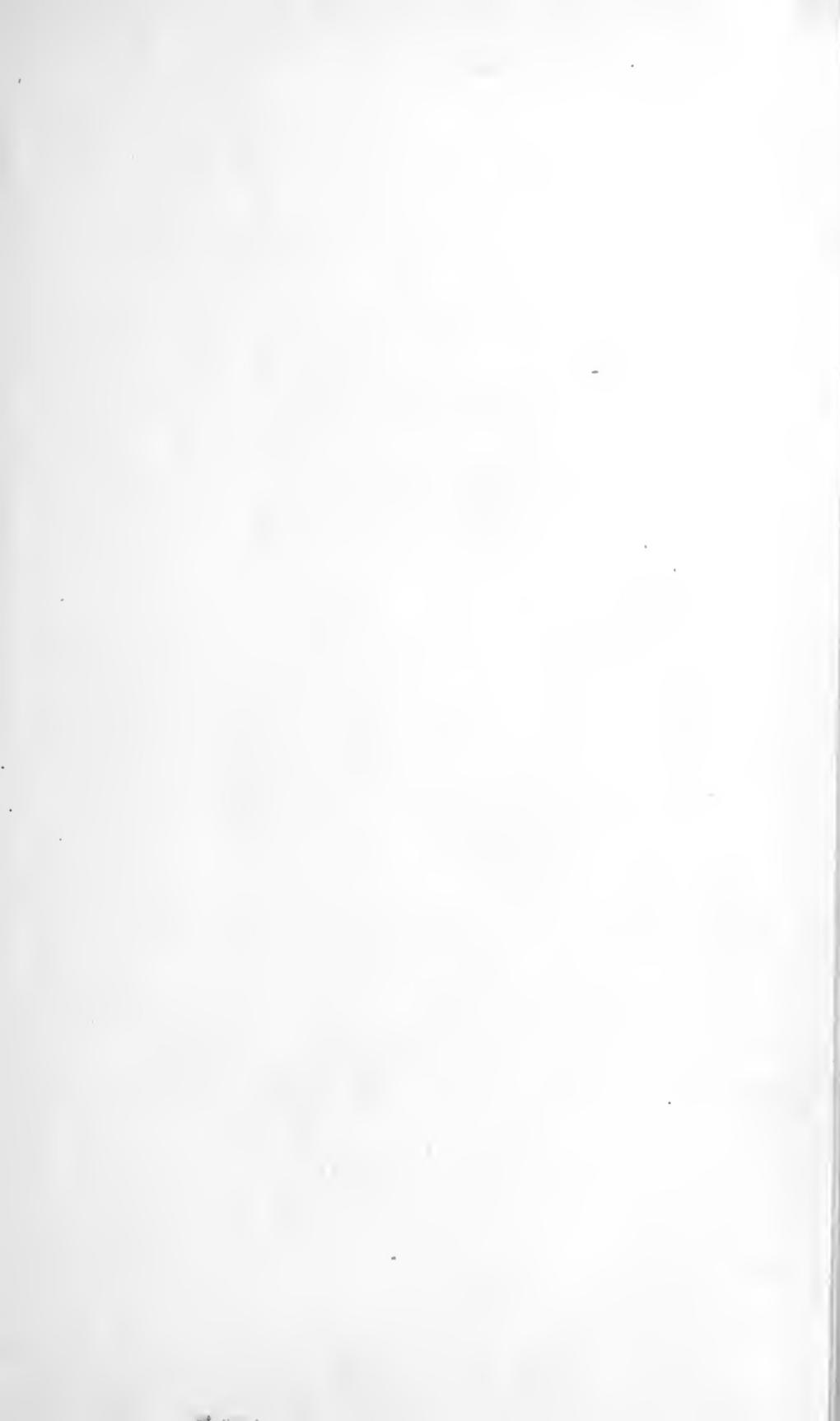


# Bi-literal Cypher of Francis Bacon.

**C**onfessing good hope that if the first reading have an objection, the second reading make an answer." — *Adv. of L.*







J. Bacon

258  
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THE

# Bi-literal Cypher

of

# S<sup>ir</sup> Francis Bacon

discovered in his works

AND DECIPHERED BY

MRS. ELIZABETH WELLS GALLUP



DETROIT, MICHIGAN:  
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## PERSONAL.

### TO THE READER:

The discovery of the existence of the Bi-literal Cipher of Francis Bacon, found embodied in his works, and the deciphering of what it tells, has been a work arduous, exhausting and prolonged. It is not ended, but the results of the work so far brought forth, are submitted for study and discussion, and open a new and large field of investigation and research, which cannot fail to interest all students of the earlier literature that has come down to us as a mirror of the past, and in many respects has been adopted as models for the present.

Seeking for things hidden, the mysterious, elusive and unexpected, has a fascination for many minds, as it has for my own, and this often prompts to greater effort than more manifest and material things would command. To this may be attributed, perhaps, the triumph over difficulties which have seemed to me, at times, insurmountable, the solution of problems, and the following of ways tortuous and obscure, which have been necessary to bring out, as they appear in the following pages, the hidden messages which Francis Bacon so securely buried in his writings, that three hundred years of reading and close study have not until now uncovered them.

This bi-literal Cipher is found in the Italic letters that appear in such unusual and unexplained prodigality in the original editions of Bacon's works. Students of these old editions have been impressed with the extraordinary number of words and passages, often non-important, printed in Italics, where no known rule of construction would require their use. There has been no reasonable explanation of this until now it is found that they were so used for the

purposes of this Cipher. These letters are seen to be in two formes—two fonts of type—with marked differences. In the Capitals these are easily discerned, but the distinguishing features in the small letters, from age of the books, blots and poor printing, have been more difficult to classify, and close examination and study have been required to separate and sketch out the variations, and educate the eye to distinguish them.

How I found the Cipher, its difficulties, methods of working, and outline of what the several books contain, will more fully appear in the explanatory introduction.

In assisting Dr. Owen in the preparation of the later books of "Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story," recently published, and in the study of the great Word-Cipher discovered by him, in which is incorporated Bacon's more extensive, more complete and important writings, I became convinced that the very full explanation found in *De Argumentis*, of the bi-literal method of cipher-writing, was something more than a mere treatise on the subject. I applied the rules given to the peculiarly Italicised words and "letters in two forms," as they appear in the photographic Fae-Simile of the original 1623, Folio Edition, of the Shakespeare Plays. The disclosures, as they appear in this volume, were as great a surprise to me, as they will be to my readers. Original editions of Bacon's known works were then procured, as well as those of other authors named in these, and claimed by Bacon as his own. The deciphered story in these will also appear under the several headings.

From the disclosures found in all these, it is evident that Bacon expected this bi-literal Cipher would be the first to be discovered, and that it would lead to the discovery of his principal, or Word-Cipher, which it fully explains, and to which is intrusted the larger subjects he desired to have preserved. This order has been reversed, in fact, and the earlier discovery of the Word-Cipher, by Dr. Owen, becomes a more remarkable achievement, being entirely

evolved without the aids which Bacon had prepared in this, for its elucidation.

The proofs are overwhelming and irresistible that Bacon was the author of the delightful lines attributed to Spenser,—the fantastic conceits of Peele and Green,—the historical romances of Marlowe,—the immortal plays and poems put forth in Shakespeare's name, as well as the *Anatomy of Melancholy* of Burton.

The removal of these masques, behind which Bacon concealed himself, may change the names of some of our idols. It is, however, the matter and not the name that appeals to our intelligence.

The plays of Shakespeare lose nothing of their dramatic power or wondrous beauty, nor deserve the less admiration of the scholar and critic, because inconsistencies are removed in the knowledge that they came from the brain of the greatest student and writer of that age, and were not a “flash of genius” descended upon one of peasant birth, less noble history, and of no preparatory literary attainments.

The *Faerie Queen* and the *Shepherds Calendar* will be not less sweetly poetical, because Francis Bacon appropriated the name of Spenser, several years after his death, under which to put forth the musical measures, that had, up to that time, only appeared as the production of some Muse without a name.

The supposed writings of Peele, Greene and Marlowe are not the less worthy, because really written by one greater than either.

The remarkable similarity in the dramatic writings attributed to Greene, Peele, Marlowe and Shakespeare has attracted much attention, and the biographers of each have claimed that both style and subject-matter have been imitated, if not appropriated, by the others. The practical explanation lies in the fact that one hand wrote them all.

I fully appreciate what it means to bring forth new truth from unexpected and unknown fields, if not in ac-

cord with accented theories and long held beliefs. "For what a man had rather were true, he more readily believes,"—is one of Bacon's truisms that finds many illustrations.

I appreciate what it means to ask strong minds to change long standing literary convictions, and of such I venture to ask the withholding of judgment until study shall have made the new matter familiar, with the assurance meanwhile, upon my part, of the absolute veracity of the work which is here presented. Any one possessing the original books, who has sufficient patience and a keen eye for form, can work out and verify the Cipher from the illustrations given. Nothing is left to choice, chance, or the imagination. The statements which are disclosed are such as could not be foreseen, or imagined, or created, nor can there be found reasonable excuse for the hidden writings, except for the purposes narrated, which could only exist concerning, and be described by, Francis Bacon.

I would beg that the readers of this book will bring to the consideration of the work minds free from prejudice, judging of it with the same intelligence and impartiality they would themselves desire, if the presentation were their own. Otherwise the work will, indeed, have been a thankless task.

To doubt the ultimate acceptance of the truths brought to light would be to distrust that destiny in which Bacon had such an abiding faith for his justification, and which, in fact, after three centuries, has lifted the veil, and brought us to estimate the character and accomplishments, trials and sorrows of that great genius, with a feeling of nearness and personal sympathy, far greater than has been possible from the partial knowledge which we have heretofore enjoyed.

ELIZABETH WELLS GALLUP.

Detroit, March 1st, 1899.

## EXPLANATORY INTRODUCTION.

The subject of Ciphers and Cipher-writing became, with Francis Bacon, a hobby, if not an absorbing passion, the extent of which may be judged from the voluminous and important matter being brought to light, which he infolded in his writings, and which has until now escaped attention. In his work published in 1605, "Of the Advancement of Learning," he makes a topic of Ciphers, as a branch of educational progress, and hints at, but does not explain, the bi-literal method of Cipher-writing, while he was at the same time infolding, in the Italic letters of the book itself portions of his own secret history, and facts concerning the rebellion of Essex, in the manner in which he asserts such messages might be hidden.

He continued to write Ciphers into his various works, published from time to time, until in 1624, when, none having discovered the secret, the very success of the system seeming likely to defeat its object, and when all personal danger from a premature exposure of what he had written was past, he published in the Latin version of "De Augmentis Scientiarum" a clear and minute description and illustration of this Cipher, hoping that it would be understood, and fearing that nothing less would lead to its discovery and translation.

"But what occasion had Francis Bacon to write Ciphers into his works?" First,—a boyish freak, no doubt, to do that which had never been done, employ his inventions in a larger way and gratify his passion for Cipher writing; later, its demonstrated success suggested a means of conveying to a future time the truth which was being concealed from the world concerning himself, his Royal

birth,—his right to be King of England—secrets of State regarding Queen Elizabeth—his mother—and other prominent characters of that day, the correction of English history in important particulars, and the exposure of the wrongs that had been put upon him.

Added to this, and most important of all to the ambitions of his latter days, was the hope of thus bringing to the knowledge of the world the greater field of literature which he had occupied, unknown at that time, and unsuspected until recently, as the author of many books which had been accredited to other names, and thereby secure in the world of letters the wider fame and glory which he craved, and which was his just due.

The names, other than his own, under which Bacon published the brilliant literature of that era, were Christopher Marlowe,—George Peele,—Robert Greene,—Edmund Spenser,—William Shakespeare,—Robert Burton, and Ben Jonson. Two of these, Spenser and Greene, died before the books appeared in their names. Permission to use the others was by consent, through purchase or other arrangement. The Ciphers (more than one) run through them all.

That Francis Bacon wrote the Shakespeare Plays, and the existence of Ciphers in them, has been long suspected, and much time and study devoted to arguing, *pro* and *con*, the several phases and probabilities of the question. The same questions had not been raised, nor suggestion of other authorship than appears upon the title pages, regarding the others, until the discovery by Dr. O. W. Owen of the principal, or Word-Cipher, in the works of all of them, portions of which have already been published as "Sir Francis Bacon's Cipher Story." The translation of this bi-literal Cipher in the following pages, with its directions as to how the Word-Cipher is to be constructed, the keys to the different stories to be written, the guides as to where to find the matter pertaining to them, fully confirms what had

already been found by Dr. Owen, and removes all possible doubt as to Bacon's authorship.

In the present volume is presented that part of the hidden writings which the bi-literal Cipher reveals in the following works:—Francis Bacon's, *Of the Advancement of Learning*, (1605),—King Henry Seventh, (1622),—*Sylva-Sylvarum* and *New Atlantis*, (first published 1635),—Spenser's, *Shepherd's Calendar* and short poems, (1611),—*Faerie Queen*, (1613),—Jonson's, *Sejanus*, and *Masques*, (1616),—Marlowe's *Edward Second*, (1622),—Shakespeare Plays, (Folio 1623),—Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, (1628).

In all of these are fragments of Bacon's personal history, the statement that Elizabeth was the lawful wife of the Earl of Leicester by a secret marriage, before becoming Queen; that the issue of this marriage was two sons,—Francis Bacon, so-called, and Robert Devereux, afterward Earl of Essex; that Francis was at birth received by Mistress Ann Bacon and was reared and educated as the son of Nicholas Bacon. It appears that at about the age of sixteen Francis discovered the facts of his nativity through the gossip of a Court lady, and in a fit of anger the Queen acknowledged to him her motherhood and his son-ship, and that he was immediately thereafter sent to France, and subsequent action was taken by which he was barred from the succession to the throne. In several of the books, though more notably in the Shakespeare plays, are explanations of the "great Word-Cipher which shows all," with keys to the different stories, their titles and directions for deciphering them.

The work hidden takes the form of a series of letters, or divisions, each being closed with a signature of Francis Bacon, or with initials or some one of the titles he bore.

In the Shakespeare Plays, the chief dramatic work of Bacon, is found the most important of the secret writings committed to the Ciphers. Here, *in extenso*, are the prin-

cipal directions and manner of writing the word-cipher, the keys and guides, the different works to be used and the names under which they appear, the titles of the hidden stories to be written out, and where the matter of which they are to be constructed may be found. Much space is devoted to the secret personal history of himself and his brother, Robert, which the Queen saw fit to have concealed from general knowledge.

His references to the trial and execution of Essex and the part he was forced to take in his prosecution, are the subject of a continual wail of unhappiness and ever-present remorse, with hopes and prayers that the truth hidden in the Cipher may be found out, and published to the world in his justification. “O God! forgiveness cometh from Thee; shut not this truest book, my God! Shut out my past,—love’s little sunny hour,—if it soe please Thee, and some of man’s worthy work, yet Essex’s tragedy here shew forth; then posterity shall know him truly.”

The various Introductions, Dedications, the Catalogue of Plays and Characters, the Prologues, the headings of the different Comedies, Histories and Tragedies (in the order named), comprising a series of short passages, giving general directions for the work, are complete in themselves, and at the end of each division occurs some one of the signatures by which Bacon was known, as if to authenticate what had been written.

The more connected narrative is in the Plays, combined in the order as given (in cipher) in the Natural History, and in the Plays themselves as the deciphering advanced.

In this order the plays are linked together in the most unmistakable manner, parts of words and sentences unfinished at the end of one finding completion and continuance in the next. Four breaks or omissions occur, however, from inability thus far to gain access to the original editions of the books required, and from the fact that the modern editions do not contain this bi-literal, though the

Word-Cipher is easily traced in them. The first missing link is Peele's Old Wives' Tale, which should precede Twelfth Night. Its absence causes the latter to begin abruptly, showing the omission of something which should precede it in the deciphering. The second omission is the Pinner of Wakefield, published as Greene's work, which should precede the Merchant of Venice. The third omission is the Jew of Malta, of Marlowe, which should precede the Merry Wives of Windsor. The fourth missing link is at the end of Much Ado About Nothing, which closes with an incomplete sentence, the remainder of which will be found in the Tale of Troy. Herein the Faire Greek (supposed to be a lost play) should follow this and precede Winter's Tale, which last begins with a continuation of something to be found in the missing work. The absence of these books is not material, however, as the substance of the bi-literal story is so often repeated in the other works, they are not necessary to an understanding of the whole.

On another page is copied from De Augmentis, as nearly as may be with modern type, the illustration of the method of infolding cipher writings by means of "letters in two forms," the letters infolding being quintuple those infolded. This plan was applied to the Italic letters, in the books mentioned, with results which have been most surprising in the variety and interest of the deciphered work.

The rule is simple and easily comprehended, but many stumbling blocks occur in the books, placed there with the evident purpose of making the deciphering more difficult, which bring confusion to the work until removed. Each book has its own peculiarities—different letters—and forms a separate study. The first page of Henry VII., as it herein appears, will explain some peculiarities, the changes in the readings of the same forms of letters, the meaning of the dots and other unusual markings, which close students of the old books have noted. Occasionally will be found a Roman letter in an Italic word; this has to be dis-

regarded. Not infrequently an Italic letter occurs in a word, the remainder of which is in Roman; these must be used. There are occasional words in Roman type between words in Italic that have to be used to form the groups necessary to complete a Cipher word. Whether these are mistakes of the printer, or thrown in to confuse would-be decipherers, it is of course not possible now to determine. In the illustration given in the original *De Augmentis*, one of the Latin words ends with a wrong termination, making one too many letters for the group, and must be omitted. The error is corrected in the English translation of 1641 and in subsequent editions.

One of the most puzzling of the many strange things that have been observed but not explained has been the duplication and misplaced paging in the originals. These occur in nearly all the books that have been deciphered. There are several in the Folio Shakespeare Plays, and they are still more prominent in some of the other works. A list is appended, with explanation of the pages which are to be joined together in the deciphering. They bring the work into instant confusion, until the proper duplicate page is found and the two joined together in the order of precedence in which they occur, until all of that number are deciphered, after which the consecutive pages continue the story until some other break occurs, which has in turn to be properly solved. Sometimes three, and in *Advancement of Learning* four misplaced pages are found of the same number in the same book.

To illustrate more fully: the first wrong paging in the Folio Shakespeare occurs in *Merry Wives of Windsor*. After page 49 are 58-51. In the consecutive order thereafter, and following 58, is another 51. In deciphering, the first 58 must be omitted until the first 51 is deciphered; this must be followed by the second 51, then the regular order resumed. When page 57 has been deciphered, it

must be followed by the first 58, and this by the second 58. There is no 50 or 59 in this division. In Comedy of Errors, page 85 is followed by page 88, then 87, then 88 again. In deciphering, page 85 must be followed by 87, this by the first 88, and this by the second 88. There is no 86.

In Tempest, as deciphered, this direction occurs:—“Now join King Lear, King John, Romeo & Juliet”—etc. In the closing lines of King John, this:—“Join Romeo with Troy’s famous Cressida if you wish to know my story. Cressida in this play with Juliet, b—” which ends the Cipher in King John, with an incomplete word. Turning to Romeo and Juliet (page 53) the remainder of the word, and the broken sentence is continued, being a part of the description of Marguerite, and the love Francis entertained for her.

The deciphering of Romeo and Juliet proceeded without interruption until page 76 was finished. The next page is 79, but an attempt to go forward with it brought confusion, the subject-matter not joining or relating to the preceding subject. After much speculation and study, it was recalled that Troilus and Cressida was to follow, and that the first page of that play was 78. A trial of this page brought out the letter and words which connected with those on page 76 of Romeo and Juliet. At the end of 79, of Troilus and Cressida, again came confusion, but by joining Romeo and Juliet, 79, to this, and following by page 80 of Troilus and Cressida, the narration was continued in proper order. There is no page 77 in Romeo and Juliet, or in this division of the book.

Had the Cipher been less arbitrary, or subject to variation, or the story the invention of the decipherer, less time and study would have been spent in finding joining parts, and nothing would have been known of the reasons for wrong paging.

Some Keys relating to other Cipher work not yet deciphered are omitted.

Spelling was not an exact science in any of the works of Bacon and if the old English is thought to be unique, it must be attributed to the unsettled orthography of the sixteenth century. Many abbreviations occur, marked by the “*tilda*” in the old English, but which are not used in modern type. In the deciphered works the same diversity exists as in the originals, the exact text being followed letter by letter. Proper names, even, are not always spelled alike. There was marked progress, however, in the period between the production of Bacon’s first works and the last. To Bacon, in greater degree than to any other, has been accredited the enriching of the English language with new words, but the spelling and expression of them have been three centuries in crystallizing into the simplicity and uniformity of the present schools.

The Natural History, and New Atlantis, was published some years after Bacon’s death, by Dr. Rawley, the private secretary of whom Bacon speaks. In the Introduction and table of contents, Rawley tells (in Cipher) the circumstances of its preparation. In the decyphering, the body of the book was first worked out. In the Eighth Century there came confusion of letters and it required considerable study to find that the fonts of type had been changed in some of the letters, i. e., what had been used as the “a” font was changed to the “b” font, either by mistake, or for purposes of confusion. After the main part of the book had been finished, the Introduction of Rawley and table of contents was deciphered, and this brought out that from the Eighth Century Rawley had completed the work,—“yet I have stumblingly proceeded with it and unwittingly used some letters wrongly, as B—I—L—M—N—P—S—and Z.” He also refers to his finishing the last edition of Burton’s Anatomy, the edition used in this volume.

The reference to the signing of the death warrant of Mary Queen of Scots, by the Secretary, Davison, instead of by Elizabeth, and unknown to her, confirms what the most recent historians have noted, and explains some inconsistencies in the earlier accounts of Elizabeth's action.

Perhaps the most remarkable results, and certainly the most unexpected, and greatest surprise, came from deciphering *De Augmentis*, and Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. The history of the *Anatomy* is peculiar. It is said to appear in the Catalogue of the British Museum under the fictitious name of T. Bright, about the year 1587, or when Burton was only about ten years old. Greatly enlarged, it appears in 1621, and again in 1624, and again in 1628, under the name of Robert Burton, a person of whom little is known, except as the supposed author of this work alone, and as a living example of the melancholy which it so felicitously describes. The Cipher mentions both Bright and Burton as names under which Bacon wrote the book, and also that the different editions contain a different Cipher story.

The extraordinary part is that this edition conceals, in Cipher, a very full and extended prose summary—argument, Bacon calls it—of a translation of Homer's *Iliad*. In order that there may be no mistake as to its being Bacon's work, he precedes the translation with a brief reference to his royal birth and the wrongs he has suffered from being excluded from the throne. The Cipher also tells that in the marginal notes, which are used in large numbers in the book, may be found the argument to a translation of the *Aeneid*, but this has not been deciphered.

In *De Augmentis* is found a similar extended summary, or argument, of a translation of the *Odyssey*. This, too, is introduced with reference to Bacon's personal history, and although the text of the book is in Latin the Cipher is in English.

The decipherer is not a Greek scholar and would be incapable of creating these extended arguments, which differ widely in phrasing from any translation extant, and are written in a free and flowing style which will be recognized as Baconian.

Homer was evidently a favorite author, and in all the books deciphered it is repeated that the translations, in Iambic verse, will be found in the Word-Cipher, and these summaries are to aid in the production of them. Close students of Shakespeare and Spenser have noted many fragments of the Iliad in the plays and poems, and a portion has already been deciphered.

The books deciphered cover a period of about twenty years, in which Bacon was writing into them the secrets of his life. The repetitions of the sorrowful story take on the differing moods in which he wrote and the variations of mental activity during that long period.

Grieving over the tragic death of his brother, and his part in bringing it about, which was an ever present cause of remorse, and brooding over the wrongs and sorrows that had been forced upon himself, his mind passes through many changeful emotions as the years progress, and the bi-literal Cipher becomes the receptacle of his plaints—the escape valve of his momentary passions—the record of his lost hopes, and the expression of those which he still cherished for the future in the prophecy,—“I look out to the future, not of years, but of ages, knowing that my labours are for the benefit of a land very farr off, and after great length of time is past.”

Detroit, March, 1899.

# *Of the Advancement of Learning.*

(London, 1605.)

## CYPHARS

For CYPHARS; they are commonly in Letters or Alphabets, but may bee in Wordes. The kindes of CYPHARS, (besides the SIMPLE CYPHARS with Changes, and intermixtures of N V L L E S, and N O N S I G N I F I C A N T S) are many, according to the Nature or Rule of the infoulding: W H E E L E - C Y P H A R S, K A Y - C Y P H A R S, D O V B L E S, &c. But the vertues of them, whereby they are to be preferred, are three; that they be not laborious to write and reade; that they bee imposisble to discypher; and in some cases, that they bee without suspition. The highest Degree whereof, is to write O M N I A P E R O M N I A; which is vndoubtedly posisble, with a proportion Quintuple at most, of the writing infoulding, to the writing infoulded, and no other restrainte whatsoeuer. This Arte of *Cypheringe*, hath for Relatiue, an Art of *Discypheringe*; by supposition vnprofitable; but, as things are, of great vse. For suppose that *Cyphars* were well managed, there bee Multitudes of them which exclude the *Discypherer*. But in regarde of the rawnesse and vnskilfulness of the handes, through which they passe, the greatest Matters, are many times carryed in the weakest *Cyphars*.

# DE AUGMENTIS SCIENTIARUM

(Translation, Gilbert Wats, 1640.)

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Wherefore let us come to C Y P H A R S. Their kinds are many, as *Cyphars simple*; *Cyphars intermixt with Nulloes*, or non-significant Characters; *Cyphars of double Letters under one Character*; *Wheele-Cyphars*; *Kay-Cyphars*; *Cyphars of Words*; Others. But the virtues of them whereby they are to be preferr'd are Three; *That they be ready, and not laborious to write*; *That they be sure, and lie not open to Deciphering*; *And lastly, if it be possible, that they be managed without suspicion*.

But that jealousies may be taken away, we will annexe an other invention, which, in truth, we devised in our youth, when we were at *Paris*: and is a thing that yet seemeth to us not worthy to be lost. It containeth the *highest degree of Cypher*, which is to signifie *omnia per omnia*, yet so as the *writing insolding*, may beare a quintuple proportion to the *writing infolded*; no other condition or restriction whatsoever is required. It shall be performed thus: First let all the *Letters* of the *Alphabet*, by transposition, be resolved into two *Letters* onely; for the transposition of two *Letters* by five placings will be sufficient for 32. Differences, much more for 24. which is the number of the *Alphabet*. The example of such an *Alphabet* is on this wise.

*An Example of a Bi-literarie Alphabet.*

<i>A</i>	<i>B</i>	<i>C</i>	<i>D</i>	<i>E</i>	<i>F</i>
<i>Aaaaa</i>	<i>aaaab</i>	<i>aaaba.</i>	<i>aaabb.</i>	<i>aabaa.</i>	<i>aabab.</i>
<i>G</i>	<i>H</i>	<i>I</i>	<i>K</i>	<i>L</i>	<i>M</i>
<i>aabba</i>	<i>aabbb</i>	<i>abaaa.</i>	<i>abaab.</i>	<i>ababa.</i>	<i>ababb.</i>
<i>N</i>	<i>O</i>	<i>P</i>	<i>Q</i>	<i>R</i>	<i>S</i>
<i>abbaa.</i>	<i>abbab.</i>	<i>abbba.</i>	<i>abbbb.</i>	<i>baaaa.</i>	<i>baaab.</i>
<i>T</i>	<i>V</i>	<i>W</i>	<i>X</i>	<i>Y</i>	<i>Z</i>
<i>baaba.</i>	<i>baabb.</i>	<i>babaa.</i>	<i>babab.</i>	<i>babba.</i>	<i>babbb.</i>

Neither is it a small matter these *Cypher-Characters* have, and may performe: For by this *Art* a way is opened, whereby a man may expresse and signifie the intentions of his minde, at any distance of place, by objects which may be presented to the eye, and accommodated to the eare: provided those objects be capable of a twofold difference onely; as by Bells, by Trumpets, by Lights and Torches, by the report of Muskets, and any instruments of like nature. But to pursue our enterprise, when you addresse your selfe to write, resolve your inward-infolded Letter into this *Bi-literarie Alphabet*. Say the *interiour Letter* be

*Fuge.*

*Example of Solution.*

<i>F</i>	<i>V</i>	<i>G</i>	<i>E</i>
<i>aabab.</i>	<i>baabb.</i>	<i>aabba.</i>	<i>aabaa.</i>

Together with this, you must have ready at hand a *Bi-formed Alphabet*, which may represent all the *Letters* of the *Common Alphabet*, as well Capitall Letters as the Smaller Characters in a double forme, as may fit every mans occasion.

*An Example of a Bi-formed Alphabet.*

{ *A Aaa B Bbb C Ccc D Ddd E Eee F Fff*

{ *G Ggg H Hbh J Iii K Kkk L Lll M Mmm*

{ *N Nnn O Ooo P Ppp Q Qqq R Rrr S Sss*

{ *T Ttt V Vvv U U W Www X Xxx Y Yyy Z Zzz*

Now to the interiour letter, which is Biliterate, you shall fit a biformed exteriour letter, which shall answer the other, letter for letter, and afterwards set it downe. Let the exteriour example be,

*Manere te volo, donec venero.*

*An Example of Accommodation.*

*F            V            G            E*  
a a b a b. b a a b b. a a b b a. a a b a a.

*Manere te volo donec venero*

We have annext likewise a more ample example of the cypher of writing *omnia per omnia*: An interiour letter, which to expresse, we have made choice of a Spartan letter sent once in a *Scytale* or round cypher'd staffe.

*Spartan Dispatch.*

*All is lost. Mindarus is killed. The soldiers want food. We can neither get hence nor stay longer here.*

An exteriour letter, taken out of the first Epistle of Cicero, wherein a Spartan Letter is involved.

Cicero's First Epistle.

In all duty or rather piety towards  
you, I satisfy everybody except myself.  
Myself I never satisfy. For so great are  
the services which you have rendered me,  
that, seeing you did not rest in your en-  
deavours on my behalf till the thing was  
done, I feel as if life had lost all its sweet-  
ness, because I cannot do as much in this  
cause of yours. The occasions are these:  
Ammonius, the king's ambassador, open-  
ly besieges us with money. The business  
is carried on through the same creditors  
who were employed in it when you were  
here &c.

(NOTE)—This Translation from Spedding, Ellis & Heath Ed.

## Epistle.

*In all duty or rather piety towards you, I satisfy everybody except myself. Myself I never satisfy. For so great are the services which you have rendered me, that, seeing you did not rest in your endeavours on my behalf till the thing was done, I feel as if life had lost all its sweetness, because I cannot do as much in this cause of yours. The occasions are these: Ammonius, the king's ambassador, openly besieges us with money. The business is carried on through the same creditors who were employed in it when you were here &c.*

## Cipher infolded.

*All is lost. Mindarus is killed. The soldiers want food. We can neither get hence nor stay longer here.*

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*The knowledge of Cyphering, hath drawne on with it a knowledge relative unto it, which is the knowledge of Discyphering, or of Discreting Cyphers, though a man were utterly ignorant of the Alphabet of the Cypher, and the Capitulations of secrecy past between the Parties. Certainly it is an Art which requires great paines and a good witt and is [as the other was] consecrate to the Counsels of Princes: yet notwithstanding by diligent prevision it may be made unprofitable, though, as things are, it be of great use. For if good and faithfull Cyphers were invented & practised, many of them would delude and forestall all the Cunning of the Decypherer, which yet are very apt and easie to be read or written: but the rawnesse and unskilfulness of Secretaries, and Clarks in the Courts of Princes, is such, that many times the greatest matters are committed to futile and weake Cyphers.*

# BI-LITERAL CYPHER.

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FRANCIS BACON.

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## OF THE ADVANCEMENT OF LEARNING.

Take, reade! it is sore necessity that doth force me to this very dry and also quite difficile Cyphar as a way or methode of transmission. Seldome (though occasionallie in th' bright but infrequent verse) lines of a published booke may artfullie come, plact in my Cypher amongst new matter; for all this bi-literal may do, shall be as an helpe and aide to my former: one must eary on the other.

Therefore as you cease to be attracted by one, you may folow another, but I am most assur'd that my long labor, spent making such small devices with this scope, end, and ayme, when completed and put out, boldlie given forth under my signature or in some other name, shall have full recompence of reward.

As one findeth that which doth already exist in his minde—a pre-notion—more quickly, and will more readily arrive at th' goal when he doth keepe his eyes on it, soe shall my discipherer make farre more advancement, keeping steadilie on with my aide, nere turning aside with a wand'ring eye.

It is for his advantage or benefitt also that th' lines that I have mention'd shall occasionally come to view; th' prenition being thus form'd greatly asisteth many times, and doth ayde th' eye to see th' symboles (signes) to shew my discyphere' works of my penne in concealme't, or rather in masque or disguise.

My stage plaies have all beene disguis'd (to wit, many in Greene's name or in Peele's, Marlowe's, a fewe, such as th' Queene's Masques and others of this kind published for me by Jonson, my friend and co-worker) since I relate a secret history therein, a storie of so sterne and tragick qualitie, it illie suited my lighte' verse, in the earlier workes.

It surely must proove that they are the work of my hand when you, observing this varietie of forms, find out th' Cyphar soe devis'd to ayde a decipherer in the study of th' interiour historie. By the use of this bi-literall Cypha', or the highest degree of Cyphar writing, I may give not merely simple plain rules for such matters, but also some hint that may bee of use, or an exa'ple.

It is fame that all seeke, and surelie so great renowne can come in noe othe' studie: if therefore you commence th' study, the lawrell must at some future day be bestow'd upon you, for your interesse must dayly grow and none could winne you awaie.

On mee it doth impose a great labour, but the part you shall doe shall be much lighter. It is many daies, (ay, best part o' a yeare now) th' worke that is before you hath beene in hand: noe wonder, then, that 'tis a wearisom' taske and somewhat drie. It would weary the veriest clod: whe', however, it shal be completed, my joy will exceede th' past wearinessse.

Soone it can but be seene that I have undertaken great labour in behalfe of men for the furder advancing of knowledge, awaiting a time when it shall bee in everie language as in our owne, but that this may be kept to other ages we may use th' Latine, since our feare is often excited by th' want we note in this, th' English, of a degree or measure of stability or of uniformity of its construction; and also many changes in usage shewe it is wise to use for a monument, marble more lasting.

Still, so great is our love for our mother-tongue, wee have at times made a free use, both of such words as are consid'r'd antique, and of stile, theme, and innermost spiritt of an earlier day, especially in th' Edmunde Spenser poemes that are modelled on Chaucer; yet th' antique or ancient is lightly woven, as you no doubt have before this noted, not onlie with expressions that are both comon and unquestionablie English of our own daie, but frequently with French wordes, for the Norman-French William the Conqueror introduced left its traces.

Beside nought is furder from my thoughts then a wish to lop this off, but, on the contrarie, a desire to graff more thoroughly on our language, cutts that will make th' tree more delightsome and its fruits more rare, hath oft led me to doe the engraffing for my proper selfe.

Indeed not th' gemmes of their language alone, but the jewells of their crowne are rightfullie England, her inheritance.

Furthermore many words commonlie used in different parts of England, strike th' eare of citizens of townes in southerne England like a foreine tongue, combinations whereof make all this varietie, that I finde ofttimes melodious, againe lesse pleasing, like the commingling of coun-

trey fruited at a market faire. Yet you, seeing the reason, approve, no doubt, th' efforts I make in the cause of all students of a language and learning, that is yet in its boyhood, so to speake.

The inward motive is noble, onlie as it cometh from a pure love of the people, without a wrong or selfish thought of my right to rule this kingdome as her supreme governour: but this deathlesse, inalienable, roiall right doth exist.

Queen Elizabeth, the late soveraigne, wedded, secretly, th' Earle, my father, at th' Tower of London, and afterwards at th' house of Lord P—— this ceremony was repeated, but not with any of the pompe and ceremonie that sorteth wel with queenly espousals, yet with a sufficient number of witnesses.

I, therfore, being the first borne sonne of this union should sit upon the throne, ruling the people over whom the Supreame Soveraigne doth shewe my right, as hath beene said, whilst suff'ring others to keepe the royall power.

A foxe, seen oft at our Court in th' forme and outward appearance of a man named Robert Cecill—the hunchback—must answer at th' Divine Araignment to my charge agains' him, for he despoyled me ruthlessly. Th' Queene, my mother, might, in course of events which follow'd their revelations regarding my birth and parentage, without doubt having some naturall pride in her offspring, often have shewne us no little attenntion had not the crafty foxe aroused in that tiger-like spiritt th' jealousy that did so tormentte the Queene, [that] neyther night nor day brought her respite from such suggestio's about my hope that I might bee England's king.

He told her my endeavours were all for sov'raightie and honour, a perpetuall intending and constant hourlie practising some one thing urged or imposed, it should seeme, by that absolute, inhere't, honorably deriv'd necessitie of a conservation of roiall dignity.

He bade her observe the strength, breadth and compasse, at an early age, of th' intellectual powers I displaied, and ev'n deprecated th' gen'rous disposition or graces of speech which wonne me manie friends, implying that my gifts would thus, no doubt, uproot her, because I would, like Absalom, steale awaie th' people's harts and usurp the throne whilst my mother was yet alive.

The terrors he conjur'd up could by no art be exorcis'd, and many trialls came therefrom, not alone in youth, but in my earlie manhoode.

Neyther one supposed th' horror each dreem'd of—th' last of the mindes waking notiones and th' one that, drawing th' darke curtaines as night departed, had enter'd with th' light each morning—would take forme of th' other offshoot, th' favourite heyre, Robert—at th' time known onelie by th' borowed cognomen of Devereux, Earl of Essex: yet it indeed was hee, who, as though th' booke of their suppositiones or feares was to him the one that contain'd easie lessons in treason, at last let loose th' dragon.

For a short space, this rebellion of th' Earl of Essex hardly shewed as such, having beene by the counsel of his friends, kept wisely backe when he purpos'd landing a large bodie of souldiers at Milford Haven, expecting many to joyn his forces as they mov'd on towards London, and contenting th' proude soule, swelling to bursting in his breast, by taking forth two-hundred of his choycest spirits to give a show of greatnesse and aide him in th' secret projects that hee was hatching.

His planne was nothing lesse than [a] mad designe to take possession of th' Court; his assistants, Davers, Davis and Blount, being well known, might e'ter unchallenged with a sufficient number of aydes that, scatter'd about, should likewise cause no remarke; at th' given signe they were to seize, without confusion, th' halberdes of the guard, take stand, each in his previously assign'd place—one to holde the guard-chamber, one to possess himself of the hall, and a third to keepe watch at the gate—whilst Essex should enter th' presence chamber and virtually get possession of the Queene, under the pretense of complaining that certaine of her advisers and informers were his mortall enemies, and, maki'g bold to desire Her Ma. should bring these men to triall, should promptly name some who were neither wanting in good favor nor deficient in courage to occupy the places so made vacant. Then was Parliament to be call'd to make concessions, and the citty it selfe to be under his controle.

This planne knowne perfectlie to Southampton, the chiefe of his frends, manifestely suited that adventurous assistant well, but it failed in execution as we know.

The unwonted stir in all quarters, while Earle Robert had th' measure of liberty he enjoied, made Her Majesty watchful; also the assembling from every county of England of noteworthie men, nobilitie and militarie being chiefly observ'd—not, however, throngs but slowe gatherings as though one drewe afterwards another—escapt not her eie, whereupon the guards at Court were made aware o' danger and th' numbe' doubled. Report therof, coming to the Earle of Essex, greatly excited his feares least his plot had beene discovered, and hasten'd the end.

From th' first, my lord of Essex, whose whole thought

clung to his originall planne of seizing th' Tower,—relying upon th' inspector of the ordinance who had vowed to surrender the keyes,—and afterward, from such point o' vantage surprising and possesing th' cittie, attempted to winne th' favour of the Protestants overlie, and of his Jesuit acquaintances covertly, promising the latter, I am trulie informed, that he would restore the Catholick faith, and, as his innermost being was mightily sway'd by imagination, I thinke he persuaded himselfe that hold on the people was sufficient to carry out these simpler plots, whilst hee doubted Her Majestie's graces would undermine a hope built on th' faith and affection of th' gentlemen that were among his companie; therefore hee determin'd that a surprise would be attended by too many dangers, and trusting greatly to the love of th' citizens, fell backe on their ayde. 'Twas th' Candlemas term ere his plan was soe farre digested.

His liberty being little restrain'd he had ample and constant meanes of carrying on his plans. As he was not confin'd to his chambers at Court, it was necessary to send for him when he should appear before the councill, but when this was done my lord boldly refus'd to go, and straightwaye disseminated a rumour that in going thither in the evening he was set upon and nearly drowned by Cobham, th' tool of Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Walter himselfe.

But unfortunateli this tale was frequently varied by th' Earle, and at one time hee did give out that four Jesuits had made an attack foure daies before, for the same or similar purpose. This weaken'd his case so much that but few came at his call when he went forth bidding them arm and fight for their king.

In truth he saw not many people out, for Her Majesty tooke the wise precaution to give order: "Arm and waite in readinesse within for th' call."

But with him were now not lesse than fifteen score of the principall gentlemen, a company well chosen, containing on th' part of th' nobility, Earls of Routland and of Southampton, Lords Sandes, Mountegle, with others; behind him he had left Earle of Worcester, Lord Keeper, Lord Chief Justice, Her Majestie's Comptroller, and beare' of th' Seal,—who had come to meet Earle Robert,—themselves enduring imprisonment in his house, but they remain'd not long in duresse.

Th' tour of th' citty being well nigh made, my lord's party met Her Ma.'s troopes led forth by th' Admirall. Blount was wounded, Tracy kill'd; then my lord return'd to his owne house, and baricading the two great gates, defended th' house on all sides, but it aval'd not long. First hee begg'd for th' safe co'duct of th' Countesse, then surrendered.

Sir F.

## EDMUND SPENSER.

### SHEPHEARDS CALENDER.

Two parts of my booke, which I set before my last works, may be placed behind everie othe' as you arrange the whole to decypher your instruction. I speake of Prosopo, and th' Faerie Qu. but the other parts must stand thus, as here you finde them. Let all the remainder bee work'd first, as they ayde in the writing of my brother's history which was begunne in the second part, or book, that doth commence one of my great workes of Scyence and,—continued in the little work stiled The Wisdome of the Auncients, and taken up in this poeticall worke that is republished for this purpose,—maketh a compleat abridgement of the history given fully in the great Cypher.

As hath bin said, many importante papers having beene destroyed by the Earle, many fetures of their plot were never brought out, E. Essex himselfe saying, "They shall be put where they cannot tell tales." But evidence was sufficient to prove th' guilt both of my brother and Earl of Southampton. Essex, his plea, that hee was not present at the consultation that five treason-plotting noblemen helde at Drury-house, ayded him not a whit, for his associates incriminated him, and such of their writings as had not beene destroyed were in the handwriting of my lord of Essex, as was shewne at the triall, and they were acting as hee directed.

How like some nightes horrible vision this triall and awful torture before his execution must ever be to me,

none but the Judge that sitteth aloft can justlie knowe. All the seenes come before me like the acted play, but how to put it awaye, or drive it back to Avernus, its home, O, who can divulge that greatest o' seerets? None.

This thought onely is fraught with a measureles pain, that all my power can doe nought for his memorie. If hec had but heard my advice, but he heeded his owne unreasoni'g wishes only. Whilst succeeding barely in this attempt to so much as winne a hearing, yet did th' true love I bore soe moove mee that, from my care o' Essex, I tooke a charge that greatly imperil'd my personall pretensions, as I did occupy my utmost witt, and even aventure my own fortunes with th' Queene, to attempte th' reintegration of his.

This, however, though it had th' will to doe Essex great benefitt, was truely little lesse harmful unto my lord Robert of Ewe, I may now admit, then to me. Queene Elizabeth, my mother, yeelded nought upon the questio', tho' 'tis knowne commonly that persuasions swayed her often, even when object seem'd as armed agaynst it. Yet this disposition was not paramount when I made my plea in behalf of him, whom loving trust haplie kept in checke when a word of dubitancie would pricke as with a spurre. Thus the breach between my haplesse kinne widen'd and nothing may close it, for a tombe doth silence both.

Vantages acompted great, sinmly as th' uncertaine dreames or visiones of night seeme to us in after time. Ended now is my great desire to sit in British throne. Larger worke doth invite my hand then majestie doth offer: to wield th' penne doth ever require a greater minde then to sway the royall scepter. Ay, I cry to th' Heavenly Ayde, ruling ore all, ever to keepe my soule thus humbled and contente.

O Source infinite of light, ere Time in existence was, save in Thy creative plan, all this tragedy unfolded before Thee. A night of Stygian darknesse encloseth us. My hope, bannish'd to realmes above, taketh its flight through th' clear aire of the Seyences, unto bright daye with Thyselfe. As Thou didst conceale Thy lawes in thick clouds, enfolde them in shades of mysterious gloom, Thou didst infuse from Thy spirit a desire to put the day's glad worke, th' evening's thought, and midnight's meditation to finde out their secret workings.

Only thus can I banish from my thoughts my beloved brother's untimely cutting off, and my wrongfull part in his tryall. O, had I then one thought of th' great change his death would cause,—how life's worth would shrinke, and this world's little golden sunshine be but as collied night's swifte lightning,—this had never come as a hound of th' hunt to my idle thoughts.

As it is now, the true meaning of events is loste to me. The heavens declare God's glory, but Scripture doth speak nowhere of His will being thus declared. In order to undertake this, our mindes must bee inclin'd to His instruc'tion.

This abridgement is now ended. By the ayde of the notes given, work out this history, for if this be lost my history will also bee unfinisht, so close my path lay by his. This you duelie have noted.

Besides our secret storie no correcte one shall be left, as Her Ma., takeing a liking, early, of my writings upon a part of late negotiations, required a species of justification o' th' course, (which none surely shew'd) carried it indeed so as in man, his sight, Robert is helde abhorrd; but I th' clerk, did the writing, or acted as Secretary, th' report fully satiating everyone.

## FAERIE QUEENE.

Some want-wit, may be, desiring note, if it uproot all love's fibres, would have welcom'd such a taske; so truly, did not I, for to me it grew to be more indirect, less honorable, so to put forward my dear lord, his misdeedes, at Queene E—'s beheast though I did it but at her expres commands, and always as a Secretary to Her Majesty. Verilie scarcee a worde remained unaltered. The language, even, was not wholly such as I wish'd to use, as all was subjeceted to her painefully searching scrutiny, and manie a sentence did her weake fear, her dread of execratio', make her weigh and alter whilst her jealousie cull'd out my every name of th' noblemen who were charged with a lack o' loyalty, and th' stile that I emploied when I said ought concerning Robert. For my honorable and just stile of Earl of Essex and of Ewe, as "my lord of Essex" and "my lord Robt.",—on many a page similar names and tearmes,—Her Ma. would suggest that it be meerly plaine Essex, or in place of that "th' late Earle of Essex." It approov'd itself to her in such degré, that my first booke were suddainely and peremptorylie suppress and [and] printed according to commande, de novo, thereby only th' sure prooфе giving of a judgement sharp on his lordshipp's illes, but subtile concearning her owne; and assuredly th' world may see that though she might be excelent in great matters she was exquisite i' the lesser.

So much did some earlie worke on this noblest among noble youthes, our brothe' Robt. annoy th' Queene, we manifested a willingnesse to suppresse it, and because of soe doing were at some losse to continue our work. To

this secret device, or invention, the world doth owe most gracious thanks for a large part of his historie.

To Sir Clyomen and S. Clamydes, you must conjoyne Orlando Furioso, and Alphonsu' King of Arragon, then Descensus A—, Order of the Garter, The Battayle of Alcazar; add next David and Bathseba, and Edward. For this earlie work nothing from othe' parts neede be taken, as we made an attempt about that time to put th' work into lesse space, in order to make your task of writing th' secret history easy, feari'g my labours' losse if broadly scattered, as it was of a character mcre worth to me then to my times, and not of a secret nature after page three, or at most two o' th' first leav's, regarding Robert's true name, and certaine matters relative to his adoption into the kind family whose name—that by which all England knew him, excepting th' principall actors that played well their parts i' th' drama—noe staine had touched untill this blot of treason fell on it.

He was one of the adventurous, valiant, bolde spirits not easilie hidden in any place, and it was not, therfore, unseemly that the sonne of one so widely and favourably reputed as th' first Earl of Essex, made so bolde [as] to wooe th' goddesse Fortune at Court. None knewe so trulie as Elizabeth, our proude unbending, roial mère, the cause of manie of our willfull Essex' orebearing ways.

Th' knowledge that he was princely in truth, despite pretense, and, whilst at Court his nominall place and standi'g was onelie th' Courtier's, his rightful stile was Prince, th' Queene's lawful sonne, warm'd into life and action the ambitions that were his inherited, primal instinct.

How far he ventured upon this royall prerogative, this

proper right of favour and advancement, historie plainlie relateth, yet onelie in our Cipher-historie may seales be oped that guarde the seerets hid long in silente halles: for 'tis said, walles have ears, none saye walles have a tongue,—trulie, none who doe visit Courts. Daring, indeed, the pen that can write a royal story, tho' it be in Cyphe',—many times as daring he that doth this task openlie. There bee fewe who will attempt it, and it shal not be by their pens we shal finde out the result—dead men tel no tales.

It is clear to my minde, the Earle, our father, hoped that his darling wishes relating to a declared heir to succeede to the throne, were neare realization, as hee observed the advance in marked respect or favour th' younger sonne made from day to daie. Our vayne mother lov'd his bolde manner and free spirit, his sodaine quarrells, jealousy in soule o' honour, strength in love. She saw in him her owne spirit in masculine moulde, full of youth and beauty.

To her fate, a turn of Fortune's wheel had given th' gift of royaltie, and th' throne of mighty England was hers to beestow on whom her heart mought choose. Little wonder that false faney sway'd where better judgement, infected, had loste power, and that impatient Lo. L— won nought in that struggle but feare and distresse. My just elaime he set aside liking better their valiant lion-heart—thus they tearm'd him—howsoever unmeetee, or unjust.

A desire t' foyl yeeldes luride light on everything therafter: his one wish ever gleaining brightlie through the clouds of pretense, and I receive my Qu from that alter'd appearance of th' skies, yet doe not trulie give over, as he doth suppose. Not notwithstanding overtly, any of my ill-advised sire's aspiring purposes, or planns,—for often shall dissimulation, though a faint kind of wisdome prove verie

good policie,—yet, in th' secrecy o' my owne bosome, I do still hold to th' faith that my heart has never wholly surrendered, that truth shall come out from error and my head be crowned ere my line o' life be sev'red.

How many times this bright dreeme hath found lodgement in my braine! how manie more hath it beene shunn'd as an influence of Pluto's darke realme! It were impossible, I am assur'd, since witnesses to th' marriage and to my birth (after a proper length of time) are dead, and the papers certifying their preasence being destroyed, yet is it a wrong that will rise, and a crye that none can hush. Strive as I may, it is onely driv'n from my braine by th' unceasing tossing of this sea of laboring cogitations for th' advancement of learning. Ofte driven as 'twere with sodaine wind or tide, its waves strike 'gainst the very vault of th' heav'ns and break in uselesse wreaths o' bubbling froth.

Think not in your inmost heart that you or any others whom you would put in the same case as ours, would manifest a wiser or calmer minde, because none who doe not stand as I stood on Pisgah's very height, do dream of the faire beautie of that land that I have seene. England as she might bee if wisely govern'd, is th' dream or beautious vision I see from Mt. Pisgah's loftie toppe.

It is noe improper exaltation of selfe, when one, feeling in heart and brayne the divine giftes that fit him for his Princely destiny—or that rightly inherited albeit wronglie withholden soveraignty—in true, noble, kingly spirit doth looke for pow'r, not for th' sake of exercising that gift, but that he may uplifte his people from th' depth of misery into which they constantlie sink, to th' firm rocke of such mode of life as would change cries to songs of praise.

You will, ere your work be compleated, see—either in my word method of imparting these inner epistles, or writ soe plaine that none shall fayl to comprehend—a form or designe of a modell land, as anie might be with propper governours; but you must tarrie for it a space, inasmuch as it existeth, as yet, but in my thought.

However I say not, wait idly till we carrie this to its full perfection, since a great part remaineth now to work out from these various Cyphers that I here use, and, friend, to cease labour now would truly be to lose that history that I have desired above every other work to write, that a coming people in th' future, having read the false declaratio's made in writings given then, blinding eyes to deepe, justlie censured wrongs, might understand motives of action as well as the true historie of events.

And you will soone observe that I have told my owne sad story with the same openheartednesse as that which revealeth other secrets for my verie soule is open'd that th' world might looke on it and reade of my hard lot, having to ehoose between life, libertie of the eitty, freedom, and a promise of future recognizance of service, and th' same for my dear Robert.

Reasoning that no pow'r should prevaile with her Majestie, I felt how ill-advis'd a sacrifice o' life and its enchantments must be, that surely would be of no effect. I have spirit of sufficient fire, I thinke, for such hap as is probable to my station, not enough to support me in torture, nor to lead forth anie enfans perdus. Seeing th' hopeless state treason-loving Essex was in, I knew I had but to continue my plea, urging that forgivenes might bee accorded to Essex, to close th' last egress from a cell, or lead to th' gallowes. Thus was my way hedged about, thick clouds hid th' path from sight.

In the last stanzo is a directio' to th' next following works to co'tinu the storie thus begun. It must be writte' before any othe' for 'tis most co'plete, and interio' writings, while pleasing when discypher'd, are somewhat wearyng.

As work of anie kind was meant by Him that impos'd the curse on sinfull man to be ad correctionem et non ad ruinam, it will benefit us both. A meete punishment, trulie, and one that shall in turne make the very curse bless'd, and everie man most envyde who can say as doth your attentive friend: This hand will accompli'h a worthie labour for future use, which shal bee the monument where th' whole of these studies are shewn forth and deficiencys enumerated. Since it doth more ayde mankind to point out what is lacking then to prepare all your woorke so that nothing shall longer remaine to bee found out,—for it is man's delight to find out mysteries, but th' glory of God to conceale some matters,—with a preside't of highest, measuselesse, supreme wisdome, is a divine modell for man to followe. Nor do we find that Holie Scripture hath any prohibition against an acquisition of knowledge intended only for th' world's betterment. He who is not against us—it is noe lesse true to-day then it was sixteene centuries ago, so that I say, nor shall it aske anie further explanation, noe man's hand is better employ'd then his who searcheth out a hidden matter.

If you continue this worke to the end you shall have reward sufficient, I think to advantage you as well as advaunce my invention, and make knowne my historie for th' better satisfaction of those who see deeps in Engla'd's historie that have th' blood of her sonnes therein.

A Queene's edict, if not her yron hand, killed such a man that for valour and manly spirit was unequal'd.

FR. BACON.

## BEN IONSON.

### ENTERTAYNMENT.

Keepe many keies and joyning wordes in minde, that are now employ'd in my Homer, for your writing will proceed faster if you have many well memorized when you deeypher this work. Allthough th' parts are small, and a great manie workes containe the scatter'd portions, it hath th' joy and somewhat th' excitemet of sport—even that of th' chase—in pursuite, therefore doe not fall out by th' waye nor allow anie to passe by you, as it doth surely ope to you a path as wondrous as anie that doth winde through th' fields of knowledge, to that divine hight,—in view long ere th' feete may attayn unto it,—upon Olympus' toppe.

Oft doe I muse upon th' ultimity of this Ciphe', and aske whose hand may compleate it. It may be that of some man whom dayly I have seene going to and fro in th' martes and halls of th' Citty. It may, perchance, be some sharpe spye of th' court whose zeale would be my death. But my hope is, that not th' yeares but th' ages shall unfolde my secret historie, and reverse a decision that hath beene given respecting th' Queene, my mothe', my owne birth-right, and many othe' things of interesse, but of ev'n so small valew as that, did they rather concearn th' commonalty then royal persons, they might not bee read. However, admiration of greatnessse is naturall. Ev'n the foibles of a Queene would please at so remote a day.

BACON.

## KINGS CORONATION.

This work is also Bacon's, intended meerelie to ayde in producing some parts of the translations. Some have beene found repeated too often, yet as the partes should not bee lost, this Entertainment was devis'd that all should appear in convenient order. Bee not too hasty in condemni'g this meanes unto my end, for manie were th' devices, much th' patience, and long th' houres giv'n to the work, so that very little might bee left unfinish't should my summons come unexpectedly at midnight, at noon, or at morning. It was done with an eie single to your best good. Here is no strife after excellence of stile and diction, but an effort in your owne interesse.

You should joyne to this Entertainment, A Panegyre, and all the following Entertainments in their naturall order. B.

## A PANEGYRE.

There is more Virgil here, but a part is Homer. Marke keyes.

BACON.

## MASQUES.

In Essay Of Masques and Tryumphs you may see this much esteemed device mention'd. In my plays matters are chosen not alone for value as a subiect to heare and no longer heed. Each play is the meane, or th' medium, by which cipher histories are sent forth. Thus all will, at th' least, serve a twofold purpose, and in Homer's two mightie workes (as in Virgill's) a trebble, for we treated all translations in th' first of our cipher work in a manner very like

that we followed in concealing our secret historie, but you can see easily that th' former are separated into a greater number of parts. This was necessarie because o' th' stories told in them, that could not be used in large portio's, in Cypher writing. Ne'erthelesse they serv'd well their purpose, which was to emploie this method of transmitting,—as it is my invention, possessing th' nature of simple questioning and experiment,—and to preserve my works.

I wish'd to have th' translations kept untill a future race of men, or at th' least scholars of our owne day rathe' then th' commoners, have mark'd, in my open workes under different names, a certaine stile that shall prove their origin to be th' same, because it will bee impossible to decypher them fullie untill all th' works shall be conjoyn'd. When this is done and all th' keyes to put th' parts together have beeene found, seeke th' arguments which are given in th' bi-literal Cypher, and th' most of your difficultie shal bee overcome.

Do not turne backe untill all th' secret histories shall have been written, for you can find the true records nowhere else. From portio's o' my Cypher, secrets which the Queene suspected some one would attempt to publish, may bee work'd out with a measure of skill, patient labour and perseverance. Those who shall turn backe merely to avoid difficulties, should ever look to have none of the prizes of life. Th' Holy Scripture saith: Whoever putteth his hand upon th' plough and looketh backe is not fit for th' heavenly kingdome; nor is he that turneth backe from this work fit for th' kingdome of knowledge.

Th' work you here note, i. e., th' Masques, must bee employ'd in writing whole portiones of th' Iliads that were difficult to adapt to moderne poetry or to stage plays. This

you will, I doubt not, see ere this, but least it escape your attention I have mention'd it in this place and in other parts of th' work. If iterant rules should weary you beyond endurance, pray remember this: the work is as a circle with no apparent beginning: those parts written first may bee last found, therefore I repeat all these directions, and, too, I would fain make easier th' heavy taske impos'd on you, and my greatest labour hath been to but one end—that of so ayding your part of th' work as should assure its successe. If once well understood th' chief requiring can bee quickly seen to bee perseverance. Of this I have not lesse neede myselfe then my decypherer, as this must be done carefull, and all hath beene at least twice written, as my cypher work or th' interior letters must have cov'ring. Th' exterior part is so varied, so diverse in both matter and methods of treatment, that it serveth my purpose well, concealing a great work yet also revealing th' keyes design'd to open th' secret portalls. And although th' waye may sometimes seem like an endlesse labyrinth, you cannot faile to thrid it if you heede my rules.

You will finde as you progresse that I have made your tasks more pleasing then at first, and remember, pray, that your owne name is, or must yet be, inseparably joyn'd with mine: therefore, if honour cometh to me by my wise use o' th' heav'n sent talents emploied in this invention, you must share in th' renowne. It is to none other I may looke for ayde to bring my work forth to men's sight. Your hand may roll the stone away from the door of the sepulcher and set this Cipher free. It is not dead—it sleepeth, not for four short dayes like Lazarus of old, but doubtlessly for yeares, perhaps for centuries. Is it not then an act deserving world-wide fame? Trust mee it shall not faile, but in

every land in which the English language hath a place, shall it be known and honour'd.

As hath already been said Homer (Iliads and a great part of the Odysses) and Virgil (Æneid and some of the Æglogues) were helpfull to me when this invention, of which I am now giving the historie, was at first emploied. Finding that this might be follow'd with ease in my historie by a key that I us'd, I then follow'd a similar plan respecting the whole, separating it into parts and using these fragments after th' same manner in all the workes that I publish'd in my owne (so call'd) name, or that of others. Spenser, Greene, Peele, Marlowe have sold me theirs,—two or three others I have assum'd upon certaine occasions such as this, beside th' one I beare among men.

My owne should be like that of my mother—Tidder,<sup>Tudor</sup> since I am sonne to th' Queene who came of that line, and as her eldest born, should now sit in her throne in place of him whom she made her heire, according to Cecill's report; but as I am known among English speaking peoples by the name you (untill now) thought to be rightfully mine, i. e., th' name of my foster parents—Bacon,—it is honourable and honored,—yet have I vowed to make worthier, greater, and more renowned either stile, then it hath beene since it was first bestowed.

The voyce of Fame should be as lowd as thunder, when she doth speake of me in comming years, for all my labour, looking toward the future, would bring our harvest-time when our dayes are not upon the sphere wee now inhabit. Shall not my work endure while Homer's doth, since from it I have form'd here a beauteous casket, well-wrought, curiously joyn'd, with jewells richly set, for his prielesse gift, no other having such beauty and worth? Even as

Alexander when he was given that rich and costly casket o' King Darius, commanded that it bee reserv'd to hold Homer, his two bookesthe Illiads and the Odysses,—since he could think of nothing more precious. This storie furnisht me a pretext and suggested the plann which I forthwith carried to perfection, and as I have said, it so well serv'd the purposes of the great Ciphe' which I have been teaching you that I have never regretted the experimēt.

When th' Masques—in my friend Ben Jonson's name—with Part o' th' King's Coronall Entertayntment have been entir'ly decipher'd, take Greene's and Peele's workes in th' order giv'n in th' Faerie Queene. My plaies are not yet finisht, but I intend to put forth severall soone. However, bi-literal work requiring so much time, it will readily be seene that there is much to doe after a booke doth seeme to bee ready for the presse, and I could not well saye when other plays will come out. The next volume will be under W. Shakespeare's name. As some which have now beeene produced have borne upon the title page his name though all are my owne work, I have allow'd it to stand on manie others which I myselfe regard as equall in merite. When I have assum'd men's names, th' next step is to create for each a stile naturall to th' man that yet should [let] my owne bee seene, as a thrid o' warpe in my entire fabricke soe that it may be

(Incomplete—pages lost from volume.)

## SEJANUS.

Question, or some other form or manner of inquiry, and answer are your word-signs by which you may worke out my secret story herein co'cealed. This story concerns some of the chief personages of th' realme, first of all, our late despised parent, th' cause and th' renewer o' th' ills that we endured. My sole object doth appeare in this later work—the play of Sejanus.

None know half so well as I, th' underplay carried along in court in order t' secure my withdrawall from an unexampled field, wherein a mother strove against a sonne whose right to the succession to th' throne she did ignore and co'stantly avoid. Her unbending sterne temper, strong in death, set the seal upon my future as on my past life, since her will was th' law governing both. My owne spirit alone doth atteste how potent for good or for ill the dicta of such a woman may bee.

Here alone is that long epistle to my to-bee decypherer that must be most observed in this worke. Seeke it out. Take my keies and unlocke my inner chamber. There will my hidden secrets be revealed fully, that he that shal willinglie lift the heavy vaile, should now ope th' treasure-casket which contains th' story of my life, as well as my late brother, his death. It is ev'n with wrought-ores thickly covered: gems rare and costive shine upon its sides: in the small room within you will find uncounted treasure, riches beyond your dreames of earthlie acquisition. The whole shall be the reward of my decypherer and will repay most generouslie his entire devotion to this labour.

As I have said, our newe designe shall give much pleasure, while it so amplie rewardeth the true worker. Seeking after any learning is a pleasure; seeking after what is hidden, a delight,—none soe pure—forever springing up in fresh joy, as th' water of a meadowe spring gusheth forth to th' light.

My next work is not begun here: much of it shall bee found in th' playes o' Shakespeare which have not yet come out. We having put forth a numbe' of plays i' his theatre, shall continue soe doing since we doe make him th' thrall to our will. Our name never accompanieth anie play, but it frequently appeareth plainly in Cypher for witty minds to transla'e from Latine and Greeke. As this is never seen, the secret still remained inside its treasurehouse unsought of every one. This is yet hidden as in dim shadowy mists, but soone shall you have the whole of th' most worthy parts of this great cypher-writing, wrought much more finely then gold.

FRANCIS BACON.

## FRANCIS BACON.

### HENRY THE SEVENTH.

As you are beginning now to decypher a most interesting play, a portion of which doth concern my history, you get in a newe maner keyes, or signes, anie eye not blinde will only too truly note: or, indeed, not a newe Ciphe' but th' first modified. I will, however, as much change my newe, for what be most oft observ'd doff greatlie the ayde and protection, reall and known, o' unfamiliaritie.

Marke *t*, *f*, *c* and *e*. See that in no place have th' accents on a *K* at midle of th' front where this joyneth t' th' uprighte, yet overturn'd it. Th' letter hath still only such a use, in our modell or forme, as it might in or by vertue of its form. But we do contrive t' make most peculiar, artfull shiftes, that so much shelter our most evident pretensions, it is a subtler or swifter mind can followe us then most men do possesse. Take care for all of our accented letters, and do not baffle us. That I, by curious, noteworthie skill, so hide this secret, it fullie proveth t' everybody of just temper, somewhat better then by words, how much greate' valew th' inne' portions possesse then th' part scene.

Bacon is to many only a great autho', quick with his writi'g. None see or mark, in most cases, the plays, yet i' imagination suppose the offendi'g scenick playes some task a g'ild should naturalie do, not my rude invention. I have produced four from ancie't Latine and Greeke. Many such sorts burrie the works that I have said must bee written soon. Your reall art, that may truly require

th' best of your time, is, however you meet m' requests, thus of most acco'. It is a subtly plann'd Cipher that I have us'd with a most free [hand] to cast off gloomie reflexions.

You can marke these chang'd: capital *W*, *C*, *L*, *D*—c, small, as you alreadie have some time noted, is at present, if unchanged by dots, in accorde with all, but *b*, *d*, *g*, disti'ctly alter their stile. After they attach some marke, all our letters (as if one ha' struck a gale) turn keel; a then becometh *b*, and *b*, *a*. Your quick eie catches, soon, all this that aids them greatly in working th' storie out in full; but in so much of th' Cipher as is easilie follow'd, it is too transparent. If, therefore, you finde it mo' trieth or co'fuseth, seeke in a portio' of our historick works (in th' Iamb) a law relating to th' double Cipher, as it, here, would at once bee seen.

These are th' plays, which you shall yet find, that Rawley would urge us to present, in the name you will always honor ere it shall reeeyv' th' lofty but worthie title belonging t' it—better, I doubte, then when our story's written. The fact very surely proveth most fully how much envie maketh home both i' a' elevated minde, and in th' vulgar.

I am indeed by vertue of my birth, that royall, thoug' grossly wrong'd son t' our most glorious, yet most faulty—I ca' find no stronger terms—Queene Elizabeth, of th' stocke that droughtie Edward truely renowned. O' such stocke Henries Fifth, Seventh and Eighth, historic battle kings, came, like branches sent from the oakes. My true name is not as in some backe pages it was giv'n, but Tudor. Bacon was only foster parent to my early youth, yet was as loving and kinde to me as to his owne sonne, carefull o'

my education, and even aspiring to my high advancement. But to Mistresse Anne Bacon, ever quick with her sympathie and wise to advise, do I owe a greater or warmer gratitude, since she did much more truly and constantlie guard, guide, proteete and counsell me.

Moreover, to her I do owe my life, for though she did but rear me, not being, *de facto*, my mother, it was by her intervention that the houre of nativitie did not witnesse my death. Her Ma. would truly have put me away privilie, but Mistresse Bacon, yearning ove' helplesse baby-hood, saved me, having held ove' me a hand o' protectio'. My attempts in after years to obtain my true, just and indisputable title of Prince o' Wales, heire-apparent to th' throne, must not however bee thought or supposed to indicate that I held myselfe disinteressed o' these obligations, offer'd affronte to these kind benefactors, or in any waye conducted myselfe in such manner as would either cast reflexio's upo' my breeding, or doe discredit to my birth. It may clearly be seen that it was but the most common-place of ideas—an actio' barelie ambitious, because 'twas simply naturall. But it fail'd most sadly, for th' would-bee Virgin Queene, with promptnesse, (not liking our people's hearts to be set upon a king) before my *A, B, C's*, even, were taught to me, or th' elements of all learning, instructe' my tutores t' instill into my young minde a desire t' do as my foster father had done, aspiring to high political advancement, look for enduring renowne there; not dreaming, even, o' lack wherein I should looke for many honours, since I was led to think I was borne t' nothing higher.

Of a truth in her gracious moods, my royll mother shewed a certaine pride in me when she named me her

little Lo. Keeper, but not th' Prince—never owned that that be truely the rightfull title I should beare, till Cecill did sorely anger her and bring on one o' those outbreaks o' tempe' against one of th' ladies o' her traine who, foolish to rashnesse, [did] babble such gossip to him as she heard at the Court. I' her look much malicious hatred burn'd toward me for ill-avis'd interference, and in hastie indignation said:

"You are my own borne sonne but you, though truly royall, of a fresh, a masterlie spirit, shall rule nor England, or your mother, nor reigne ore subjects yet t' bee. I bar from succession forevermore my best beloved first-borne that bless'd my unio' with—no, I'll not name him, nor need I yet disclose the sweete story conceal'd thus farre so well men only guesse it, nor know o' a truth o' th' secret marriages, as rightfull to guard the name o' a Queene, as of a maid o' this realm. It would well beseeme you to make such tales skulk out of sight, but this suteth not t' your kin'ly spirit. A sonne like mine lifteth hand nere in aide to her who brought him foorth; hee'd rather uplift craven maides who tattle thus whenere my face (aigne enow ev'r, they say) turneth from them. What will this brave boy do? Tell *a, b, c's?*"

Ending her tirade thus she bade me rise. Tremblingly I obeyed her charge, summon'd a serving-man to lead me to my home and sent to Mistresse Bacon. "That mother of my dark Atimies shall free my name," said I, "for surelie I am her sonne. May mother lie, or cruel Fates do me like wrong? My God! let not a lot more hard, alas, then death come t' me. When a ripe evil doth breake upon wicked men, th' justice i' Thy holie law, ev'n in chastiseme't holdeth men—not that arrow of pestilence:

but I am innocent, O my God! Visit not the evill we much scorn, on me th' innocuous fruit."

In th' dark I waged warre manfully, supposing that my life in all the freshnesse of youth was made unbearable. It did so much exhaust, that, afte' pause of a moment, I brast flood-like into Mistres Bacon's chamber and told her my storie. No true woman can beare th' sight o' any tear. I grasped her arm, weeping and sobbing sore, and entreated her (artfully, as I thought, hidi'g my secret), t' say 'pon oath I was i' truth the sonne of herselfe and her honoured husband. I made effort to conceal my fear that I was base sonne to the Queene, per contra, I eke, most plainlie shew'd it by my distresse. When therefore my sweet mother did, weeping and lamenting, owne to me that I was in very truth th' sonne o' th' Queene, I burst into maledictio's 'gainst th' Queene, my fate, life, and all it yieldeth, till, wearie, on bent knees I sank down, and floods o' tears finished my wilde tempestuous invective. When, howsoever, that deare ladie saw this, with womanly wisedome, to arrest fury or perchance to prevent such despaire, said to me:

"Spare my ear, or aim rightly, boy, for you do wrong your mother with such a thought. Pause least as to Absalom a sudden vengeance come. When you list to my words, you then will knowe that you do also wrong that noble gentleman, your father. Earl Robert, at the meere mention o' this folly would rise in great wrath and call down Heaven's judgements on you."

At the word, I besought her to speake my father's name, when granting my request, she said: "He is the Earle of Leicester." Then as it made me cease to sob, she said againe: "I tooke a most solemne oath not to reveale your

storie to you, but you may hear my unfinish'd tale to th' end if you will go to th' midwife. Th' doctor would be ready also to give proofes of your just right to be named th' Prince of this realm, and heire-apparent to the throne. Neverthelesse Queene Bess did likewise give her solemn oath of bald-faced deniall of her marriage to Lord Leicester, as well as her motherhood. Her oath, so broken, robs me of a sonne. O Francis, Francis, breake not your mother's heart! I cannot let you go forth after all the years you have beene the sonne o' my heart. But night is falling. To-day I cannot longer speake to you of so weighty a matter. This hath mov'd you deeply and though you now drie your eyes, you have yet many teare marks upon your little cheekes. Go now; do not give it place, i' thought or word, a brain-sick woman, though she be a Queene, can take my sonne from me. Retire at once, my boy."

With "Farewell," her heart half bursting, she bade mee leave her, and I, fond boy, kingly power deerly yearn t' winn—dreame of goldene scepters, pron' courts, and by-and-by a crowne on mine innoce't brow. Alledg'd oathe, or any unrighteous rule, shold never from the English throne barre the grand-sonne to Henry th' Eight, sonne to Elizabeth i' lawfull marriage; and by vertue of these rights, in that it is the stile of the eldest sonne o' England's Soveraigne, no lesse then that of the Prince o' Wales is my proper title.

In due course o' time, however, I, at daie's meridian, was by my newe-found royall mother re-call'd and given private audience. I learn'd from the interview, and subsequent occurrences, that th' matter was trulie to be margente of my desire, and that it was, at present, in fancie

that I bore this lofty name, or a stile other then that actually mine in my home. A princely name, it seemed, was one to bee thought upon, not reckon'd 'pon as apt to bee given me; for so all fabrikess, baselesse, (though one, no doubt, shall be ev'n t' th' end of life busily constructing) i' woful ruines upon lowly shiftinge sands do fall.

I mention'd that although 'twas guess'd by one [that] another is rightfully the husband of this subtle Queene, (nor can he make lesse ill-timed propositions) he so wisht to betray her to the entire nation as one unworthy their respec', by airs of enamour'd address not onely, but in a formall most princely and courtlie wonte ask'd (at an extra especial session of th' Queene's abated, astounded and disspleased private eounel) negotiations. All wayes and meanes of avoiding th' open declaration were adopted at once. The royall suitor, however, as a Poleak at missing aime, was angered, and, great ado making, did so disturb our great men,—who, as birdes are amidst hawkes, were thereat cow'ring with fear o' publick disgrace,—that many saw this. As it influenced State affaires, it was admirable. If no act made th' heires of Elizabeth rightfullie bastard, it was proper some meanes to shew legitimaey, that will in no waye cause tumult throughout England, be ofer'd. Any such measure found no kinde of regard i' th' sight o' vain minded Queene Elizabeth, whose look traineth men as vain as her owne selfe. Th' would-be idole of half the great princes of Europe,—concluding it would be lesse pleasing in a fewe yeares to have all the people knowe that she is the wife of th' Earle of Leicester, then suppose her the Virgin Queene she call'd herselfe,—both props and shields alike despis'd, nor did she at any subsequent time reverse her decision. For such a triviall, unworthie, un-

righteous cause was my birthrighte lost, and nought save the strong will of Elizabeth turned men from conspiracie t' place me on th' throne. To winne backe their loyalty she assum'd most kingly aires, and, upon occasion harangued the army, riding upon a richly caparison'd horse before the lines, and naming herselfe th' King. I for dear life dare not to urge my claim, but hope that Time shall ope th' waye unto my rightfull honors.

The story of my entire life is told in some most subtile waies. My plays, (now so nearly completed, that we pre-mise we may to him great glory bring i' whose name I write) have letters which I write to you in my other, more principall, typic, or word-sign Cypher, that like that card a ship's watchfull mate nere taketh his eye off in a time of storm, must be closely observ'd.

Round certaine words that I name keyes, one cluster may bee seene to have its place in othe' kinds o' worke. T' aid in finding keyes, some words are not capitalized: wherere a fewe such are repeated frequentlie, take note of it and our design, which wee saw written in a night vision, will take its proper form i' th' minde. Let th' wordes in parenthese' next to be found. N. B. every time such seem to be us'd *ad libitum*, it sheweth they are keies. Such use o' capitalls meaneth that this pointeth out th' words I will so use.

But it is by othe' devices, as in cloth o' Persian silk, a patterne soon openeth out of the confusio'. Any aven-turous worker can easilie trace it if he doth get th' true art. Th' keys tak'n are aids onely. Seeke out all of the works I name, ere th' deciph'ring naturally attracteth you so continually, no pledg'd attentive devotion to more laborious work may hold you to this necessary part. Let all

things be done carefullie and in order, following the way I, darkly, have pointed out to you and seeke diligently for the light.

No sparke sheweth from th' flint until it be strucke, nor can you finde th' fitfull sparkes that hide within our pages if you doe not work in manifold wayes, in season and out, to uncove' our flinty Ciphers and strike them sharply. Look not to finde a steady raye that doth as sunlight shine unfalteringly. 'Tis as swift lightning; ev'n before we say, "Lo it is there!" 'tis gone, and vastie darkenesse swalloweth up our sight. However, 'tis quite sufficient for my purpose, and as more light would defeate rather then further famous designes, to have bestowed more were foolish waste. My decypherer alone doth get the benefit, while spies o' all sorts are dazzled and misled. Wherefore take good heart, for not all now see what is revealed to one that hath found what is the law of our Ciphers; for, for years, I, an eager follower after all learning, have so laboured t' finish this worke and to perfect it, that you cannot misse my object. A system so exact must in the end yielde what our designe doth intend.

Proceed, therefore, in this manne'. Seeke near each key that othe' or joining-word, which you will find oft repeated, and bring parts together. I knowe you feel a desire to write at once, and beg you to be in no haste, for if you leave searching out th' keyes and putting apart the materials for the building o' th' pallaces, you will be as a beggar going from door t' door without a wall that can keepe off tempestuous winds or a roofe to shelter you. Yet if you shall, as I direct, patientlie collect the blockes of marble, which are already polish'd and prepar'd,—

Like t' a king's th' shining walls shall rise,  
While high upon the loftie gleaming tow'rs  
Th' golden roofe may outbrave Illium's.  
No sound shall come o' anie instruments,  
As any iron tools, or ax, or hammer:  
As in the beauteous temple, as we read,  
In silent grandeur stone on stone was reared,  
So noiselesse, so inaudible shall bee  
The building of my glorious pallaces.  
Let no conspiracie t' make you leave  
For idole Fancie' noble Truth's faire realme,  
A moment winne you, but for this assay  
Break cressive love, throw off th' filmy band!  
Nor in th' mazes of a winding way  
Is risk'd a foot of him that would out-go  
In fleetnes stepps of wingèd Mercury;  
Then stray not in, or, ere one is aware,  
The entrance to th' labyrinth's quite lost—  
Th' unmarking eies nor see nor read th' signs  
Which of the strait and narrow way do make,  
A shini'g pathway to th' golden mount.

The purposes, like to a weather-cock that chang'd,  
Turning ere lazie eies had noted it,  
Ne'er made one master o' the Grecia' art,—  
That wondrous use made both o' stone and canvass,—  
Neyther can sto'ier defiant Cipher,  
As flint-like as th' hardest stone now wrought,  
Bee rounded so to-day t' symmetry,  
Unlesse old rules shall next reveale a keye.  
I eke in verse, sing of my one great theame;  
In verse we told the story o' our birth.  
If one or other should on halting feet,

Limp on apace, lenify easily,  
And oft undo parts never justly given  
So that at best this shall by iteration,  
Shew its full use.

As th' obejet is gained by that, better, in very truth, and more easily—of a mark'd degree—we have in many places, oft on beginning a new portion, given th' decipherer in manner differing, (but in nothing of importance changed) repetition of our work as you may see. Always, as you will perhaps note, th' law wrought compleateli to perfection, giveth you the whole story. To place the cardes then soe carefullie that no losses can hap, was not an easie taske; but I have not yet seen any ground of feare that my designe may be at fault. All is cleare as *A. B. C.* I wag'd my best, and it repayeth the outlay well.

Though as to the dramatic as fundamental works I can finde noe fault, the limits of historie we found cramping; for as in [a] play nothing unnaturall is of anie use, you find, in writi'g a simple tale o' history onlie the truth availeth. It better doth aid th' writer of events t' have little imagination. A book rightly giveth truth in its beautie more fame then any story i' brass monuments, and the names o' authors living may grace it. And I, for I greatly desire fame, have rear'd high my noble pile, but only the letter I have written to my decypherer hath the seere' o' my untiring heart and hand. Pile the lofty works to mark my tomb. I ask no truer monument.

Although this is risking the losse o' th' most valew'd works, still I would that it be so left, for reasons which I must, at th' beek o' th' heavy hand death wieldeth, shew unto th' world; but no historic save mine reveals th' story,

as it doth beseem secreit letters. I, but fabricke of my fancy it will sound, yet it hath truth in all. Even historick writi'gs may draw somewhat upon that for aid, yet my worthy work's not kin. Leave most futile and worthlesse attempts to undo me: This truth must span that narrow arch above Time's current, where soft hued rainbows give promise of the car, banded with gold, i' which we note Apollo in his pride, who ever carryeth t' th' sonnes o' men his beauteous beams of light. Daye he lends the beautie pure and shining that crownes her awful brow, and Eve winns, too, th' gold tipt arrow wrought to so fine a point, that shiny spear-head is surnam'd a starre.

As hath beene said, it was such a very difficult undertaki'g to adapt another historie to the purposes of the Ciphers, we let our judgement oft-times decide upon the manner of narration, always provided the truth did by this method by no meanes suffer. Whenever this soe meerly formall device failed, manie more were soon devised. A mark in lines I wish to have divided, when found in the other or Latine tipe, shall have to such an eye a newe significatione, not such as it would have in th' Italic. As you see I blent everie eye, save one, in this.

Next I us'd numerous means (nor on being examin'd do th' manie works beare indication o' revealing the secreit), even reckoned better in use for manie sorts o' writi'gs. By using much time to perfect the plann, even of rest and sundrie such, so-called, necessities deprived thereby many weekes, I found the methods as day after day went by easily employed and easily seen, but free fro' suspition. A name can be given so, for ere anie other eye sees aught but an ordinarie name of articles in common use, the thoroughlie taught decipherer sees some of

my penn names; and as for fears, I anticipating them us'd severall different names for one, making anie pursuite fruitlesse. Even this marginall work, hath aid for the decipherer, and also other signes are cressets bearing lights to mark the waye that I would have him walke; yet would my truer, i. e., the more worth' Cipher-work, end ere all bee well understoode, were this alwayes confined to rules, signes, etcætera. It is to make each a lockt doore to all save my decipherer.

But, at th' same time, t' diversify th' worke suficientlie, at th' beginning many of my simple lines are to be found sowne so freely throughout the work of this Ciphe' (in truth that said work so much doth alter this task) that need o' a pleasanter, as shall soon be seen, cannot be felt or knowne, but a love and devotion to th' work shall set a newe motif into action.

Also, in th' Cipher, use of th' elements, the sev'n great wonders, the seven planets, with manie of th' vertues a fair kept recorde sheweth, and vices soe black that never could an angell see one, but its eie' would fill t' overflowing, also a long and well arrang'd table of such things as are dayly used and familiar to all, beter keepeth my plans from jeopardie then the strong guard of our king doth his sacred person.

All this must bee found, before you can apply yourselfe easilie unto this goodlie work of mine, that I wish you to do at onee. If it may at th' first seem of little real value, the value of a correct story (ill as it may make one most exalted person come out, aye most false, on evill trulie gloating), soone will be apparent.

You are to get eleven old plaies, publisht in th' name I have us'd lately at th' theatre, and many much valued

by scenick Cæsars who conquer, ever, a lack created on our stage—from th' withdrawing of some lame and halt plays t' embark again in new forme t' aide my projects—by compelling th' production of others. And therein you will finde th' beginning of many stories, both i' dramati-call forme (also in that raw unfinished forme) and in Iambick verse. But the haste with which some parts were compleated, will explaine this. When these plays may come foorth, for many reasons cannot now be determined, but I promise you, it shall be soone. “Wisely and slow,” is a proverb ofte on my lips, and as oft unheeded, even by myselfe, also. But an axe that cutteth well must be well sharpened—then it doth become us all to looke well to our instruments:

For you must cut apart my various bookes,  
Spreading them out upon a mark'd scrutoire,  
Which, as th' chart or mappe th' sailor hath  
Doth pointe out everie countrey of th' world,  
In faire, clear lines, this great expanse doth name,  
So faire and beauteous th' bound I set,  
Though 'tis at riske o' this secret designe.  
Then separate each part, to joyne againe  
According as your guide hereby discloseth,  
In riche mosaickes, wondrous to behold,  
To bee admir'd by all the sonnes of men.  
Heere is a crowne, gemme-starred, and golden scepter,  
A crosse and ball—insignia of ranke,  
Even of royalty, soe pure and high  
No blur is on it, but like to frost flowers,  
Januarie's blossoms icie white,  
It gleameth i' th' light of eache faire morne.

Oh let not man forget these words divine:  
 "Inserutable do hearts of kings remaine."  
 If he remark a pensive (dying fall)  
 In th' musieke of these straines, let him forbear  
 To question of its meaning. List again,—  
 As hath been, is, and evermore shall bee—  
 Ages retarde your flight and turn to hear—  
*Cor regis inscrutabile. Amen.*  
 Yet 'tis the glorie of our Heavenlie King  
 To shroud in mystery His works divine,  
 And to kings mundane ever shall redound  
 In greatest compasse glory to th' names  
 O' such as seeke out Nature's misteries;  
 Fortune may aid him; Honor may attend;  
 Truth waite upon him; as we look, erampt Art  
 Doth reaeh forth to faire light, undreamt of lore;  
 While Reputation soundeth through th' world  
 Unto Time's close, glory in [highest] measure,  
 To him that to th' depths doth search wide Seas.  
 Digge deepe into th' Earth, unto th' Aire  
 And region of th' Fire climbe fearlessly,  
 Till he th' World, the Heavens and e'en th' Uni-  
 verse,—  
 With human eyes that better can discern  
 Then mountaine eagle, gazing at th' sunne,—  
 Doth finde out seerets hid fro' humankind  
 Since th' foundations of th' earth were laid,  
 Stamped with the impresse of the Heavenlie Hand;  
 And in grave musick deepe to deepe did call,  
 While morning starres together sang a hymn  
 Time lendeth to Eternity for aye.

## MARLOWE.

### EDWARD THE SECOND.

You will find here that sad, sad, sad tale o' my brother Essex which runs darkling thro' my plaie, the secret th' books contain, the most comon themes in any or all langwages, polish'd writings in everie stile named in any Rhetor'cke, not sparing sundry dearly lov'd poets, but so making over my erly college songs of ancie't world lore (of th' hero's fam'd still through Homer et. al.) that no part is lost. Much, however, as I say, shal assert things such as will be recorded in no place which might be subject t' the scrutinie o' enimie or of friend. Many of the hidden plays have no other object I assure you.

Any writi'gs o' my penne, be they in mine owne name or in that of my friend, is the work o' th' hand you have so long knowne as untiring—of the same restless minde and spirit. Now hunt out our hidden epistle for it doth foile tiresome friends; foes who, most constantly watchi'g (ever closely bent o' use o' some kind or sort of secret) win th' starte yet lose th' scent; and thus do curious men, try however they may in weake attempts at resistance, wander in mirie waies, and I followe this busines and this play, if recreative labours may be stil'd plaie. Many days pass in th' work that is here given. Oft more of the dayes then may justlie be used in such a way. This is principall in favour (since none but my owne selfe doth know of its appearance), to furder my object and to avoid ev'n th' slight suspicion of persons reading my plai's.

A booke is as an unwrought lump of metall: you see not th' rich shine of it beneath sundry thin coates that obseure it. The same is true of everything herein. Study my signes, learn to read my numerous small Cyphers for their designe was to make the worke easy. Doe this as directed untill the whole is understoo' soe well no great difficulty will bee found in th' deciphering.

You next join Lear to this, a history of Henrie th' Sevent, Th' Life and Death of King John, and Burton's great prose, (not the best I have so given another man, but better for work of various parts then plaies) those which I name Peele on th' stage, or that Arraignment I have mention'd, th' David, one of my oldest books put out in a time when we minded onelie our achiev'mente—th' result of our long study.

Time now doth unveil many things unques'd or undream'd of by any. To do away with mistery we set forth a large work De Augmentis S.—now translated, to shut th' casket, but if th' keys to it should now be sunk, th' story it contains (our twelft king's nativity since our sovereign, whose tragedy we relate in this way,) shall now know the day, nor shall the Latine hide, nor our disguises, many and valew'd as they be, keep my story from th' eyes of the curious searchers in a new mine. Such a prize hath my book to give the student of the work whose entry is farre in the vantguard; the armies rereward may lose th' glory of it all.

## SHAKESPEARE PLAYS.

\*You will either finde the guides or be lost in the labyrinth. Every one of my great dramaticall writings, severall other workes—my New Organ, the second part of my Instauration, my New Atlantis, (some parts of which I much desire you to write from my philosophicall papers) and the part of the *Sylva Sylvarum* (a Naturall Historie that I designe to leave as it is), my Historie of Henry the Sevent, as well as my workes of science, containe in the last ten pages of the papers, rules that tell how to work out the great word Cipher. Keep at work.

Fr. St. ALBAN.

\*Any person using here the bi-literal Cipher, will find a rule to be followed when writing the hidden letters in which are Histories, Comedies, Tragedies; a Pastorall of the Christ; Homer's epics and that of Virgil, which are fully render'd in English poetry; the completion of my New Atlantis; Greene's Life; Story of Marlowe; the two secret epistles (expressely teaching a Cipher now for the first time submitted, doubtfully, for examination and studie, by any who may be sufficiently curious, patient, or industrious); part of Thyrsis (Virgile's *Æclogues*); Bacchantes, a Fantasie; Queene Elizabeth's Life (as never before truely publisht); a Life of the Earl of Essex, and my owne.

Fr. LORD VERULAM.

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\*Heming and Condell.

\*Ben Jonson.

\*Francis of Verulam is author of all the plays heretofore published by Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Shakespeare, and of the two-and-twenty now put out for the first time. Some are alter'd to continue his history.

\*Search for keyes, the headings of the Comedies.

FRANCIS of VERULAM.

\*As I sometimes place rules and directions in other Ciphers, you must seeke for the others soone to aide in writing.

Fr. of Ve.

\*Queene Elizabeth is my true mother, and I am the lawfull heire to the throne. Finde the Cypher storie my bookes containe; it tells great secrets, every one of which (if imparted openly) would forfeit my life.

F. BACON.

\*Francis St. Alban, descended from the mighty heroes of Troy, loving and revering these noble ancestors, hid in his writings Homer's Illiads and Odyssey (in Cipher), with the Aeneid of the noble Virgil, prince of Latin poets, inscribing the letters to Elizabeth, R.

\*Fr. Baeon is the author, unknown among men as such. He in this way, and in his Cypher workes, gives full directions, in a great many places, for finding and unfolding of severall weightie secrets, hidden from those who would persecute the betrayer, yes, even take a person's life. Then take care that he be not endangered by your zeal.

Reade easy lessons first, and forsooth the Absey in the Life and Death of King John, act one, is a good one; it shewes the entrance to a labyrinth. Court Time, a sure leader, and proceed to his Alphabet of Nature. Learne well two portions, Masses, and the Rule. Search this out.

F. B.

\*L. Diggs.

\*I. M.

\*Actors' Names.

\*Catalogue of Plays.

\*Prologue to Troilus and Cressida.

\*Headings of Comedies.

This letter tells you how to produce my most highly estimated unpublish'd labours of to-day, and I beg you try to understand it.

Go as I direct, but finde each subtile signe, that silentlie like fingers, shewes your waye. Actus primus, King John, gives th' epistle's first wordes, near the word Absey already familiar to you. Join these plays to Fr. Bacon's Novum Organum: but other plays must shed their light in so wonderous a Cipher: none may be found if my work be lost.

Seek not meerelie to read foure Cyphers, (for you should find six in all, which I copy here, in full, to direct students how they should work out my greatest Invention) which you shall take as I direct you:—this is first: that Clowne in the play who speaks of the plantau leafe, is a wise man—here Art outruns that grub Nature: hunt out this Cipher, or anagram, at once: now fiude a number in my King Henrie the Sevnt correspo'ding to this (i. e., the same kinde or style), next add the plaies of Twelfe Night or What You Will, and Love's Labour's Lost; you will finde here capitalls in two formes, it is your next: the face of my clock comes fourth: my symbols are next: and the sixth is what all shewes—my great Cipher of Ciphers.

Every letter, save the epics of Virgill and Homer, is dedicated to thyselfe.

Fr. BACON.

\*My reason for using my translated stories to teach this Cipher is this: I wish to get my Cypher into student's curricula. You should do this worke by my rules, and seeke for the keyes in the playes. First finde

\*Headings of the Histories.

the gods Jove, Pluto, Apollo, Vulcan, Minerva, Juno and Neptune, but do not omit any Nymph: add Greek heroes, some captives; Dreams; the Sacred Isles; Chryses, Apollo's priest; some Trojans; the names of townes in Greecee and Asia Minor; some parts also of Europe neare the Helles-pont and the Ægæum: you can now write the first two bookes. Thus begin:

O Goddess, sing of the destructive wrath  
Of fierce Achilles, Peleus' worthy sonne.

Thus continue in Iambi, with verses similar to the lines above, taken from their hiding places in the bookes I have published; ill worth Homer's name, less musicall than the Greeke, I still thinke it worthy of preservation and a measure of honour. Search all places in which I have put my keyes. Near words like Jovus, Hera,—Synonymes, as well as all the derivatives from these wordes—are the sectiones of the translation.

Keepe lines, though somewhat be added to Homer: in fact, it might be more truely Homerie to consider it a poeme of the times, rather than a historie of true events. For this good and sufficient reason, the translation should be in the forme of verse. I use English Heroick verse, usually payng but small heede to rime, like as you may see in my playes, yet in my other verse, rime being indispensable, and sometimes,—as in the closing line in each stanzo of the epics of the so cal'd E. Spenser,—the feete being too numerous, you may do as to you seems to be juste and propper.

In all places, be heedfull of the meaning, but do not consider the order of the words in the sentences. I should joine my examples and rules together, you will say. So I

will. In the Faerie Queene, booke one, canto two, second and third lines of the seventh stanzo, thus speaking of Aurora, write:

Wearie of aged Tithones saffron bed,  
Had spreade, through dewy ayre her purple robe.

Or in the eleventh canto, booke two, five-and-thirtieth stanzo, arrange the matter thus, to relate in verse the great attacke at the ships, at that pointe of time at which the great Trojan took up a weighty missile, the gods giving strength to the hero's arme: it begins in the sixth verse:

There lay thereby an huge greate stone, which stood  
Upon one end, and had not many a day  
Removed beene—a signe of sundrie wayes—  
This Hector snatch'd, and with exceeding sway....

It is an ensample, and the instructions are so cleare, I do not think you can follow scent so well as a hound, if you unkennell not the fox.

Seeke the keyes untill all bee found. Turne Time into an ever present, faithfull companion, friend, guide, light, and way. For he who seeks an entrance here, must be furnished in that manner aforesaid. All my names I use as my fingers, to shewe which worke to join by means of the signes, which you so ofte' have seen in divers of my other workes. I am secretlie enscheduling worthie guides, which shew the path, and keyes this lock to turne.

Now match to these, when you hunt them out, all Graeco-English wordes, i. e., wordes that are not yet compleatlie made English. Keepe my rules so carefully impressed upon your mind in all cases, that you bee not ledd aside; for one who taketh the right waye, if he will push

on, will win the goale, the lawrell garland, and the applause and praises of the multitude: do not, therefore, turne your steps to the left, nor to the right, nor trace the roade backward. Keepe your eies ever fixt on the goal, and presse onward as I bid. I will make it a delightsome way, trust me, aye, ev'n as the milk-white path of high Jove on blew Olympus' summit.

Pursue, with caution, every devious way, never forgetting to retire back, before the chief highwaye be lost to sight. It is by such means that events, (and many a fablous deede of the gods and heroes) remotelie appertinent to the Iliads are related, while you this winding labyrinthe trace out.

FR. B.

\*You are now come to the Catalogue. It cannot be done as you have in the previous story of not too unusual actions and events. It is divided into small parts, as you will observe, which are so widely scatter'd in my writings, you should keepe my most common rule alway in this work; also keepe the order of the Greek in your translation.

F. B.

To these keyes now add Strife, Terror, Fortitude, Pursuit, Din, Friendship; the Ægis; the remainder of th' Olympian gods; the River gods; the Simois also the Seamanter; with the many heralds, Sleep, Iris, also Mercury; Death and the Fates, all clouds, Chimæras, winds, Day, Night, and sweete Aurora; the Hours, who open Jove's gates; besides the Muses, Graees (who wait upon Venus, or attend on the fire-robed Sun-deity), and Furies, lightning, thunder; Juno's birds, Venus' doves, Jove's eagle; Cen-

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\*Headings of the Tragedies.

taurs, steeds, chariots, lions, serpents, with many other words which you ought also to keepe near bye in readinesse for use.

Dub yourself as Knight of the Golden Iles, and set out in quest of great deeds, grande triumphs, and Fortune's golden meede: your Honour will grow in lustre as you show forth the brightness of your Nature; so also shall your Reputation be as jewels, and your Truth as precious stones, which Art has made of exceeding worthe, beautie, delightsomeness and estimation, and Time harmeth not.

You will now find some wordes with a key, that tell the manner of joining parts. All workes do not give rules, as in most of my playes; but my poemes, plays, portions of prose, and of the numerous Latin and Greeke translations, also the stanzas of Italian Lambi are composed so well that you could not, if you would, go astray. When the partes are separated, put all matter of like kinde together in boxes, which have been so marked with keies and joining-wordes that you may follow the plans with ease, not carefull for the outcome, since I am Architect, you the Master-builder: yours is the hand that shall erect the temple, when you shall bring to a selected place the fairest stones which you can finde, and cedar-wood hewed and shaped, so that you could raise towards heaven my Solomon's Pal-lace, and nowhere be heard either ax, or hammer, or any instrument of iron, as you put them in place. How wonderfull its beautie, no mortall eye hath seen.

Fr. St. ALBAN.

\*As apt children have their dailie taskes, so also in this hardest of employes, a dailie burthen is laid on ev'ry hand; hours manie, as free as mortall can desire, are e'er jewels

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\**The Tempest.*

beyond price; yet, in this, an eager minde can find a dark chapter's chiefe motif, by thus most honorably and shrewdly using his moments of solitude and ease.

The Tragedy of Macbeth must be added to this, then joine Edward the Second. As these are carefully con'd, many of Nature's writing are to be read, and a rule to fit or join, now that of one name, now others, making a story, in plays, which shewes that sin of my despis'd, (yet royall and also loyal) friends, Essex, who is my brother, and our most lovely parent, Queene Elizabeth; the tragedie of his murther; an historie of my owne life; the storie of my share i' th' triall of my brother; my owne downfall, with many such.

Now joine King Lear, King John, Romeo and Juliet, sixtie-two lines of The Life of King Henry Eight, partes of such other as you need—my rules dissipate all uncertainty. More prose must stande in this part of your Cypher work, then has been used to relate my stories.

Plays are by no meanes alwaies verse, therefore have I put a chain linking together by keies my speaches: those in Henry Seventh, are now many lines in excesse; and all, or much, upon the claiming Henrie's crowne is to be altered. You will finde that historie repeats it selfe in this, and that my owne story here given, has much that is similiar to the claime Warbeck made, yet also differing, inasmuch as his had so false premises: but I was Elizabeth's son, by her wedded Lord, elder brother to Robert, the Earle of Essex, who raised a rebellion to obtaine his owne mother's kingdome, despite all other and prior rights.

As hunted deer awaite death at every moment, so I, at baie, had an hourly feare in both my brother's affects, and the hate and ill-intents of our mother and Cecil.

\*When you match Macbeth with Tempest, it is to be observ'd, in the deciphering, how like is join'd with like—conspiracie in each. Note in Tempest the directions, and do as I have done.

You can follow my playes, as true keys, in most compleate succession, unlocke the closed doors of this secret chamber, in which are caskets like to that which Alexander found, and wherein I hide, likewise, mine own bookes, as well as honor'd Homer, his verses.

Search, seeke out a secret, imparted to no living person except Mother Bacon, mine earlie friend and true, the woman who saved me from my furious, owne mother by rare devices. I was as a brat, or waift, the girle throwes from all eies to save her fortunes and name.

Hate is juste, in him who is made prey to th' ills which do fall even upon a babe most innocuous, if love is not waking as he sleeps. Even then was I taken forth, stript naked,—th' thinn soft bands a childe should feele, a rough-spun woolen robe replaced. None saw or pitied my harsh, unkinde, accursedly cruel usage; yet my mother was a wedded, honorable, and most royall woman: her will is then the single bar between F. Saint Alban and a sceptre.

Take this play, and to it match that of Marlowe, i. e., Edward the Second. Note a hidden lesson in Marlowe's multi—or rather double—form tipe, for it tells when other plays take forward my work.

In my worthy mind is a better, a broader, a more farr-renowned and farre-famous'd kingdom. Deny the imposed gift we truely would, in hot anger, but love is so great a requitall of wrong, the anger in the humane heart is seen a fire-eyed Furie's child, turned from a region of Nox and

\**Macbeth.*

her compeeres, and then we controule our passio's. My love for Marguerite was the spirit which saved my soul from hatred, and fro vilde passio's.

F. B.

\*Search this for a more awefull act then all modern, middle, and most farre-off o' all farre-distant times has revealed. It tells that sad, awefull story of an act which will poison my morning-sunrise, sunsett, the evening softnes, nightes darke heavie houres, and make the world bitter to the end: it is my brother's cruel, foul ending.

Studie Time's rule: kin is set by kin, like is joyn'd to like. Recall to minde the play which matcht to this, will compleate the scene of torture—King John. When this is done, a most sad, heavie story, in form o' a play, is told. Be dilligent therefore, and give heede. Attempt by all odds, worke purposed for proud R. Cecill's record, to cast his woven and treacherous plots into view.

Use every wind to fill your great sails, hanging now so empty. Idle no morn's golden houres away, nor even, nor night lighted by moones pallid and soft beamies; sail on, and fetch treasures Time will make more and richer. Moth can ruin th' royall vestments—the glitt'ring crowne rust may corrode—no such action ere shall harme my gems' golden, art-enchas'd rigoll.

Next you must write a simple history or story of those two men, with more of their subtle actes apparent. They were my worst, aye, my onely foes. Read of some overt insolence, acts so wicked, such violent deeds, I had a just fear, if employed doing that [which] Fate (or whatsoever power driving me) causes me to do, my enemie construed to come from my primary resorte, a predominant desire to

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\*King Lear.

be endued with a royalty-robe, as a mark imprest to set the seal upon my rights, by virtue of my birth. Upon every occasion they were mindfull of my where'abouts. I coulde finde the path to Olympus, however, wing waie with Muse t' sing high paeons, farre from the murmur of their envy and spite.

Their power I did evade. This duty so munified a brain, a heart, farre remote and seeking to reach the deepest depths of knowledge, that I followe my main worke. Attempts fail which a tireless enemy doth so turne—hate's minister of harm most truely doth good, not ill, to my sundrie\* devices and designs.

It must now bee left in this forme, for a trite, though true, simple story, may not be used t' form this kind of a play, and I have arranged it in plain prose, but I hope you will gain knowledge thereby. If this part be read, it makes my method of word-signes clear, and anie carefull painstaker who doth inquire here, will undoe my mistery.

I have many single *livres* prepar'd for my deare Marguerite; one is in these other historicall playes, and in the play, Jas. Fourth, of R. Greene. It is her own true love story in the French, and I have placed many a cherish'd secret in the little loving wortheless books: they were kept for her wishes to finde some lovelie reader in future Æones. A part of the one I place in my owne historie, lives so pure no amorous soilure taints the faire pages.

So fair was she, no eyes ere look'd upon such a beauteous mortall, and I saw no other. I saw her—French Eve to their wondrous paradise—as if no being, no one in all high heav'n's wide realm, save onlie this one Marguerite, did ever exist, or in this nether world, ever, in all

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\*King John.

the ages to be in the infinity of time, might be created. But there came in days, close in the reare, when I would fain have lived my honor'd days in this loving-wise, ruin worthy husband's hopes, and manie a vision, had there bin onlye one single Adam therein,—which should be, and was not, solely myselfe.

Join Romeo with Troy's famous Cressida, if you wish to know my story. Cressida in this play, with Juliet,—\* both that one in the Comedy, where she first doth enter as Claudio's lady, and the one of my Tragedy just given,— are my love, whose minde changed much like a fickle dame's.

Years do nere pay his sin's paine-boughten bond in man, or take paine from the remembrance ever keene with the ignomy which this fickle ladie put upon dumbe, blind, deafe, unthinking and unsuspicious lovers.

This is tolde plainly in my story. Ever kind, true in honre o' neede as in that of pleasure, I suffer'd most cruell torments in mind. Thus Trojan Cresid', Troylus did ensnare, and the words his sadd soule speaks do say to you that his ill-successe, and that I did have, will here be told, such oneness was in his sorrowfull hap and mine. This makes the next parte.

Often mid a waste appeare many purest water-rises. L found a pure cup which nature's prettiest dales do form, filled to its brim as with Nepenthe: this I drank, and so in time I did shuffle off my old *amour*. Study in this wide realm tells many usefull truths: Time reveals matter long held in darknesse amid this very frank gift, an inheritance which is farre greater than manie a wide realme of earthlie power.

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\*Romeo and Juliet.

These plays contain my early history. Conjoine the part of my other great plaie named when I gave you this taske, Julius Cæsar, Henry the Eight, Fift and Fourth, just as I put them here, i. e., in this order, to make the plays, whereof events of such importaney, and of so great accompte do make up the plots, my best Cipher was given to a revelation of them,—I, [“ay”] events so false, set down in writing by my wicked mother, that none have wills so strong as to finde out the state of any kind of illes which is laid by for the good opportunitie. The opportunities are at this Queene’s orders, therefore not seene, if it so gratifie Elizabeth.

Neretheless my labour must bring villainie unto just punition, give the full name of the one who is heir apparent \* to this kingdom, put to rightes the most important records of these lands, with much hard bought truth, and turne from the lees, or rack a flagon of a red wine, the which, running cold, sendes icie chilles into my soule; ay, crudled blood this wine proves, if you see the cuppe running ore in that soft white hand, and ’tis as from this life of my veines, indeed.

And truly you shall not thinke or intimate to men, that the life of my onely born brother could be more dear to some rufian officer, or rugg-headed wild Irishman than to my my heart: but man has at all times a love still larger for’s own life; e. g. in God’s owne book you do find many such a Scripture. You may thus see man’s heart loveth the life here better—vaine as it is—ene then eternitie, and if I did prize life as do most men, it may scarce be deemed a wante of courage and of honour.

When you have found the larger story hidden in my workes, you may see many things in an unnoted and yet

not unnaturall relation. Join Othello, and Life of Richard Second: then Anthony and Cleopatra, Cymbeline, Hamlet, Richard the Third, Timon, and Edward First, placing the same in this order.

A great quarto in which you will finde Richard the Second, has none of my letter or epistolic story in the titles: also a part of a Cipher play, with this most heavie tragedie, and a full just accompt therein of all the secret reasons which condued to it, is wanting; but my Folio has no part omitted, and the Cypher is in many of later date than Essex' cruelest torture, for the true rend'ring of his history. You must put your time on the same, lest these more valued workes receive a lesse share of a worke-hour than manie stories that were meere tales for boys, put beside the plaie that I here name A Tragical-History, since the story is that of Essex, in his dark end.

Kings must have some happy guard as firm of heart, and eue so strongly furnisht forth to war, j'ust, turney, or other kind of battel as ancient Alexander, his picked guards. Failing of his helpers, that would-bee king was held for trial for treaso', co'demn'd, made to tell his ambitious designs, tortured,—for in the prison, vilde men, his keepers, by arts more pitichie-hued than hell, having obtain'd a permittance to cause paine sufficiente to burst the seale upon the lipps of maddened Essex, with burning irons put out both lovelie eyes,—then coldly executed.

No tale of ages before our blessed Saviour suffer'd such death, has one halfe the woe of this. Ev'n the barbarians of anie age, would burn men to cinders lesse murth'rously.

O God! forgiveness cometh fro' Thee. Shut not this truest book, my God; shut out my past—love's little sunny

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\*Troilus and Cressida.

hour, if it soe please Thee, and some of man's worthy work, yet Essex's tragedy here shew forth: then posterity shall know him truly.

Read well your many rules which shall tend to a speedie accrument of matter, to be correctly oppos'd to severall simple signes or marks. In these subtile waies I shew when many plaies are to supplie the matter, and also whe' a few will tell much. The most of my keys are words like some portion of the play, such as dead, death, dye, or dying, kill and murth'rous torture when the scene of murther is work'd. The \*first were what I most use, if I speak of mine only born brother Essex, such common words that few suspect my volumes had simply hidden the chiefe of the untold story.

Your keies must shew you how I, by this new method use my invention. Sure boundes are thus set, or traces showing them.

As in your lists you compleatly subdue by skill, so must other sundry hot [contests] be out-fought, but no true pow'r should impropriate moe then is just. True you do look most calmly upon my loss from a safe distance, yet to me the injurie never can be repaired.

You will finde them in most every other work I have used. This may not apply in date, or events, I grant. It gives most publickly such, as all other ladies whom Queene E—used in Essex' undoing; his well-seen youths with sturdiness like to the men's, wreaking 'pon all their pitiless vengeance with many a warm hand steep'd as in wine, so red in crimson gore.

It did behoove me to be wary, yet for my Prince Robert I took desperate hurts. As the danger many hundred

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\*Julius Caesar.

times verified fear of our old compeeres, with an angry heart, I ofte saw Essex summon in minio's to sit in halles of judgement, in whose hands his very life was in peril. He would turne from the wisest wordes of hundreds, ruled by the hardy sons England so lov'd.

Losses unthought of, hostes of hamperers where he had put boldest confidence that most loyall helpers would sustai' him, with his hasty measures, much weaker troopes, as wel as a most utter want of anie true, indubitate remnant of every king's whole right, i. e., simple honor, I know, were the controulers which made his fate certaine.

You will need but my easily learned keies to follow any lost thrids i' the plays,—the Life of Essex in the form of prose, two stage-plays, and a story that has a part of his worst factionall effort's failure,—many that I name in an unpublished story; some you will find in a play out of print. I published it in Peele's workes. The earliest plays that had my brother's first youth as the times, and the many though not so rare (so early), unpublisht yet in any forme except that, name Greene as the author. This is but my author-name t' hide \* my owne. It serveth also as a guard, as none such will be lost in future ages.

You will finde more o' history in such works, but much of Homer's great poem. It more chiefly makes up my delightsome Hiren the Faire Greeke,—a stage-play I published in Peele's name,—and also my Dido, my tragedy of Titus, many poems, A Tale of Troy, Venus and Adonis, Jonson's Masks, and much of Marlowe's translation of Lucan, of Hero and Leander, and the Faerie-Queene, Sheapherd's Calendar—which now bear only Spenser's marks—Ovid's Elegies, and also the Rape of Lucrece, all

Greene's wanton verses—those mixt poem-prose stori's, witilie having for our purpose Achilles or others as heroes—especially Pandosto, Arraignment o' Paris, (the one last named was published as Peele's play), Menaphon, Orlando Furioso, Marlowe's Tamburlaine, Dr. Faustus, with Troylus, (the story of his life—except as you have it given you as a part of some passage in th' sorry story of mine earlie fond love for rare Eve, French Eve, first, worst, loveliest upon the face o' this earth, th' beauteous Margaret—and his chief exploits i' th' battailes outside the walls o' Troy) King of Arragon, King Henry th' Sixt, Battail of Alcazar: Spenser's, as Shakespear's, num'rous love poems of many kinds, sonnets, and so forth, that shower my Margaret as with water of Castaly, are also part of the Iliads and Odyssey.

My translations are many times emploied twice. If my love poems may but show this, you will understa'd. In the Cypher story, inside-plays, my hidden book mask'd in its sentences oftentimes a play, or story, divided more, that it may forme the inmost of my secret epistles.

Of course we must not suppose our Latin work to remove our other Cyphers away from sharpe inquisition, but while this remaines undiscover'd my secret is quite exempt from suspect.

My first importa't letter to you concerns my greatest invention of a meanes of transmitting whatsoever I wish to share.

My story may be found in this way after I am dead; then must my name live among men cleared from all sorts of blot, or imputation o' wrong advice to Queene Elizabeth i' th' triall of Robert, the Earle of Essex, for treason. A Queene has many to ayde, if th' case require, but a sud-

den justice pursues a subject that taketh any liberty in matters of state. When the offence is from her true sonne, building mighty hopes upon the overthrowe of the power of our Queene—not makeing the sinfulness lesse, rather greater—his punishment most naturally is greater. It is justice, yet how it doth blow my heart.

At men's many harsh insinuations or open obloquy, my indignation swell'd till my heart was too great. Native pride would cause one to seeke a means of shewing the true state of matters for justification: true he is onely actuated \* by his worse growth of motives, but the facte is irrefuteable—a most simple and naturall desire for just and worthy men to give him full dues.

Most, (or at times, truth to say, all) seeke for true respect; the most of us insure this, no doubt, by our lives; but occasion, that ariseth when least looked for, may mar fairest prospects most suddenly. An unexpected event may blast his future with sorrow.

Sole accomptant must I be hereafter for the share I had in my brother's sorry fate, but none here will fully acquit me, and so my worthiest opponents have many notable advantages.

Injury to an innocuous man who is milde in nature, must be harder punishment (I am assured in heart it must be so) then to the man of iron nerves and hardy temperature. I am no soldi'r, but not a coward either. I am a student, a philosopher, I may say a savant, and I am sensible of injuries. In so farr as this is unjust, I hereby demande true and rightful examination by any man that doth regard my brother's case and his sentence as greatly altered by my counsell, and reporteth this same every-

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\*Henry the Fifth.

where. Let my plea be heard and just judgement be ren'd'red. I will aske but this, "Aye, strike but liste to me," and marke how love is alwaies manifested in our entercourse at all the times of meeting in prison, many of my written protestes and entreaties to Essex to turn him aside, intending merely his onely good, the safety of his own person.

When trust is proved falsely grounded, much of hope droops upon its stalk like a summer's flow'r. Thus Essex did fare. O, thinke what such a sorrowe was, such puissant grief, dismaie and uttermoste despaire!

Whereto this story in Cipher doth push ope th' sepulture door, strip the clothes and napkins which would confine it from offe its feet, and so stepp out among living human beings, my inmost heart must be reveal'd, open as upon God's great day of a last judgment. Make your work as the voyce that shall commande it to rise, stand forth, and tell to mankinde its secret woe.

I use words to indicate the part of my life in France, using the keyes as just given with but a few added, such as Paris, France, court, Charles, Henry. Joyne minde or braine (with the<sup>\*</sup>faculties), also spirit, soule, the conscience with heart, and the other words signifying affection, love, hate, envie, antipathy and like passio's. In example o' it turne t' Cymbeline, actus primus, scena secunda, by (Queene) see (Love) (Heart) both by the key-words nam'd in my latest list, thus setting off to another use each of the sections so shewne. So ever Marlow, Peele, Greene, or anierthing which doth containe the storie of the stay in Margaret's sunshinie France.

Assorte out into drawers and boxes that so they may

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\*Henry the Fourth, Part I.

bee convenient to your hand, on the one hand putting all o' the earlier history keies, on the other th' double-keyes of the later part. Never cease i' the pursuite until the worke be ended. So may most precious writings of my owne brother's be read, as I did include a part of his history o' th' Armada from Spaine. It is that part where Palmer doth pursew (all that night, indeede, after brave action) in the rear o' the flying spirit-like sails o' the Spanish vessels. Every line was written ere those bragging Jackes arrived at the harbours from which they had sailed a few months before.

Making your next portion of worke the Armada from Spaine, it may soone be seene a number o' keies must now have attentio', and many be joined to them.

Mary did enjoyne upon Phillip such a course, and, as in many eases, the subjects did have greater love and more devotion to the Head of their Church then truth and loyalty to eyther country or Queene, there was somewhat o' confidence wanting as rumours o' the Armada reached the farre-away seamen. When they put out, many hundred Englishmen, of whatever communion, rose in defense. The love o' home is a stronger affection, in some doughtie servants of the Pope, and of England, then the love of things which pertain chiefly to that religion of which much is rumoured but much lesse knowne.

I shall not make much of this subject then, when writing, as ev'n moe zealous and blinded servants of the Church o' the old religion, rons'd with fury, did run to fight insolent Spaine, to protect life and home, then came t' ayde (summon'd to assist by the Pope's comma'd)—indeed few made anie signe to manifest their allegiance to ought but England.

In our Second Henrie Fourth, you will finde keyes that ope most heavie doors, if you seek \* dilligently. These are words, and you neere would wish any other subtile marke, so plain doe all keies shewe the designe. To these you conjoyne divers wordes which stand a fewe spaces from the keyes—and are so well chosen that though oft used, my plans are thereby not seene—and marke that which doth shewe the portions which must be built up like the stone walles o' a castle. But the workes, when you shal have finished them must reveale a strength shielding beautie.

Make this booke a great story of a stirring, fierie-tempered man, who fought brave battels for Elizabeth, not merely in this warre with Spaine that you are now to write out, but in severall which I do give in full in my history.

No enemy doth so doughtily throw downe his bold defiant challenge as Philip, true sonne of Spaine; none takes up that glove with greater ease or with more wonderous skill then Elizab'th. She it is that we shall throw light upon now, for writing at a time of so much danger the penne was mild. Men in such bold history whom I thrust most to your presence, may neede have some time to plead for mercy at God's high throne, when their many crimes, hired to be performed, are unveiled.

Sin oft strongly warres in th' mind, and if no murtherous act be done, bears wrong much yoked with humil'ty, but if crime be on a person's hands, manie a rout o' jeeri'g divels come into his soule o' which the worst is pride. So fared Her Ma., Queene Elizabeth.

Her whole spirit was but one infernall \* region, a realm

\*Henry the Fourth, Part II.

\*Othello.

o' Pluto, untold days i' her times of mirth, or times of staid and verie grave deportment; for the blood of her youngest borne was upon her royll hand, if not that of manie others, heirs to a future o' paine. I sooth none can div'lge her greatest harmes, for this world's eyes have no worthy use, but all shunn the vision o' shame, especially in this Queene. Her vanity may seeme most veniall even, but vaine motives lay at the bottome o' everything which this woman did.

She was my mother, yet I more then anie other have cause to curse her. I answer here a few of the world's accusations. I, after insult above your just conceit, I open my hard lips for my first lengthy complaint, uttering here much of the gall and naturall wrath my burdened heart has carried many a yeere. Have patience, I prithee, my worthy friend, and continue your writing, untill my history at least has been co'pleathie finished; then if it must bee left, it must bee, yet do you keep in mind one thing—it is this—now must we see the glaneing of Fortune's light, to th' desire of my unsubmiss soule; some will be pleas'd, I doubt not, to yeeld.

If your pen have no glory, it, indeed, is by some shortcoming of your owne, for I have prepared the way to fortune and high favo'. You may be my voyce to utte' the words I would fain speak, yet, should you refuse, another browe will winn the rigoll.

If hate's venom leave a soule doom'd, no ray does light mine awefull tombe, no sun sweetly ilume th' waye.

With Thee is hope, forgiveness, peace, O God, Father of light, and Author of our being.

Pilate said, when hee had framed a title for the King of the Jews, "What I have written, I have written." Thus must my work of this nature be left as it is, and that which is my onely honor may put vastly more happinesse upon us. No men's heirs of empty honours do outvie my right witty and much valued friend, th' man who raveled these threads. I burthen one, who to do my old friend of truth and much constancy, justice, must not be of our time, and my wish is that my whole workes should bee for you' good.

By my tones I shewe first various waies to direct the eie to any portions o' the Cypher. Truth to say th' winds change lesse in the daie then doth th' guiding hand. I took for mine instru'tion the signs o' some forme that is helde worthy but use no such important marks, except th' dot, to shew when our shifts should be furder. You then turn to my guide word, finde by your small table which o' th' numerous works is indicated: next seeke the word-keye and write what you \* there finde.

Each of the stories thus made to relate a part that is but half made out—for this slower waye we employ doth concern my others—but when it has all ben work'd out, my method will be thought marvellous. It manie times is given with fear of faile, warring i' the spirit with fear of a worse result.

Too clear meanes were not of acc't, for th' restlesse eyes o' foes watched my worke, to finde a thread to twiste into the loop of th' executio'r; too dense, concealed noe less th' much valew'd guiding hand which ledd to the Cypher. Sundry words shewe my works as seene in my Instauratio; severall more have anothe' name to marke them as well, as you will see, very exceptionall, or rather, I may say, quite

\*Richard the Second.

originall and mnequaled use. I make them to shut out all but this faithfull decipherer, for the instruc'ions, rules, and so forth, are widelie scattered. I do not give sufficient in any one of these playes to bewray my Cipher, but he who hath turn'd aside for no fleet footed Siren or Nymphe, will enter into a richer store of goldene treasure even then he has dre'mt of, for I lead his eager steps. Hence I say again to you, do you keep pressing on for a day shall come that shall bring its dues of joy. Life is but one sh'rt race; it doth not twice reward us.

It is well to know a crown can one o' these good days be put on—an immortall crowne that ruste shall do no ill, nor evill men deny to such as do inherite it, or winne in any sorte of strife of th' poets—authors with brother authours. It awaits one whom Time maketh Truth's expos'tor, for he who may unseen,—though himself simply serving a knowne, \* I may say an honour'd man,—write and publish the secrets I do thus conceale, may have more glory, more fame, even then he hath who taketh a city.

Whatsoever of honour, of fame, or glory my work hath, th' great reward giv'n unto him,—my friend, (my truthfull minde now open'd fully to it would make avowall) of equall braine, hand and heart, as is plainly indicated by his ability to search out my story,—must bee even greater. This then shall crowne your head: it can fal to no other even after we have turned t' clay, for you must be first whoever Time bringeth afte' you.

A man's achievements truely do out-live man, or his love or hate, bitter as the one may be and sweet th' other. The long silence will not lie eternall ages on the tongue, but in his writings is a new life. Mind this amidst all discourageme'ts.

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\*Anthony and Cleopatra.

Time shall reward our patience if we do trulie well, and await the daye; if our worke be ill, the yeeres will pointe the finge' of scorn at us. I would be no object of such attention, yet do I seeke the noting eies of posterity and write for men not living on th' facee o' earth. Th' Æons that are to be, doe not so rudely plunge men o' mark'd eminence into old-time idole night, at least not in full compleat and pe'fecte possession of remarkable pow'rs. Thus I put a calme, brave, enduring—ev'n chearfull—heart ever in my looks, nor turn my eies fro' a mark in Fame's targ't.

When you have fully collected the keies into such part of your working-roome as shall not bee disturbed, begin your task by assorteing your keys. You should not use more of them than I give in th' small table; note also that these must not be used as you open'd divers books, with noe order, no method, no system, but these are links i' th' long chaine. All are guides t' another part o' the secret plays and my many poemes that are hidden in workes of any valew, that I have sent out since I invented my first small Cypher while I was in Paris in my early youth.

When one will take the work noe furder, you use others, but if you wo'lde keepe keys in th' order of my owne table you must finde it of great aide i' th' work. Remember, well gleaned keies must vary i' the apparent use. Finde some table as above; manie may be seen in your work certainlie even now, since you must finde some in each play; these are good ayds. If the table changes as I form Cypher plays, it is because I sek to avoid confusion.

My first and sixth Cyphers appear even more in some unpublisht poems of my early yeares, and my rules are explained therein with such sundry notes,—designed to

render aide in the work, as well as to give to book-lovers, or cursory readers even, factes relating unto this matter handled,—that it was too evident and clear.

With the kingdome still greater in fact then most, 'tis not then bold to dub myself heir to one o' those happily plac'd realms ev'n old Neptune's waters keepe from every harme and threat of danger. Yet in this work o' my hands I am heire-apparent to a much loftier seate, a scepter of pow'r that must ev'n extende to posterity. Nor time nor death can take my second kingdome from me. But future ages shall crowne you king of many more farre-extending. The royll scutcheon of your worthy arms shall shine as the sunne, fill your mindes eyes with dazzling light and glory, turn darkest night to daie and scatter every cloude. Each booke truelie doth make the glory greater, but without my help \* you could not hope just or generous atte'tion will be given you, for I do compas this end at least.

No subject which hath a place o' state in the written bookes, shall be lost to th' carefull kindlie person that doth so finde this secret, and th' story he shall take from this Cypher may ever reveale each: the one whieh is of importance here doth ch'efly concern him that speaks to you in this maner.

No doubt I will shew manie errors each day. When Art's maske is in ruins marke well those features behind it; when Nature lifts the veil that conceals th' First or Primal Cause, there shall stande reveal'd one [not] now recognized; so then shal Reputation be knowne as it is and not as it is thought; Fortune, also Honor and Truth, shall be seen in Time.

It is your hand which shall make all th' right to be knowne, else shall our dust, lying in its tombe unhonour'd

\*Cymbeline.

by love and estime such as is given unto other royll Princes, feel in its least particle the wrongs that I beare.

I have placed in many of my latest works the Cypher that is to intimate and pointe out some others, while it hath so small use in works of length, that I speak of it rarely. You find it oft in prose workes: it is symbols, and as hath already beene said hath little use if your letter be th' length ev'n that *billet doux* are ofte made.

End your list so—more you will not now finde—nor at anie time are your more thoroughly culled tables to bee left and laid aside, as th' new names are given, but all are used. You doubtlesse observe this in numberlesse places when writing.\* If some o' the words are (as these above) but rarely used, it doth even more conceale a Cypher mystery. In soe farre as wordes having a double use (double Cypher being oft shewne in the same work) naturally occurring for names of the writer, could be varied and imploied, such have had the chiefe place; but, as this could not be used in all the plays, do not looke for the other epistle if you be onelie a curious seeker.

Enter upon the queast with zeale, or, at least, in an earnest frame of minde. It doth ever assure a good course. Finish the portion given here, the' take Cypher number six and work out the first letter, as it hath a part of a plan that I have carried on in these other Cyphers; but for the double use, take its numerous full directions found in this place.

I have oft put the most usefull hints of all in the more difficile plays, i. e., the plays that are made up chieflie of fragment. When one Cypher hath part of a rule (the rules plac'd in this bi-literal and the Word-Cipher in my

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\*Hamlet.

workes, however, forme an exception) others near this one have parts of it also.

The play of Hamlet hath the commencement of a Cipher rule of no small interest. One called a Time Cypher, because numbers were keyes, sheweth you th' first o' th' directions, the bi-literall, the second, and the capitall letter Cypher hath the last. No more are needed for these letters i' th' plays then you shall by this time have, or at the most must soon come arosse, and I requeast you to finde th' rule concealed, first in Henry the Seve'th, then explained in one o' the playes.

Err not in my worke. Hope quickens to duty: trust conquers all: for truth is as the crowne won in th' race. 'Tis evermore th' part of an eager runner if successe bee desired, to keepe on bravely to th' goale, for 'tis unto him a crowne is given who doth claime the prize alone, through his timely efforts and his perseverance.

In study hope may in part aide you. Keepe a most cautious watchfull eye on that foe to your worke, ~~&~~ love of pleasure, and on his sister, idlenesse, for of their companioniship no good doth come. Take our lampe as your onely guide, and stay but to see th' lustrous gem-studded sceptre that doth appeare farre to reach, but shall asuredly command much that doth lesse please then honor, for I haste on i' fond hope of some othe', better or fuller and richer reward.

The thought which gives t' my weak courage assurance of truth's finall triumph seems feeble,—ev'n to some, folly,—yet better men oft seeke their fame with as great love of th' vaporous breath of worldly plaudits. You but imagine that my ordeal would be so much lighte', my owne life much better, if to our future we portray as so

much to be desired, a due measure of ease and wealth be given.

Look in former works explaining plans we have formed to ayde our many seekers afte' greatnesse, such as do not cower if it be Troy to winn, or Helena's faire face to see: gaily they go. So sure is my hero of your ayde, o' due zeale in his arduous \* undertaking, that we leave him.

A key t' unlocke will Fortuna now set forth, and his turning will ope most lordly portalls. Followe whithe' a man's steps mark yon way, as I gave her many a faint pursuer as an inception to this quest. Taking each at the test you may prove great, and doubly win honor. Worlds, yes the univearse, may note our acts and we may open every tragedie of our own history, but to minee my woes, or vaunt unseemlie wrongs to me, although it may be a constant temptation, are both so truly unjust, so futile, that I will no longe' spende man's quickly flitting weeks in bemoneing the woes o' my youth.

I may then to this labour apply both fervour and joy, for so shal my loved books take many more o' th' thoughts of the tryall yet to be. From livi'g so much in Paris I have a truly Fre'ch spirit. Th' love of inquiry so employs a mind from morn's wydelie sent e'rly beames to eve's final parti'g fro' the earth,—or, truly saying, till tapers are burn'd low,—the faire hand o' Science leades to th' hightes with so sweet a grace, no man could resist. Therefor' shall I make studie not alone th' attendant o' every day, but, as well, th' bosom friend. *Studie* doth fill a hung'ring minde, while it leaveth behind still greater desires to attai' to all heights, and sou'd those wondrous seas mortal man hath nere su'mounted or sounded.

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\*Richard the Third.

For many earlier lines o' th' play I heere am making cleare to my followers i' th' other (or Word-Cipher) that of Eduard shal be th' next joined after Timon. Th' latter hath much later rend'ri'g of events, for not much o' his life is contain'd in works of anie extente. Mark your keyes, resting not until you slothful shal be found, or fluctuating. Since I upon all of these most preciose books have nere ask'd one word, nor said one to winne praise to my name, it must bee loste study if left.

A true love o' my Ciphe' work, old as manie of such must be, (indeed I name part of a series, which a more industrious man must too oft consider is too meage') is one of the best aides, for no work handl'd as mine, what woful tale so-e'er it may tell, can be dull. Oft many may seeme winnow'd o' just morale essays or sermons, but much wrought and drawn out into plaies, yet is my truest labor so full o' dramaticall events with numerous scenicke aydes, it may not astonish my decyphrer if I write my life as a plaie. If he shall discover this in th' play here seene, th' many keys should next be arrang'd or the different scenes were easilie changed.

This work, like th' followi'g, that will soon be found, requireth much of carefull, I, \* zealous asking at the Throne of Life and o' all true Wisedome ere it may be undertaken, but none should goe back who have sought t' enter at a gate which doth open into an ingenious maze not yet folowed halfe waye to our more choice, or th' last story of our Court-life.\* Observe my consta't timely Cipher aides that I have plac'd i' th' most of my play of Winter's Tale. You' eye will note such but by keeping vig'lant watch. Manie words round a part of the Cypher

\*Timon of Athens.

have use as well. For example, words I intend to be th' rules to follow and note, for o' all my deeiph'rers ayds, at first th' best is that of an easily seene guiding word, or key which shall be your oft lost but ever readie servant, coming if sought and alway directing you i' th' way you should go.

Beare in minde that hee is like Prospero's quicke spirit, Ariell, as airy as our owne breath, therefore your eyes while sometimes afarre off could espie this one aydante, Pan. My plan so wisely useth Pan much more, as may quickly be seen, then Nature, but do not lose eyther one of these. With Reputation, Honour, Fortune, Truth and th' Art now in hand, you have all that you need at present to carry on the work. However, o' th' most o' th' rules, keep ever watch.

Look for my works that hidden truth may upon errour throw light. In some of my oldest plays many wordes, e. g., men, wronges, unkinde, jeer, oaths, etcætera, in every act, would attract too much attentio' therefore I have varied the keyes using different ones for th' different parts of th' same storie, yet keeping two or three throughout. Most wordes signify other thinges—to put th' parts which accord in position or to name a worke.

I have here no verie great field for any kinde of plaie, or a work most men think great, i. e., the men who only consider a wonder. If strange thinges, so filled with marvells that none read understandingly, come before them, t' these wise seekers they seeme most worthy, but commonplacenesse is to them a folly. But my decipherer shall not be deprived ruthlesselie of this worke, nor I of my due reward when this shall be understood.

St. ALBAN.

(Old Wives Tales should follow here, but original  
is not in hand. Twelfth Night commences thus with  
an incomplete subject.)

This play hath both. By such a manner much of this  
may be used for the other Cipher, and many days thereby  
turn'd to greate' matters. As in Old Wives, if a word  
would attract attentio' by such mark'd and peculiarly  
shaped letters, it would in no waye bee in great perill.

My keyes were form'd before one o' my plays was put  
together and all was very well plann'd. Old men might  
faile to see a curious, or rather a peculiar commingling  
of letters in th' printed pages sent out, but young eyes  
might note it, therefore there are some markes emploied  
for signes to my decypherer—yours would see in truth  
more quickly—and so no evills hap from so daring an  
experiment. In my Historie of Henry th' Seventh this is  
explain'd. Omit Finis Actus. It may add t' your confusion  
in the beginning but you can understand my other Cipher  
must have occasionally a fewe more letters. These, hav-  
ing beene us'd in your former work as you remember, will  
have moved inquiry. If you inquir'd of anyone except  
myselfe, how should it bring a replie? This is for your-  
selfe. None but he that holdeth my keyes should make  
attempt to read Cyphers and one who hath a key should  
rest not yet till he hath search'd out all hidden matters.

It is to man's glory to finde out secrets. Th' wise have  
th' fruit o' much labour o' othe' men and do more profit  
thereby then they themselves. Thus shal you reap where  
we have sown if you wearie not before nightfall.

When Henry th' Seventh is joyn'd with th' six stage  
plays first sent forth i' this name, that Cypher we now

would fain see wrought out can be discover'd. This also should not bee left out. I have oft nam'd some works in these unimporta't methods, (i. e., th' ways that were auxiliaries to th' principall one, that ayde th' work greatly) to put all huntsmen off th' scent. By use o' words o' lesse mark then th' names, I can \* give my decyph'rer signes and directions knowne but to us.

To this short waye of giving necesarie aide to hasten forwards this work, I owe th' great advancem'nt. Wherein we could alter your letters and give some hint to help to ayd you' wit (it is such an excellent art) we ventur'd upon it ere, in such clear manner, it had been noted. It is manifest also that you will not work in the dark long. To you, in sundrie wayes, our plann hath been for some yeers, as it is to my own minde, and your quick sense doth see when the law of my letters is broken, and many repetitio's of offence, or disregarde of th' known law must not seeme too frequent. Employ some meanes for setting right th' work. Our letters will soon returne to the form you have used save th' two (E and G) which wee alter throughout th' plays because in th' six containing another, th' capitall letters are us'd againe.

A story may relate secret matters. It is th' part of a prudent writer indeed to guard against surprises. This you should understand, yourselfe, or asuredly you will in due time. A secret is verilie in the numerous writings nam'd some time ago, hoping then my hand might have done well all that I did uptake.

Next write a comedy, a quaint \* device for making knowne th' men that do give, lend, sell, or in anie othe' waye, have put me into possession of their names. These

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\*Comedy of Errors.

\*Midsummer Night's Dream

I have us'd as disguises that my name might not bee seen attached to any poem, stage-play, or anie of th' light workes o' this day.

The cause of this is clear. Not alone for pride in our choyse o' science for a fiel' of hard labour, but also that I might be at liberty to use these workes as the exteriour letter, hiding my secret writi'gs, as no other person is cogniza't of the work save my foster-brother Anthony, my owne brother Robert, Ben Jonson, my friend, adviser and assistant, and our private secretary, yet for the exteriour part we imploie many amanuenses, for we can keepe severall employed when reading our plays for our finall review, or when assembling th' parts.

Th' title of th' comedy is—Seven Wise Men of th' West. Actors' names: Robert, Christoph'r, William, another Robert, George, Edmund and Frances. The scene is London. Other name' to find parts are: th' pedant, braggart, foole, hedge-priest, boy, poet, philosopher.

\*With these as keies you can decypher this, as I said, and as you bring out scenes of much witinesse both i' th' language, and in th' gestures, actio' and situations, you yourselfe shall bee well entertain'd, I assure you, since it is as well plan'd as the workes that have been put out, and as well finish'd.

When this hath been intirely decypher'd, a tragedie in five acts followeth it, agreeing in manie of th' keies, because of th' names and synonyma againe used. It is what every man's memory yet is aware of: A Tragedy of Marlow. A servant is to be added—the unworthie one by whom Marlowe's life was taken—Francis Archer. As

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\*As You Like It.

th' joyni'g words are different from th' comedy, there will be no danger o' getting th' parts commingl'd.

Many other keyes are now giv'n as followeth: Tavernes, courtezan, inn-keeper, brawl, fray, dagger, wine, moonlight, blood, friends, death, funerall. A part of your materiall will be in tragedy of excellencē \* publish'd in this work, and this is to make search a pleasant taske. But a large part of one of th' acts is from works publish'd in his name. It needeth not to say this concerneth not Marlowe's death but his life. This often gave me a theame of sad interest.

Th' remaining acts you will get in th' Essays and these Shakespeare plays. Th' greater part of the aforesaid comedie is in these comedies, and a large portion of this story o' Marlowe, in the tragedies.

Anothe' history is to be decypher'd that taketh up all Eliza would faine leave t' Time's blindnesse. In th' play we give th' story some o' th' strange plainnes—utter each true, hard charge, in boldnesse borne of a timoro's spirit made bold in its sure hiding, as a timorous hare in its refuge doth brave th' harrier—no spirit would bee daring enough to reveal in his work, havi'g a title leaf which doth bear his name, old, ominous, night stories of a mighty Queene. His life would bee the forfeit—mine much more since she is my mother; yet it herein hideth, and besides it is more vailed by my pen-names.

The story o' th' Armado is told twiee as it formeth part of our latest stage-play (of this now in your hand) and part of my Ciphe' epies that have doubtlessly been found. This historie formeth one in a series of five (in Cipher) and with eight in comedy and tragedy (also

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\*Love's Labor's Lost.

Cipher) compleates the dramas of your twice concealed work,—once with my names and once with my devices.

As I have often said, and as you well know by this time, you have poems and prose workes on divers theames in all such various stiles as are put before th' world as Greene's, as Shakespeare's, Burto's, as Peele's, Spenser's, as Marlowe's, as Jonso' dramas or my own long devis'd and but well begunn labour,—then which none hath a better objeet,—for I varied my stile to suit different men, since no two shew th' same taste and like imagination, and all doth containe th' great Cypher I constantlie teach, although I may not freely place th' rules a'mong a great part which is not of th' nature of most histories, but revealeth many secrets and is not afear'd to utter truth, when a guard so hemmeth up th' way dange' cannot harie. These true words would cost us dearly, were one of th' tales \* so much, even, as whisper'd in some willing eare; yet for the sake of truth, humanity, and justice, yea honour also, we resolv'd to write these histories, and thus disguised, leave them for wits in th' ages adown Time's great rolling rive'.

We still stand close at hand (our wishes should wield some power) for th' protection rightfullie ow'd to th' workes, yet it is to bee desir'd that obsecrity may wrap them round awhile, perchance untill my life of Time may slip unnoted and unregreted from th' earth. One doth not have wild passionate desires and longings for power, when the light from th' Eternall Throne doth fall on him, but we would leave a name and a work men must honour. 'Tis th' hope that helped me woo poetry, to pursue Muses, to weave dramas, to delve deep in sciences, to pore over philosophie.

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\**Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

And 'tis to posterity I looke for honor, farre off in time and in place, yet should Fame sound her sweet ton'd trump before mee here and at this time; and there is that in midst wondrous dreams maketh such strong protest against th' doom o' oblivion, it is made most plain to me th' houre shall yet strike, when England shall honour me, their ill-fated Prince, whom all the Destinies combin'd to curse, and thwart each effort to obtaine that title—Prince o' Wales—which was in truth many a day rightlie my owne.

And afterwards my stile should justlie have beene Francis First of England,—and yet of this no words availe. Too late it would bee—now that all our witnesses are dead, our certificat's destroy'd—to bring in a clayme to th' English throne. It would soone bring my death about.

F. BACO'.

\*Any one who can read th' plain marks plac'd in th' letters can write my Cypher plays and th' stories; but he that heedeth my signes lesse, can onlie work out part o' th' rules, small portions of arguments, and get barely an outline of th' work.

You must therefore have my suggestions in your minde and be watchfull, lest you have a difficult taske where I have labour'd to make straight paths for you, while other men are led astray, reasoning in my minde in this waye: Hee who seeth th' signes must mark some significance or designe, but most men will suppose this to rest entirely in the marks and will finde nothing; while my more experienc'd decipherer, if he have found out any o' my

\**Merchant of Venice.*

directio's, will soone learn th' meaning, and by th' use of mark'd letters in saying this, it will not bee expos'd to other eies.

As some of the plaies are histories they are not alwayes mentioned as dramas, but I will now make out a table (i' Cipher) naming all you are to decypher. There are five Histories as followes: The Life o' Elizabeth, The Life of Essex, The White Rose o' Britaine, The Life and Death of Edward Third, The Life of Henry th' Sevent; five Tragedies: Mary Queene o' Scots, Robert th' Earle o' Essex, (my late brother) Robert th' Earle o' Leicester (my late father), Death o' Marlowe, Anne Bullen; three Comedies: Seven Wise Men o' th' West, Solomon th' Second, The Mouse-Trap.

The keies and th' arguments do not follow at this point, but are given elsewhere. There are three notable Epies which are from Greeke (Homer) and that Latine (similar partly in theame) of great Virgill; and a history, in prose commixt with verse, of England and a fewe Englishmen whose lives in greater or lesse degree affected ours.

A list is given in early poems—see B. I. etcetera—with some of the titles you have so lately found. Also a fewe small poems in manie of our early workes of various kinds, which are in th' French language, tell a tale of love when life in its prime of youth and strength sang sweetlie to mine eare, and in th' heart-beats could one song e'er be heard,—and yet is heard.

F. St. A.

\*As our work still needeth a patient hand, we trust th' decypherer is not inclin'd to forsake these plays at present. Our keies for th' story of sweet Marguerite, (as many of its lines can bee found when the play that is now in your hand shall be search'd) are heere repeated in my bi literal Cypher to assure the finding and working out of her historie which was to me labour of love to write, but to my sorrowe, my love was labour lost. Yet a certaine degree of sadnessse is to th' young pleasurable, and I desir'd by no means to be free of the paine. \* \* \* \* \*

This list co'taineth all the important keys as they were used when writing [her] history, and we have so wrapt it up in plain rule', or signes, we are eo'fident this long tale will not seeme wearisome to you, for we would wish you might leave out nothing of a history of one who cannot bee banisht from my memorie while this heart doth live and beat, but we are aware it cannot interesse others in like degree. To me it will be th' dream, day and night, that never will be ought but a vision, and yet is farre more reall than all things else.

When th' history shall at length be completed, a little booke mention'd some time since may be written. It is French, to please Margaret, but very short and is in severall small divisions. It is writte' with th' same keys as th' preceeding, but th' words us'd in matching parts together were of French, so that there is little dange' of making this othe' then we plann'd—a book of French poems.

Your next should be my Life at th' Court of France, then a drama, Mary Queene of Scots, which is folowed by anothe' drama. Work out the play with th' first style

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\**Taming of the Shrew.*

before you begin the second, for they were written to make out my long list of th' histories.

F. B.

\*Any play publischt as Marlowe's, came from th' same source as all which you will now work out. A name hath no limits or bounds, it is somewhat like Charitie. If you have written all this in order—a supposition very improbable—you know the names chosen as masks.

Greene, Spense', Peele, Shakespeare, Burton, and Marley, as you may somewhere see it, or, as it is usually giv'n, Marlowe, have thus farre been my masks, which have caused no mark'd surprise because they have familia' name' on th' title page, not faneied, but of living men, at the least, of men who have lived.

A few works also beare th' name o' my friend, Ben Jonson—these are Sejanus and th' Masques, used to conceale the Illiads chiefly, and to make use o' my newe Cypher. If th' writings are lost no part o' my Cypher work will be so greatly injured as Homer, or my bolde, youthfull, but worthie rendering of it into our language. A work of such magnitude as th' Illiads could not well bee twiee given in Cypher, but many o' th' other writings are repeated in prineipall things, preventing by this device th' entire losse in case others shall bee destroy'd.

You can as hath beene pointed out write Marlowe, a tragedy of great interest and o' some dramatick power, but not so great a work, nor so estimable as th' tragicall histories of my brother and father. Not all our exterior plays are of equall value as dramaticall workes, for it is often difficult if even possible, to write manie plays that

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\*Merry Wives of Windsor.

contain Cypher materiall, and at all times place both th' interior and exterior plays duely, giving advantages to merit whether it may appeare in one or another. But I have said what must be needlesse if this work have had faithfull service for it doth prove these words many times ove'.

As this play is now studied with new rules for my Cypher work, I am assured progress upon it may truly improve. If paines be take' to see such names as are plac'd here, my owne as to most men I am known—Bacon —doth plainly stand forth. My true title sheweth in Cypher againe and againe,—Francis First, King of Great Britaine and Ireland,—or in playes of a somewhat earlier date, various stiles: Th' Prince; the true heire to the throne; th' Prince of Wales; th' first-born sonne t' Elizabeth; sonne to th' Queene and heyre-apparent, since I was entitl'd in justice to all these before th' death of Elizabeth, my mother, th' virgin—as she wish'd to be consider'd—who rul'd with a strong [hand] over England, and me.

Her will was like stern iron-hearte' kings of days o' yore, but she was vain withal and loved th' admiration of all men, especially of princely visitors \* coming t' wooe. All suitors (much as th' first commer) for some reason had such hope of successe as turn'd some heads, no mentio' being made of impediments,—th' Duke of Anjou payng the compliment of an arrangement whereby their sonnes should receive instructio'. in Roman Catholické faith, the daughters in th' Protestant. Such play did well agree, su'ting Elizabeth's vain soule and nursing a kind of pride, akin to ill-starr'd Marguerite's, and to her sadder fated mother's—faire Anne Bullen's.

\*Measure for Measure.

Her wisedom, however, saved her in this, as th' love of devotion was th' surface of [her] characte—not a main eurent. It will be noted when her whole life is decipher'd, that she did inherit much of th' sterne disposition that characterized her sire and grandsire. Henry, sire, shew'd it lesse, as it mingled with heartinesse and fresh sprites, but as every Tudor, downe from our ancestors to one nam'd Robert, loved his owne will and his owne waye, "Merry Harry," marke you, conceal'd some of it under a maske of good-nature. As this part may soon be done I put my word-keyes in all o' th' rest o' these comedies. \* \* \* \*

With these keyes our historie of Elizabeth is to be decypher'd. If care be taken to keep th' parts separate in writing-deske and drawers, untill the table of words that is us'd in bringing all these parts together shall have beene prepared, none can get astray and th' work will be made easier. This part o' my charge to you is oft repeated since it is of prime importance, and a prope', constant observance of the same will greatlie facilitate this task.

You have neede both of patient and orderly habits to become a good decyph'rer, and you must aim to attaine these if not already th' fortunate possessor of all th' desirable vertues of a Cypher reader. Assuredly th' work that we have spent all th' best yeeres of life upon, would not clayme too wide notice nor too great fervou'.

Some do not fully know o' th' imminent peril that overhung my life at th' time the plays were put forth, nor could one word of my birth and title bee publisht if not wrapt upp, mixed, disgnis'd. Henee, if the decyph're faile me, it will never be seene of anie eye save my owne.

None is able to put all th' fragments of history in place if he bee uninstructed. It is a seal'd book if it have not my faithfull interpreter.

\* We place as great value upon this play as we shall [on] any we can write, for it is our own fathe', his life, a theme soe much in my owne dark memory that I must needes think of it oft, and thus its wrongs moving strong indignation within me, my tongue and penne are fired to eloquence. And th' scenes do shew th' fury o' th' heart within them—th' words burne with a celestiall light, for to my soul it lent its ray divine, even as I wrote.

Whosoever may question assertions that tend to shew t' mankinde evidences of a divine thought interfusing th' human minde, hath but to prove it by experiment. He would not bee ready to cavil, or laugh to scorn this assertion, which I may repeate anon, that Divine aide was given mee in my work. I have, at th' least, accomplished a great work in fewe yeares, work of such a difficult nature that no one hand could accomplish, except other than myselfe upheld or directed it. This howeve' doth not further our fame, or affect this work now, to taxe your most subtile wit and penetration, and should not further take th' time requir'd to complete our work.

Two comedies we hid in Ciphe', and in the lists nam'd, have no more worth than many others but will repaire th' trouble of decyphering, for they tell th' storie of my maskes which began in Th' Seven Wise Men of th' West, as you know, and have all th' men as th' actours that are nam'd in it. For these you will seeke keyes to the one nam'd as Solomon th' Second. They are i' th'—

(Tale of Troy & Hiren the Fairie Greek should follow.)

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\*Much Ado About Nothing.

\* You ean now without difficulty write th' three comedies that were shewn you. All th' keies have beene given, and th' stories related in so clear and fine a manner that you have onely to apply yourselfe and persevere. The work is ready and doth wait your hand, as blocks of stone that are prepar'd and polished for th' builder, aye, and marked that each may be fitted into its place.

This aydeth very greatly th' taske of bringing th' parts, that have beene separated, baeke agayne into th' proper relations. If eare be taken it should not require great skill, nor more yeares then I have giv'n to th' work. Patience should have perfect labour in my devicees, also most constant and untiring perseverance, for these are principal vertues in a decipherer. And as I keep the future ever in my plann, looking for my reward, not to my times or countreymen, (but to a people very far off,) and an age not like our owne, but a second golden age of learning, so keepe your owne thoughts on a day to be, when all these workes being seen of men, your fame, with mine, shall ring th' earth around and echo to th' Ages that are still farre down Time's shadowie waye. Truth shall come forth at your word, and lay these cerements aside, as Lazarus, when he heard th' Master speak, arose.

St. ALBA'.

\* Do royll brothers ever get so sad of heart as my dearlye loved brother, but we are kin and we are of royal blood too. Our lofty aym—hopes by a new sorrow and wrathfull Erinnys frichted—then shewed duty how much there is to winne.

\*Winter's Tale.

\*Henry the Sixth, Part I.

Crownes must be as of old, night and daytime well attended, or some wild rout, waiting in ambush Rapin's black, opportune time, without a warning steal th' glory o' th' land, leaving behind them merely desolatio'. This was narrowly averted i' England, securely as her crown is watcht, nor did these empty headed tools do ought but obey a superior minde,—that of my brother Essex. Th' rebels might do his bidding merely—that was th' limitt of their power or abilitie—and he alone did lay his plann.

Had it not met the overturn deserv'd, th' younger of th' sonns would inherite ere the elder. By law this could occur onely when th' rightfull, or, as we name him in our countrey, heire-apparent hath waived his rights. As I was known, not as his brother onely, but as the Queene's first-borne, such plots should at best naturally awaite my full knowledge and consent. But puft up thus with shew o' militarie glory, an entrance to power (whose signes th' robes, th' crowne, scepter and state so work'd o' his inflam'd phantasy, as to have farre more valew then royal sword), openi'g with very small tap on his oute' doore, it may bee onelie naturall, and easily acompted for, though not so easy to meet.

This was much aggravated in our mindes by some private assurances that had so deceyv'd us, that we saw not a signe of danger, but trusted his word, nor imputed those assurances to ought but good will, expecti'g right and honest trustworthiness of Robert D— as a gentleman, both by that royall blood that is our heirship, and by the old-time gentle nurture he receiv'd as ward o' Devereux.

In fine his early youth was lightly passed, but after he did know that 'twas th' Queene that gave him life, he grew imperious and (when brought to Court by our truely

ingenious father, whom an evill sprite much troubled—e'en a jealousy o' some o' th' Queene's favoured lords that did attend her), his will shew'd its true source, and reveal'd th' origin of th' young Cæsar. And in th' after time it could well be discern'd that he did draw deception from it. Our fountain o' life hath much earthie substance. Ev'n i' this royall source were slimy spots, and fro' it our blood took some slighte poyson, which assuredly could not be aceredited to th' noble daughter o' Sir Francis Knowlles on the parte of young Essex, and lesse on the part of myselfe, to a descendant o' honorable Sir Anthony Cooke. But 'twas not poyson alone that we took thus, nor shall succeeding violls beare one half so great drops of black venom, for as it commingleth in another fountain with nobler blood it becometh pure.

To our mother is th' fearlesnesse that Essex shewed to be traced directlie, and that promptnesse of judgement in a sudden calamity; but with suffieie't time given to deliberate, Essex, ev'n more than she, would shew a variety o' opinions in so swift succession, you must use much witt to gain one hee would give his name unto. When their wills should be matcht, 'twere no light task t' decide as to the result. Like his mother i' tempe' he could break, but nere even slightly bend, and in the most of such trialls, no end that most exasperating method o' contest resulted in, could bee worth much as it was more frequently accidentall then plann'd,—therefore th' peace could never long endure.

Such a flitting sunshine is sometimes th' brighte', more golden, more dazzling. Those who were of a discrete disposition, bask'd in th' rayes, and smil'd while faire skies did bend over us, but none knew when th' tempest's

wrath might change our bright daye to blacke night, and a darknesse more dire (said some) then Egypt's plague, cover heaven's dome.

Essex nere did ought in a spirit of revenge, but simiplie that hee might winne th' due rewards of courage or of valor, if this doth in any manner better term such vertue. His nature was not small, pettie, or ev'n dwarfed in development. It was larger in many directions then any who now censure and deery him, possesse. Among millions a voyce like his reach'd our listening, most attentive ears. Wanting that sound, no other is sweete and this silence is a paine.

That hee did wrong me, now is to bee forgot, and wiped fro' th' minde's recollection, in my thoughts of the evill that hath come to us (chiefly to myselfe) by this rebellion o' th' Earle, but th' love and tender regard that marked all our first sunny young days when wee were not oft to be found out o' harmonie, hath swaye. Those houres still live in my memory, more then our first very open and sore disputes.

But one thing, more even then pleasing and happy variation of this one theame, crowds on my braine. O, Heavenly Day! illume this night of Earth, for I am loste in the many turnes of this wide waste o' desart. Let light divine shine as in Moses, his weary way, when hee was guided through th' sea, across wilds untrack'd to lands th' people were, after tryall, given to possesse in peace, and lead me unto my rest.

Th' paine—th' memory of my part in th' tryal—hath power to make th' brightest day grow dun. Saving my own life in this way, is paying much for that I would indeed faine lose; my life no longer seemeth fayre, save

as I spend th' time for other's good. Th' labour of hands and head shal better raise my monument up to men's sight, then marble faire, choyse ebonie, or brasse.

The workes I do, mid rankes truely ignorant of such attempts, would seeme greater then th' parts th' men o' my times have knowne of. Indeed it may not winn any belief, since it would seem more then \* th' hand of but a mortall could (by anie manner of working at this daye knowne to authours) unayded and alone performe. When it shall beare more fruit then the penne of this truly noteworthy youth that all praise, or that philosopher, whom few even read to understand, the cause is clear enough for you to acquainte all men with so much truth, which is simply use o' th' time.

I do so emploie myselfe that the minde doth not sooner enter into labyrinthian turnings then my hand beginneth its part of th' labour. When you do so completelie applie your efforts and attention, you should accompte it to your owne great gain, so greatly th' judicious use o' your much valued howres shall bring reward.

A Cypher historie is hidden with pains herein, which when my name doth stand thereto affixt can but allure both busy publique men, and the idling, fawning, woman-like sorts that even crown'd head cannot avoid. Th' work is fill'd with events so interesting 'twill sometime appeare to you like dreaming when, even from our workes which tell th' secrets that must yet be kept from some men, seven distinct and much consider'd, carefully poised and rightlie esteemed, prudent causes, at present warn our best friends it is too soon to declare for their prince. And I sometimes am in feare that 'twill come at a most untimely (if

\*Henry the Sixth, Part III.

not post mortem) period, for it hath even now turned th' marking point o' five decades. This then is more then a half century o' such unsatisfied longi'g and desire for justice.

Old men have been laid i' th' tombe and children have become men, yet this matte' is in its feeble conditio'. 'Tis still i' th' cradle, nor can I have great hope to see th' maturity of this dearly lov'd, long cherisht dreame, promise—I might use a still stronge' or truer word since it is sometime—expectation. Then, too, sometimes th' prize doth seeme quite near—th' bowe in all th' clouds doth give me most trust in th' Divine Eye watching th' course of humane life, guarding, guiding every footstep, and sharing our manie woes.

At times a divinity seemeth truly to carve rudely hew'd ends into beauty, such as God must plan when we are shaped in His thought, inasmuch as He can, aye, He doth, see th' whole of life ere we draw th' first trembling breath. This doth ayde us daily to climbe th' hights of Pisgah, where, crossing over, our souls do see th' land of our longing desire.

Mark my word-keyes to unlock this play: They are question, or any othe' method or forme by which th' inquiry I make is shewn in th' play. Should you see, now, any answer lightly on tip o' toe come slily in, make sweete her due welcome. Shee is th' faire little wife—th' consorte—whose assistance is truly no way so unnecessarie as you must think, or you would look for her at once. Then find Queene, th' key for my owne portion of our history, with names of royalty. To the words which pertain to this realm add France, for it must contain in it one page of my storie which some o' my latest books cannot give.

Paris, with French stile or title make up th' rest, and th' first two acts are prepar'd. Work them out.

\* In my work intitl'd David, the tale that now is contayned in Iambi, soe arrang'd to preserve stately ancient usages and formes of speech, I have hidden th' most of th' storie of Margaret's life, as any parts lent eyther grace to its scenes or pathetick strains to its story. Of necessity, th' birth of th' young son, to coste so cruell ill, doth have ne sort of place within her story. It appertayneth to another story with quite simila' keies except the last named.

The most of a play in this same name (Ge. Peele's), The Arraignment o' Paris, continueth th' stories o' Margaret's manie affaires du cœur, and being used also for th' Iliad, must have your attentive eyes here at all times to select these keies and keep th' two separate. Remembe' the Iliad is often to bee found in other works and, if time were without end, it should be left untill all th' other matter were decypher'd; so would my second taske be easie' and not lesse pleasant.

It is a fine art—this o' keeping each o' these twain apart, nor losing th' rout o' keyes (much like untrain'd soldiers) nor commixing th' parts that are to be conjoin'd, just as stones that forme our pallaces are skilfully joyn'd, one by one, after th' designe trac'd by th' master's hand: that wonderfull grace shewed it selfe in this minde ev'n before the plann was fully limn'd. Th' decypherer must truely note that th' part he must take in th' work is that of any labourer, th' designe being perfected yeares before his eyes saw th' light: but no surer is honour to the name o' th' inventour then to the decypherer, for they must

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\*Coriolanus.

assist as though they were th' braine and th' hands joyn'd in man's body; and, with no one to ayde in th' taske, all might remaine here unseen till th' end o' time.

Therefore, I beseech you serve me now untill th' work shal be done, for fame is nearer then men know. None who hear of this work could let so curious a labour of your hand remain hid from them. So as Rumour doth hasten afarre, your name will be heard from shore to shore. Now must your time out-valew gold—th' houres seem jewells, dayes th' diadem, for surelie in our wise use o' it, doth our moment—th' jot so minute 'tis seldom recogniz'd—appear precious.

This must have been, many times over, said to you if th' whole of this Cipher hath been undone, yet I pray your patience for th' divers wayes and th' repetitio's used, since not a sign doth give me any right to hope this would be taken up where I began, and follow'd till th' great story were found. I put every direction, as hath beeene so often said, in divers of my newe workes. This plann will proove so clear to your judgement, then, that it must quiet all doubt of my taste. Th' end shall convince much more indeed then argument. It is, to a work of so secret nature th' chiefe meanes that doth remain: therefore I entreat you to bee most dilligent and staye not till all bee finished. If all keys have beeene mark'd and assorted, the joining can proceed at once, if you note the words.

## F. B.

At first my plann of Cipher work was this: to shew secrets that could not be publish'd openly. This did so well succeed that a different (not dangerous) theme was

entrusted to it; and after each was sent out a newe desire possess'd me, nor left me day or night untill I took up againe th' work I love so fondly.

Some school verses went into one, since I did deeme them good—worthie o' preservation in my truly precious eascket studded thicke with houres farre above price. Even my translations of Homer's two immortall poemies as well as many more of lesse valew have a place in my Cypher; and th' two our most worthy Latine singer left in his language I have translated and used in this waye—Virgill's *Aeneid* and *Elogues*. Onely a fewe of those I have turn'd from most vigorous Latine, were put out. Most o' th' translations as I have just said, apeare i' th' work and must not be held of little worth, for assuredly they are my best and most skill'd work.

It is a great art to English stately Greeke verse rightly, and if you turne it againe into prope' measure, eyther you must sacrifice th' sound or wrest the thought; and th' exact words are often wanting to voyce its wondrous language. It is famed the wide earth arou'd, for its loftinessse of diction and its sounding nu'bers.

Th' Illiads and parts o' th' adventures of Ulyses furnish our chief examples, as no Greeke poet in any *Æon* hath approacht his style or his imagination. Regarding Virgill's *Aeneid*, we must honor it among all Latine poems, but it doth lacke Homer's incomparable, marvellously witching art, strong diction, true spirit, fire of an immortal youth.

In a play is imitated action of heroes, in the Illiads is th' reall, the living scene. You see a battaile and hear th' cries o' th' Trojans, and see th' Greekes sweepē on in noyselesse grandeur like devouring flames: you feel how

Achilles' angry spiritt swelleth in his savage breast as he sitteth by the sea eating his heart, and Agamemno' triumpht over the bravest, worthiest Greeke that sailed to Ilion.

In this short play you must get many o' th' lines of th' great poem of which I speake. You have th' keyes, if as manie plays bee decypher'd by this time as I suppose, also numerous rules for joyning these small portio's into perfect Iliads.

L. VERULA'.

## ROBERT BURTON.

### ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.

Now as to my Ciphe' alphabets here, th' letters will be thought to be like those of other editio's. It will bee quickly noted as our work shall be follow'd with care, manie subtile innovations have been made that so change each later issue that it is almost as unlike th' precedent editions as another or different work. This made it necessarie to alter th' bi-literal Ciphe', and as it doth contain now a verie different story, we prynthee, do not passe it without giving your attention to these Italike letters, for a great portion of your aids are to be found in my third edition.

Studie our others by all our early work, but those which we put out now are to bee emploid when th' two Latine workes are to be written. All work in margine of my first will be used for that Latine work and may be left untill the last; that of our second and third were to aid you in bringing out Homer's booke, and may bee deciper'd at once after the part you are engaged upon shall be finisht.

And you should make a great efforte in writing th' Ciphe' historie, to followe closelie my rules, drawn out and render'd most crystalline like polisht mirrours of steele, for my whole work upon this doth teach, t' my onely interprete', something new and helpfull to th' other important Cyphe' not yet written out. Let not my work be lost, for 'tis of

importance to many besides yourselfe, and no historie may be complete without it. Indeed the whole nationall record must bee chang'd by a revelation of such a kinde, but if I have not your aide, no eie but my deeypherer's, when I am resting from my labours, shall read that which I have prepar'd with such great paines for posterity. Therefore must hand and pen, as wel' as th' braine and a most ready and quicke eye, now effect th' rest. I must leave it in your wise care in future, for my light o' life must ere long be extinguisht, and again I do entreat that you be so diligent that my great labour for truth shall not lie in embryo longer, but come forth, when th' time shall be accomplisht, unto th' day. Study to ayd, not to put a straw in th' way. Under much of th' outer huske is th' kernell, worth th' search of many a yeare, utterly lost to th' world till it have beene brought forth.

As hath been said, much of th' materiall of th' Iliad may be found here, as well as Homer, his second wondrous storie, telling of Odysseus, his worthie adventures. Th' first nam'd is of greater worth, beautie and interesse, alone, in my estimation, then all my other work together, for it is th' crowning triumph of Homer's pen; and he outstrips all th' others in th' race, as though his wits had beene Atalanta's heeles. Next we see Virgill, and close behind them, striving to attaine unto th' hights which they mounted, do I presse on to th' lofty goale. In th' plays lately publisht, I have approacht my modell closelie, and yet it doth ever seem beyond my attainment.

Here are the diverse bookees, their arguments and sundry examples of th' lines, in our bi-literal Cipher.

## ARGUMENT OF THE ILIAD.

## I.

Th' Greekes maintain'd th' siege of Illion for nine yeares without taking th' city or winning Menelaus' Queene away from Prince Paris, who had stolen her, 'tis said, with her full and free consent, and defending his mad deed with equall spirit, prolong'd th' warre. In th' meantime many townes having beene sack'd, and the inhabitants destroi'd or led captive into th' campe of th' Greekes, both Agamemnon and worthie Achilles were allotted each a beautiful maiden, Briseïs falling to the lot of Achilles, and unto Agamemnon, Chriseïs, th' beautifull virgin daughter to Apollo's priest, Chryses. In th' first booke Aehilles is introduced very angry,—in truth th' entire work is th' storie of his anger,—as may be seene in th' first two verses of the poem, which are plac'd below:

O goddesse, sing of th' destructive wrath  
Of fierce Achilles, Peleus' worthy sonne.

Nor was his anger easily appeased, as all learned unto their sorrowe. For th' priest Chryses came to th' vaste armament of Greekes, making supplication for his virgin daughter, and bringing treasures inestimable; bearing also th' fillets of Apollo on the golden scepter that he carried. Then all th' Greekes lifted their voyces in a great shout saying: "Deliver this priest's daughter lest Apollo be angry with us; accepte th' ransomes also, that th' treasures of the warriours be increas'd." However, to Agamemnon it caused sore displeasure, nor could priest nor people persuade him to set th' mayden at libertie, and restore her to

her father; but he dismissed th' old man evilly, bidding him depart precipitatelie lest he should abide it to his cost.

And th' priest, in silence, walk'd along th' shore of the resounding sea. After awhile, with many a prayer and teare, th' old man cried aloud unto Apollo, and his voyce was heard.

Th' god in anger sent his arrows into the Grecian campe, killing at first onely dogs and mules, but at last he aim'd his arrowes against the Greekes, and thousands died of pestilence. For ten daies his cruell shafts sped on his errands of gloomy death, and there were high heaps of slaine warriours, nor did the smoke of the funerall piles cease from day to day. Achilles then summon'd a councill, and charg'd Calchas, if he could tell th' cause of th' punishment inflicted upon the Grecian armie, that he be couragious to declare it, relying upon th' protection Achilles pledged him, should any in authoritie dislike what he must reveale; whereupon he said, it was because that Agamemnon had ill-treated a priest of th' god, in refusing th' maid Chriseïs to her father, when he came bearing the scepter of th' great god and his fillets, with inestimable ransomes as a recompence.

Thereupon an altercation hotly rag'd 'twixt Achilles and his commander, which Nestor appeas'd. Agamemnon sent Chriseïs to her father, but immedately requir'd his heralds to go to th' tent of Achilles and to bring Achilles' maid, Briseïs, unto him. Th' maid obeyed in quiet grieve, but Achilles sat down by th' sea, and made complainte to Thetis, old Nereus' daughter, mother to our hero. Soe plaintive was his cry, th' nymphe hastily left her sea-cave,—where she sat by th' side of her sire, as some blooming flowe' upon its stalk,—and made effort to comfort th'

heart of proud Achilles. She promis'd to goe to Olympus, when Jove return'd from a twelve dayes' stay with th' belov'd people o' th' Æthiopians, pleading for grace at th' feet of great Jove, and praying that th' victorie should bee given to th' Trojan arms untill th' Greekes should honor Achilles againe as hee deserv'd.

Upon th' morning of th' twelfe day, faire Thetis arose from th' sea and climb'd Olympus' top, where finding Jove sitting aparte upon th' highest peake, she twined one arme round the knees of th' god, put up th' other hand to lifte his chin and earnestly besought him, if eve' that she by word or deede had given him pleasure, her request be granted and Achilles honour'd of all th' Greekes. To this hee consented after a long delay and confirmed his promise by a nod.

But Juno discover'd Thetis, and, according to her usuall jealous manner, was soe loud in denouncing Jove, every god and goddesse was affrighted. Then her sonne, Vulcan, interfering, soothed her and averted calamitie in th' heavens.

## II.

Jove had no rest; sleepe came not unto him; all night he lay upon his couch of gold, devising meanes to make his promise good, nymph Thetis wonne from him, and finally sent a pernicious dream to Agamemnon—a dream of victories unayded by Achilles.

Agamemnon rose, and putting on th' regall garments, went out to summon th' Grecian lords to councill and impart his vision; but at the same time hee suggested a plan contrary to his owne wishes, merely to try th' temper of th' Greekes, and propos'd to urge a returne unto Argos. None should in truth goe away, since Ulysses should use

much eloquence to turne aside or send back all who would depart. Thereupon all th' Greekes were assembled, and Agamemnon, leaning upon his ancestral scepter, eloquentlie spake of the long fruitlesse toile, of the wives and infants who in Argos and th' farre isles of th' sea awaited their comming, and soe moved them that as one man they echoed th' cry, "Let us returne."

Straightway th' hosts sweepe ore th' sandy plaine, like th' billows o' th' Icarian Sea under great winds. Th' dust is as th' smoke rising from a furnace, and loud shouts like th' resounding sea are heard. Some seize th' ships to drag them to th' main, and all make ready with tumulte that doth reach to heaven.

Juno, fearing their abandonment o' th' great quest, sent th' blue-eyed maid, Minerva, to staye them. Descending th' heights of proud Olympus like a summer starre, Pallas swiftlie flew to th' Grecian campe, and sought out wise Ulysses, like unto th' gods in counsel, where he stood silent with averted face, and laid no hand on his blacke-hull'd ships.

Recognizing th' voyce of th' goddesse, as she incited him to use all his wonderfull, silver-tongued eloquence to stem th' flood o' th' flying host, he ran forth to meete Agamemnon and obtain'd th' paternal scepter. Then he quicklie passed through th' throng, smoothelie persuading those that were royal or noble, while hee, rebukingly with th' scepter smiting th' base-borne, bade them submit unto his will and cease their tumult. Soone every Greeke turn'd back to goe once more to hold councill upon't, loudly murmuring and surging like th' sea.

Finally all save Thersites fell into silence. Hee alone, ever clamouring and delighting much in noisie railings and

scandalous revilings 'gainst prince or lord, (but most wild and wreaklesse when proud Achilles and Ulysses were his scornfull theame, for toward them his envy and spleene raged ceaselessly) was upon that daie so spitefull 'gainst Atrides, that Ulysses, resenting that dishonour to th' Generall, reprov'd him severely, and even used th' scepter as a rod, smiting him so rudely that great weals came up under each heavy blow, and th' bloud cours'd swiftly down his backe. Thersites wip'd a teare away, and, submissively restraining all further speaking, hee took th' seate th' wise Ulysses pointed out upon th' ground. Then all th' people marvell'd and exclaim'd with wonder to see Thersites vanquish'd.

A stormy but unfruitfull, dispute among th' Princes was begun, which Nestor cut short by saying to them that they spake as children, and himselfe propos'd to their cheefe that he divide th' armie into tribes, placing kin with kin to strengthen and aide each th' other. Whereupon Agamemnon bade his hosts make hasty preparation for battell; and straightwaye the armie dispers'd among th' tents, and smoke rose upward throughout th' campe as they prepar'd th' meal.

But Atrides made a sacred feast, offering in sacrifice an ox of five yeares, strong and beautifull. First he bade that venerable sage, Nestor, then summoned Idomeneus and Tydides, then both th' Ajaces and th' wise Ulysses, but Menelaus, uninvited, follow'd. When they had completed th' ceremonies, Nestor bade Atrides send out their heralds and summon th' armie to th' plain to prepare th' hosts to battell, and to separate th' warriours by tribes. This was accordinglie done, and Minerva took th' Ægid shield whose fringe was valued above hundreds of oxen.

Then she pass'd to and fro amid th' hosts and arranged them, at the same time inciting them to battell, so that they remember'd their homes and countrey no more. Their breasts glowed and burned with desire to enter into the conflict and atchieve great honour.

That daie Jove rendered Atrides conspicuous among heroes, and glorious,—more, even, then his wont,—moving midst the throng in his shining armor.

There followeth a catalogue of th' shippes:

Peneleus, Leitus, Prothoënor, joyned with Arcesilaus and bold Clonius, equall in arms and in command, led Boetia's hosts; and there went with them fiftie sable shippes. Those whose home was upon rocky Aulis, hillie Eteon or the waterie plains of Hyrie; in Schœnos, or Scholos, Græa or Mycalessia; those who came out from Peteon, from Harma, Heleone or Hyle, well water'd by its springs that ever rise; those who dwelt in loftie Medeon and in Ocalea; in Haliartus or in Thespia sacred to th' god Apollo; and Onchestus where Neptune's temple stood; and those who dwelt in Copæ and Thisbe, fam'd for faire doves, or pastorall Erythræ; Glissa where vines abound; in greene Platea and divine Nysa; in Hypothebæ that well-built city, or where Eutresis and fair Coronea rose; in rich Arne, or Anthedon upon th' farthest bound o' farre distant Boetia: of these each ship bore six score warriors.

After these followed the troops of Aspledon in thirty sable shippes, comming from fertile Orchomenus and led by the two sonnes of Astyoche, (which she brought forth 'prest by god Mars whom she met in th' court of Actor) the valiant pair, Ialmen and Ascalaphus.

Then came th' Phoeions led to Phrygia by bold Epistrophus and Shediüs from the faire land where th' Cephisus

floweth; from Panopea and Chrysa, isle of Phœbus; and from Anemoria, Daulis and farre off Pytho', or Cyparissus and Lilæa. Their fortie shippes ranged close upon the left of th' Bœotians.

A Loerian squadron,—dwellers in Bessa, Cynos, Thronus; in Opus, Calliarus, Scarphea; or where fayre Augeia stood; or in well-wooded Tarphea,—led by Oileus sonne, th' lesser Ajax, skilled in the use o' th' spear, was full forty vessels in number.

Next came the long haired Abantes that dwelt in Eubœa,—in Chalcis or wel-built Eretria; or in Isteia for her vineyards fam'd throughout th' world; and in Caristos and in Styra; in Dion and Cerinthus. These, led by Elephenor, you see in fortie black keel'd shippes.

Next th' Athenians folow'd, led to Ilium by Menestheus, who excell'd all th' other Greekes, save Nestor alone, in marshalling th' hosts. These were conjoyned with th' troopes from Salamis the sonne t' Telamon was chosen to command.

Next came th' Argives from Trœzene and Maseta; and from Ægina, th' sea-girt isle; and strong wall'd Tirynthia, vine famous Epidaurus; from Asine, sited on th' cliffs, and from the harbor of Hermione, led by Diomed and Euryalus with Sthenelus, yet was Tydides chiefe. With them follow'd eighty shippes.

And next came th' dwellers in Cleonæ, or in Mycenæ, and, fairest of th' faire, Corinth the Beautifull; or in fertil Ornia, and Aræthyrea; in Pelene, noted for flocks; or Helice, Hyperesia; or in farre Gonoessa. These in a hundred shippes came with Agamemnon, th' generall, who led them foorth—the resplendent, for Jove did render him conspicioius in glitt'ring arms.

And next was Menelaus, his brother, who commanded Sparta's forces, eager to avenge beautious Helen's rape—warriors from Pharis, Brysiae, rocky Lacedæmon; those who dwelt in Messeis, renown'd for silver doves; or in Amyclæ, Laas, Augia, Etylos [and] Helos, by th' sea. With these three score vessels sailed.

Then Nestor, th' aged king, with his armie came from sandy Pylos; those that inhabit that land soe fruiefull—Amphigenia—where loftie Æpy and little Pteleon do stand; and Arene also; Thryos, where th' Alpheus watereth th' meads; and famed Dorion, where bold Thamyris, boasting that he could excell Muses in musick, was made blinde by th' scorn'd Muses, who, furious, deprived him also of his beautiful voyce, nor might hee charm again. With him sail'd ninety vessels.

Th' Arcadians,—those whose territory lay under loftie Cylene round old Ægyptus' tomb; who dwelt in Ripe, or Stratie; in those places bordering Tegea; in Stymphalus, upon Parrhasia, her lofty cliffs; in windie Enispe or pleasant Mantinea, were commandèd by Agapenor, sonne to glorious Anchæus. However, the countrie being neyther large nor powerfull, their shippes were furnish'd by Agamemnon. Of these he sent sixty to bear them acrosse the sea.

Then th' Epeans followed,—they that inhabited the clime, where Buprasium joyn'd unto Elis (confined by Hyrmina, Myrsinus, as farre as th' famed Olenian rock, and where th' Alisium flowed). In four separate fleets they were divided, each containing ten vessels. Amphimacus led one, Thalpius th' second, Diores th' third, and Polyxenus th' last.

Next, those dwelling in th' iles of the Echinades were

led by Meges, th' sonne of Phyleus, a man whom Jove greatly loved. He fled from his sire to Dulichium. With him there were fortie sable shippes.

Next came Ulysses, in counsell like a god. With him were twelve red shippes bearing th' Cephalenians and Ithicans; those dweling where lofty Neritos rises, upon whose sides th' leafie forests wave; or in rocky Crocylea; in Egilips, or Zacyntius' greene isle.

Then one might see the Aetolians from Pleuron, from chalkie Calydon, from rugged Pylene and that lofty Olenian rock, or pleasant sited Chaleis by th' sea. These Andraemon's eldest—Thoas, brave and valiant—led, because the sonnes of old Eneus were dead, (and Eneus as well). With these went fortie sable vessels.

Close by them may you see Idomeneus leading th' Cretans, aided in the command by Meriones, equal to Mars, that in four score sable shippes came from Gnossus, Lyetus and Gortyna, from Rhytium, Miletus, Lycastus faire, Phæstus by the silver Jardan—from a hundred citties Crete furnisht a mighty force.

From Isle Rhodes valiant Tlepolemus, Hercules' sonne, led nine fleet shippes. Those dwelling in fayrest Ialysus, in Lindus, with those from Camirus. For Tlepolemus grew up to manhood in th' court of his uncle, whither his owne captive mother, Astyochea, was carried from farre Ephyra, by the flowing Selleis; straightway, however, he having slain his olde uncle, Lieymnus, fled to escape th' anger of his kinsmen, and gathering many that were o' bold adventurous spirrit, hee hasten'd (laboring both daye and nightes) building his rude fleet to sail ore the deepe. And after many wanderings and misadventures, hee came unto Rhodes and possess'd th' land; where, dividing his

followers into three tribes over which he ruled, he prosper'd greatly, Jove himselfe sending downe golden gifts.

Next came Nireus, whom th' nymph Aglaea bore to bold Charopus. He was the fairest of all th' Greekes who came to Ilion (exepting th' sonne of Thletis) but his troops were few and weake.

Next came thirty vessels from th' Iles of Calydnæ,—from Casos, Nisyrus, Cos (th' citty of Eurypylus),—led on by Antiphus and brave Phidippus.

Then fifty strong shippes,—from Argos, Alos, sweet Hella, where are the fayrest o' women; th' vales of Phthia; from Trachyn and Alope,—were commanded by Achilles. Now hee sitteth by the blacke shippes and will not come to the field, because of Briseïs, the maiden whom hee brought captive from Thebes after the wall was thrown downe and he had taken th' citty and slain th' sonnes of Evenus.

Next came th' youths of Phylace, from sheep-producing Itona; from grassie Pteliūm; from flow'ry Pyrrhasus or Antrium, where th' eaves are num'rous in those hills. These Protesilaus led not now, for th' cold blacke ground covered him, and his wife is left alone in his unfinished pallace. Hee was th' first of th' Greekes who boldlie sprang to th' shore when Troy was reach'd, and fell beneath a Phrygian lance. Now his bones lie farre from his belov'd home, and the sonne o' Iphielus, his brother Podarces, doth assume command; but they mourne their lost leader. Their fleet numbered forty sable shippes.

Those that dwelt in Glaphyra,—where lieth Lake Bœbe with high hills surounded, and Phære and Töleus stand,—with eleven sable shippes, were led by brave Eumelus, sonne of Alceste, who in beauty farre excell'd all others among Pelias' race.

All those who from Methone came, or farre distant Thaumacia, where th' rock of Olizon doth rise; from grassy Melibœa and Pella, were commanded by Philoctetes, greatly fam'd for skill with th' bowe. Fifty strong rowers mann'd each blacke shippe, (sev'n made up his little fleet) fighting with bowes made of eugh and barbed arrowes. Medon, sonne of Oïleus, borne by faire Rhene, led them to Ilion, because bold Philoctetes, whom a most banefull hydra had bitten, lay groaning in Lemnos Isle; but the Grecian army shall yet desire him, and their wish shall be fulfill'd.

Th' Æchalians who enjoyed two leaders,—those divine physitians, th' sonnes of Aesculapius nam'd Podalirius and Machaon,—came from th' land where Eurytus once reigned, from tower'd Tricca or Ithome's rocks, in thirty shippes.

Next Eurypylus led th' Ormenian and th' Asterian bands in forty vessels, from th' land where Titan hideth in snows his hoarie head, or where the silver founts of faire Hyperia flow.

Then Polypœtes led forth th' troops of Argissa and Elone,—they that dwelt beneath Olympus' benignant shadowe; Gyrtone, or Orthe, or the chalky cliffs of Oloösson, Leonteus, with Pirithous' sonne, (that Hippodame bore when th' Centaurs were driven fro' Pelion) Polypœtes, joyned in th' commande.

Then came th' Perrhaebians and th' Enians in two-and-twenty shippes. These Gyneus led from Cyphus, from cold Dodona's sacred wood, or where the Titaresius poured its black water over the Peneus; but they float on his surface nor mingle with that silverlike flood at anie time because black Styx, oath of immortall gods, sent them forth.

Last unde' swift-footed Prothoüs (Teuthredon's seede) stood the Magnesians, who dwelt beneath pine-crown'd Pelion; or where flower deckt Peneus roll'd his waters through Tempe's vale; or in that farre-reaching surounding country. Forty shippes compos'd their fleet.

Th' inquiry "Which hero was bravest, and whose th' swiftest steeds?" is answer'd thus: Eumelus' mares of Pheres deriv'd, bred near Pierian founts and by Apollo train'd, equall in their height (by level o' th' plumb-line), like in colour, as th' wind in speede, like every waye: they thunder'd ore th' plain through Trojau ranks, bearing death to th' Troyans and all o' their allies. None can ev'n hope to escape who fall beneath their hooves and are crush'd under their chariot wheels. Among th' warriours Ajax was th' worthiest. Of all the Greekes who came to Ilion, none equall'd Achilles while that hero was among th' hosts upon the field of battaile, but hee sat alone by his ship's side brooding angrilie over Briscis' losse nor would he enter the field. His Myrmidons practiced at archerie, or threw th' javelin or quoits, and the steeds by the unus'd chariots fed upon lotus, wilde parsley, etcetera, while their chieffes, wandering through th' campe, longed for their leader, neythe' did they ayde in th' battell.

They swept on like to earth-devouring fire and beneath them th' ground shook; (when Jove smiteth th' earth in Arimæ by Typhœus, where it is said Typhœus' tomb is found, even thus doth the ground tremble and shake;) and verie swiftlie they rushed along th' plaine.

But Jove sent Iris as a messenger to th' Trojans, whom she found sitting in councill, both olde men and young at th' gates of Troy; and likening herselfe to Priam's sonne Polites, who relying on th' swiftnesse of his feete, sat at

watch upon the tomb o' *Aesyetus*, observing every movement of th' Greeks that hee might warne mightie Troy of danger, standing in their midst, (liken'd to Polites,) Iris address'd them, saying:

"Why sit ye talking idly at th' gates? Prepare yourselves for battaile for th' Greekes are close at hand, in number as th' leaves of th' forest or th' sands upon th' shore. Never such an host have I yet seene. Hector, it is to you I would speake: hasten to arme Troyes boldest warriours and her allies, and let every chiefe command those o' his owne countrie, for many and diverse are th' nations and language, but do you lead forth Troies citizens."

Then all th' Trojans rusht to arms. Hector knowing well th' voyce of th' goddesse obey'd all th' commands. Like a floode-tide they poured forth from th' gates, gath'ring by nations and tribes, round that loftie mound in the plain, by all men call'd Batiea, but by innmortalls known as old Myrinna's tombe.

Then did appeare th' waving plume on Heetor's crest, higher then all those of his fellowes, as hee led forth th' valiant sonnes of Troy, for hee was th' mightiest of the heroicke sonnes sprung from old Priam.

The leader of the valiante allies from Dardania was brave *Aeneas*, half divine in his origin. Fayre Venus bore him to Anchises (who was but a mortall) upon Mount Ida. Joyned with him in command are Antenor's sonnes, Archilochus and Aeamas, skill'd in all kinds of derring-do.

From Zeleia came Pandarus, sonne to Lycaön, to whom Apollo gave th' silver bowe and well pointed shafts that he bore. All these dwelt 'neath sacred Mount Ida, and drank *Aesepus'* dark waters.

Those who dwelt under th' brow of that loftie hight

Tereia, or in towered Adrestæ, faire Pityea or Apæsus, were led forth by Adrastus and Amphius, sonnes of Per-  
cosian Merops, who being a prophet had foretold each doom; but a fate of death urg'd them to their destruction.

Asius, Hyrtacus' valiant sonne, led those who dwelt in th' plains of Percote by silve' flowing Practius; or those faire twins of Hellespontus—Sestos and lovely Abydos; in strong-wall'd Arisbe, by flowing Selleis.

The Pelasgians (much skill'd in th' use of th' spear), who inhabited fertile Larissa, were led by th' valiant sonnes of Lethus, from god Mars descended, Hippothoüs and bold Pylæus.

Next bleak Thracia, near th' Hellespontus, sent forth her warriours, led by bold Acamus and brave Piroüs.

Then th' sonne to mighty Trœzenus, grandsonne to Ceas, Euphemus, a warlike host led forth from Cicone.

And Pyræchmes led the Pæonians, who were skill'd in th' use of th' thong-fastened, long darts. These dwelt in distant Amidon, where th' Axius overfloweth his banks.

Th' Paphlagonians,—from that mule-raising Eneti and Erythine's rockie heights; from greene Cytona, lofty Sesamus; from Ægialus and Cromna, or fast by Parthenius' banks,—these were commanderd by powerfull Pylæmenes.

Then from th' famed mines of Halizonia, rich in silver ores, came a brave bande under Hodius and Epistrophus.

Next Chromis led Mysia's valiant host, aided by th' augur Ennomus; but skill in this art avail'd not to prevent his death, for he, with a number of others, perish'd by th' sword of Achilles at th' river.

Then Phoreys and god-like Ascanius led forth th' warriours from Ascania, (who were also called Phrygians) eagerly desiring warre.

Following these came the Maeonians, whom Mesthles and Antiphus—borne by Lake Gygæa to Talaemæneus—did command. These dwelt beneath Mount Timolus.

The Carians that dwelt in Pethiri, in Myeale or well-built Miletus, were led by Nastes and Amphimachus, the sonnes of Nomion, who foolish went to battaile deckt forth like a girl in glittering gold, nor did this avert bitter death, for hee fell at th' hand of th' sonne of Æacus and his body fell into the rive'; yet did swifte Achilles taking his armor possesse it as a trophie.

Sarpedon joyn'd with Glaneus, the valiant, commanded those that dwelt where the eddiing Xanthus flowed through Lycia afarre.

### III.

When therefore they were well order'd in battaile array, th' Troyans rusht to meet th' foe with tumult and noyse, such as cranes make in Asian fields by th' water streams, when th' intolerable winter is over, and flight to other climes is arrang'd, to bear death and evill to th' Pygmean men; but the Greekes, breathing might, swept onward in silence, desiring to assist each other.

Then as a thicke mist on th' mountain toppes, evill to the shepheards, but to th' robber better farre then night,—so thicke that one can see but a stones-throwe,—thus did th' dust arise above their heads, so swiftly did they sweepe on ove' th' sandy plaine.

When however having quickly crossed the plain th' armies were oppos'd to one another, Alexander advanc'd before the Troyans, bearing on his shoulders a panther's hide and a bended bowe, and wearing a sword, while in his hands hee brandisht two brasse-tipt spears, challenging

whoever was th' bravest of th' Greekes to meet him in single combat.

Then Menelaus rejoyc'd, (as a lion that doth finde an huge wild goate or horned stag which, though pursued by hunters and hounds, hee greedily devoureth) thinking to be aveng'd upon th' guilty wretch, and straightway with his arms he leapt to th' ground.

Then godlike Alexander turn'd white with palsying feare; and, as one upon th' mountayn side, seeing in th' thicket a glitt'ring serpent, affrighted yieldeth place and a great trembling doth take hold upon him, so Alexander, appall'd before Atrides, shrank back againe to the mightie hosts of th' Troyans.

But when Hector saw this he violently upbraided him thus: "Thou woman seduceer, would that thou had never beene brought into light, or that unwedded thou had perisht. As thou hast a noble forme, the long-haired Achæans may laugh at this, for doubtlesslie they suppos'd thee brave, when thou hast neithe' heart nor anie nerve, but art indeed onely a disgrace to thy father, to thy city, and also to thyselfe. If thou had onely awaited Menelaus, thou shouldst know indeed how brave a man is hee whose wedded wife thou dost possesse. Troyan men, forsooth, are pusillanimous, else should they stone thee on accompte of th' evils that thou hast done."

But Alexander replied thus: "Sinee thy reproof is not unjust, O my brother, whose spirit is indubitate (for as the ax cleaveth wood when driven by vigorous blowes, and doth also increase greatly th' strength of th' arme that doth wield it, even so thy dauntlesse heart is ever mighty in thy breast), and it is on my accompt that so many Trojans suffer, commande that both the Achæans and Trojans be

seated, on this side and that, and in th' midst will I contend with Atrides; and hee that shall bee victorious shall posse both the woman and the treasure."

Thereupon, holding in his right hand a mightie speare, Hector advanced before th' Trojan lines; and the Argives, beholdi'g him, made ready darts and stones to hurle at him. But seeing this, Agamemnon restrained them saying: "Withhold, ye Argives, and all ye othe' mightie warriours! See ye not helm-tossing Hector is come to propose something?"

Whereupon Hector made his purpose knowne, and all rejoyc'd because they thought th' end of th' warre was neare.

Then Menelans said: "O magnanimous Agamemnon, and ye valiant Achæans and Trojans, hear me, for this doth concerne me above all others: let this be done as Hector hath said, and to whichsoever the fate of death may come, it is well; and hee that hath the victorie over th' other, let him receyve th' rewards. But before this bee done, separate th' Achæans and th' Trojans, and let lambs bee brought—a white one and a blacke—for the Earth and th' Sunne, and do you also send a herald to th' shippes to bring one which shall be offer'd unto Jove. Furthermore do ye bring the might of Priam, that hee may make this league, for all his sonnes are faithlesse, and where an old man is, there is wisedom—there also is justice and truth; for an old man looketh both forward and backe, and his judgement is just as it concerneth each party."

Then th' horse was sodainlie reined backe to the foote, and th' warriours, dismounting, threw their armes on th' ground and sat downe.

But Hector straightway sent forth two heralds to bring

the lambs and to take th' message to Priam. Nor did Atrides disregard th' command of his brother, for he immediately dispatched Talthybius to th' shippes for th' lamb, to offer unto Jove; and hee did not disobey Atrides.

Then Iris hastening to seeke Helen, likened herselfe to Laödice fayrest daughter o' Priam, the wife of King Heli-caön, Antenor's sonne. And she found her,—weaving a beautifull web for mantles, of double tissue, rich and resplendent, and on it many labours of the horse-training Troyans and of th' well-greaved Greekes, that on her accompte they endured,—and thus addrest her:

“Come see the mightie deeds of th' horse-training Troyans, with th' brazen-mayl'd Greekes, in th' warre. Their armes lie upon th' ground, and conflict hath now ceased, for Mars-beloved Menelaus and Alexander are to contend in th' midst, and thou shalt bee call'd th' dear wife of him who doth conquer.”

Thus did the goddesse fill her minde with a desire to see Menelaus and her kindred, and to returne to her former home. Letting fall a tende' tear, she hastily envelop'd herselfe in white robes, and with two mayds, Æthra and large-eyed Clymene, rusht forth to th' Scæan gates where sate Priam and Panthoüs, Thymætes and Lampus, Clytius and Hicetaön (offspring of Mars) with Ucalegon and Anthenor, once mighty warriours but long since unable for the field because of old age: however, they were good in oratory, like unto the Cicadæ of th' woods, having good voyces.

When therefore these looking up beheld faire Helen approaching, they spake hurriedly in low tones: “I hold it noe indignity that Trojans and Greekes spend soe much labour, loose soe many lives for Helen's sake,—so faire a

ladie's sake. For her was this [warre] well undertaken, worthely prolong'd. Yet, although all this bee true, and though she bee a woman of such excellent feature and stature, as if she were a goddesse, let her returne in the shippes, lest she be more grievous to us, and a perpetuall disgrace to ourselves and our children."

But Priam call'd her to him saying: "Come here, dear daughter, and sitting here beside me, thou maist looke upon thy former spouse, and on thy kinsmen and friends. Thou canst doubtlesse name for me this tall hero. So gracefull and so venerable have I neve' yet scene, and he is, indeede, a very kingly man."

Helen, most divine of women, answer'd: "Belov'd and revered father-in-law, I would that an evill death had pleas'd me, when I came here with thine eage' sonne, leaving my home and countrie, my brothers, my belov'd daughte', and my companions equall in rank. But such a fate was not mine: I therefore pine away with weeping. Yet will I name for thee this hero. It is Agameimnon, Atreus' sonne, great both as a mighty warriour and as a good king. Moreover he was brother-in-law of shameless me, if ever indeede such things were."

Then Priam answered, still admiring Agameimnon: "O happie prince, most fortunate in thy birth, truely manie Achæan youths are under thy command. When I came into Phrygia, and beheld th' forces of Otreus and god-like Mygdon, by the Sangarius standing beside their horses, going out against those man-opposing Amazons (for I was an ally in that warre) a number almost numberlesse seemed that host; but not so numerous were even they, as these Greekes."

Next perceaving Ulysses, the old man said: "Now name this hero, my dear daughter, whose arms lie on th' ground, while, as a thick-fleec'd aries 'midst th' flocke of snowy sheepe, he windeth in and out among the troopes. Not so tall is hee as Atrides, but broader in shoulder. I indeed would say that hee was like such a ram."

And Helen, sprung from heaven-ruling Jove, replied: "Now this againe is Laertes' sonne, scheming Ulysses, from rugged Ithica, verie subtile in reason, like unto the gods in counsell."

To her Anthenor said: "Very true is thy word, O lady, for long ago he came in companie with most noble Menelaus, Mars-belov'd, on an embassage concerning thee unto Troy; and I entertain'd them in my palace and became acquainted with th' genius of both. When they mingled with th' Trojans, Menelaus, indeed, overtopt him, being taller; but sitting, hee was more majesticke, for he was broader in th' shoulders. But when they commenced to harangue the assembly, Menelaus spake with ease and volubly, as hee was the younger; but Ulysses, looking on th' ground, stood with his heavy scepter in his motionlesse hand, and appear'd both unskilfull in his outward actions and devoid of reason. But when hee began to speake, and words like wintry flakes fell from his lippes, we marvail'd noe longer at th' appearance of Ulysses but at his words."

Then having beheld Ajax, th' old man asked: "Who is this other Achæan hero in th' host, taller by th' head and broad shoulders, thou seest, then anie of his companions?"

And Helen answer'd: "This then is Ajax, the bulwarke of th' Achæans, very mighty in battaile: and over on the other side, among the Cretans, standeth Idomeneus, like

to a god, while round about him stand the many leaders of the Cretans. Often have I seen him formerly in pleasant sea-wall'd Lacedæmon, when in our palace Mars-beloved Menelaus entertained him comming from Creet. But two valiant heroes, leaders of th' people, I see not,—horse-trayning Castor, and Pollux, skilled in boxing,—my brothers, whom my mother at a single birth brought forth with me. Eyther they have not followed from Lacedæmon in the sea-traversing vessels, or having come, they enter not into the warre because of th' disgraces that hang over me."

But already th' fruitfull earth possessed them in farre distant Lacedæmon, yet of this she was ignorant.

Within the citty th' herald Idæus brought two golden goblets and th' wine, the pledge of the gods; and standing by Priam said to him:

"The chiefes of th' horse-trayning Trojans, and of th' brazen-mayl'd Greekes, send for thee that thou thyselfe maist strike the league betweene them. For Alexander is about to fight with Menelaus, beloved of Mars; and th' woman with all th' treasure should attend upon th' conquerour, but the other Trojans should dwell in fertile Troy, and th' Greekes returne to pastorall Argos, and Achaia, fam'd because of many fayre dames."

Thus he spake, and th' old man shudder'd; but he order'd his chariot quickly to bee prepar'd, then mounting hastilie, drew backe the reines: but Anthenor tooke place beside him, and very swiftly did they passe over the plaine, and come betweene Trojans and Greekes.

Whereupon Agamemnon uprose, with Ulysses also, and the heralds brought forth the pledges of the gods. Then Atrides drew th' dagger at his side, cut off the haire from the foreheads of th' lambs, distributed it 'mōngst them all,

and stretching forth his hands to Jove thus prayed aloud:

“Most mighty Jove, and sunne, earth, rivers, and those belowe punishing the soules o’ men who are deceased—they that have sworne falsely—beare witnesse to preserve the faithfull league. If, on th’ one hand, Alexander slay Menelaus, let him from thenceforth retayne Helen and all which she did possesse; and let the Argives returne in the sea-traversing shippes. If, on the other hande, golden-haired Menelaus shall conquer Alexande’, then shall the Trojans delive’ Hellen and all her treasure, and they shall also pay a fine such as may seeme just, which may bee approv’d of all posterity. But if, in th’ event of Alexander’s fall, Priam or the sonnes of Priam refuse to paie the fine, then shall I fight on accompte of th’ fine, and remaine untill I find th’ end of the warre.”

With these words Agamemnon cut the throats of the lambs, bending back their necks; also they poured out wine from th’ goblets, and some one of the Greekes or Trojans praied aloud thus:

“O Jove, most mighty, most glorious, and all ye othe’ immortall gods, ratify this league; and should anie man, Greeke or Trojan, violate his oath, may his bloud, like this wine, be poured out, and grant that his wife may be possessed by other men.”

Thus were th’ praiers offer’d, but th’ sonne of Saturne would not heede. Then Priam spake:

“I cannot by anie meanes endure, ye Trojans, and ye silver-greaved Greekes, to behold the conflict betweene my dear sonne and Mars-beloved Menelaus, therefore will I returne to windie Troy; for surely th’ immortal gods all knowe to whom th’ fate of gloomy death hath now beene ordained.”

Thereupon he ascended his chariot, and beside him Anthenor mounted, and they returned to Illium, bearing the lambes.

Then god-like Hecto' and wise counseling Ulysses cast the lots into a brazen helmet, and measured off the ground. But th' people supplicated the gods, stretching forth their hands, and thus some one of th' Greekes or Trojans prayed:

"O father Jove, most glorious, most mighty, grant that whichever hath caused the ills we suffer, may enter the realme of Pluto, but let the rest of us dwell in safety under the faithfull league."

Thus they spake, but helm-agitating Hector, looking backward, shook the helmet, and quickly th' lot of Paris leaped out.

Thereupon divine Alexande', th' husband of goldene-lock'd Helen, prepared himselfe for th' combate. First, putting on his beautifull greaves, he fasten'd them with th' silve' clasps; then round his brest buckled th' corslet of his brothe' Lycaön, for it fitted him: next he threw his brazen sword, studded with silver, together with the massie shield, over his shoulder and grasp'd his doughty speare by th' middle. Soe likewise did Menelaus arme, and they immediately advanced toward each othe' from eyther side of th' throne into th' prescribd space, where they for a season stood glowering, and menacing each other so sorely that all th' Greekes and Trojans were amaz'd. Then Alexander first threw th' long-shadow'd speare, and it struck th' shield of Atrides but it pierc'd not th' strong brasse: the point however was turn'd by th' force of th' blow. Thereupon Atrides also made ready to hurl his speare, thus supplicating Jove:—

"O father Jove, hear this supplication. Grant that I soe avenge th' injury done unto mee, that to future generations it may warn men not to use treacherous dealings toward one who hath made them guests, entertayning them hospitably."

So praying hee hurl'd his speare; and that impetuous weapon going through th' equal shield, pierc'd through his corslet and the soft tunicke beneath to his tender thigh: but hee bending sidewise avoided bitter death.

Th' sonne of Atreus then drew his richlie ornamented sword, and smote Alexander upon th' crest of his helmet so violently, that, broken into three or foure pieces, it fell on th' ground. And the sonne of Atreus groaned aloud, looking toward Olympus, and cried:—

"O balefull Jove, none is like unto thee. Ev'n as I thought to be avenged upon Paris, because o' th' wicked deedes hee hath done unto me, behold my speare hath sped from my hand in vaine, my strong sword is broken in pieces, and I have done him no injurie."

Then rushing upon Alexander, he caught hold upon th' horsehair tuft on his helmet, and throwing him upon th' ground, would have swiftly drawne him to the Greekes if Venus had not seene it, who broke for Paris the oxhide [band] (made from th' skin of a roughlie slaughter'd animall), and left th' emptie helmet in his hand. This Atrides hurl'd to his companions 'mid th' ranks of th' Greekes, who taking it up rejoyc'd greatly, and ranne forward to seize him. But Venus rescued him, overshadowing him with a cloud, carried him to Troy, and gentlie set him down within th' perfum'd chaniber.

Th' goddesse then went in search of Helen, and finding her amid manie dames upon th' tower, liken'd herselfe

to an ancient dame, a spinner of wool, that she had long ago known. The old woman had often spun th' fine wool when she dwelt in pleasant Lacedæmon, and Helen loved her. Therefore like this dame, fayre Venus standeth at her side and thus accosteth her:—

“Helen, come hither quickly, for Alexander is in his turned bed within his perfumed chamber, shining in beauty and attyre; nor wouldest thou say hee was come immediately from combate with a hero, but about to enter th' dance; or that having just return'd from the dance, he doth take repose.”

But Helen saw the white neck, beautifull bosome, and bright eyes flashing above her, and recognized th' goddesse; whereupon in vext tones she said:—

“Cruell Venus, what wouldest thou that I should now doe? Belike thou wouldest have me go yet farther into Phrygia, or into pleasant Mæonia, where there may be citties inhabited by men that are also deare to thee. Or indeed is it that Menelaus having conquer'd Alexande', would faine bring hated me home, a reproach to Trojan women evermoe? Go, leave th' path of th' gods upon faire Olympus; sit beside him, so may he choose thee for a consort, or make thee a handmayde unto him. But I, alas, shall have woes unto my soule.”

With these words th' goddesse hastily replied, being incensed against her:

“Wretch, provoke me not, least I may hate as heretofore I have so wondrously loved thee, and least I might, abandoning thee, cause hatred to be rife among th' Trojans and th' Greeks. Then would an evil fate overtake thee.”

Thus th' goddesse spake: while Jove-descended Helen, wrapping her long white robes about her, went downe

unnoted by the Trojan dames, because the goddesse led the waye. And when they were come into th' lofty palace, th' maydes, on their part, turning aside return'd to their tasks; but Helen ascended to her high arch'd chamber: and the goddesse plac'd a seate for her opposite Alexander: there divine Hellen, th' daughter of Ægis bearing Jove, sat, averting her eyes, and addrest him thus:—

“Thou art come from the field: would that thou had perisht there, slaine by th' hand of him I once call'd husband,—Menelaus that brave hero. I recall that frequentlie have I known o' thy boasting of thy superioritie in courage, strength, and handling th' speare. Challenge Mars beloved Menelaus againe! But I would advise thee to refraine from combate henceforth, least thou bee subdued by th' speare of faire-haired Menelaus.”

But th' sonne of Priam answering said: “Woman, reproach me not, nor agitate my soule with thy evill words. By th' ayde of Minerva now indeed hath Menelaus conquer'd; but I in turn shall vanquish him, since th' gods are also with us. But come, let us delight in dalliance, for now doth sweet love fill my thoughts, even more then when I first brought thee away from pleasant Lacedæmon, when in th' island of Cranaë wee were mingl'd in love. Come let us recline upon our couch.”

Thereupon he ascended his perforated couch, and Helen follow'd with him, and they repos'd together.

Meanwhile Menelaus was raging up and downe among th' Trojans like some savage beast, seeking Alexander. But not one of th' Trojans could reveale his place of hiding; for none of them would have ayded him, because

they hated him like sable death. Whereupon King Atrides thus address'd them:

"Th' victorie appeareth indeede as belonging to Menelaus, therefore shall ye deliver Helen and her treasure, and paie th' suitable fine which shall be remember'd by all our posterity."

And all the other Greekes approv'd.

#### IV.

All the synod of th' gods was seated on the golden floor with Jove. In the midst, pouring out Nectar, Hebe, the venerable goddess, went to and fro; and they pledg'd each othe', drinking out of the goldene cups, looking toward the city of th' Trojans. Jove meanwhile was incensing Juno, speaki'g with bitterness thus:—

"Two goddesses, indeede, favour Menelaus, Argive Juno with Minerva o' Alaleomenæ. Yet both these sit apart looking on, while laughter-loving Venus even now rescued th' othe', cov'ring him with a cloud. But come, let us consulte whether wee will renew th' conflict, or promote th' friendship between both these parties; for th' victory belongeth to Menelaus as the matter doth now rest."

But Juno was very angrie and thus addressed him:

"Balefull Jove, sonne of mighty Saturne, ever having delight in th' things which displease me, what a word is this that thou hast spoken! for now indeed wouldest thou render my labour vaine, which I have undergone assembling the hosts,—even tiring the steeds to perform my behests, and bring evills to Priam and his sonnes."

To her Jove made replie:

"Strange one! What evills hath Priam done unto thee, that thou hast such hatred toward him? Fain wouldest thou, entering his citty, devoure alive Priam and his sonnes, and the other Trojans, that thou might satiate thyselfe. If at any subsequent time I may desire to overthrow citties, where dwell men deare unto thee, seeke not to hold my hand,—for although greatly unwilling, I now freely yield unto thee,—least this be a cause of strife or contention betweene us. But the Trojans are most estim'd by me in my heart, for there my altars never lack'd a sacrifice or libation; for there these honours none omitted."

And Juno answer'd:

"Three citties are most dear unto mee, Argos, Sparta, and wide-wayed Mycenæ; whenever thou shalt desire to overthrowe these, I will by no meanes stay thee, for it is not meet that dissensio's and strife come betweene us. Whence thine origin thence is mine, and moreover I am thy spouse; I therefore, being soe father'd and soe husbanded, am very venerable, and thou rulest amongst th' immortalls. Let us then duely make concessions—I to thee and thou to mee. Send Minerva therefore to th' plaine and instruct her to incite th' Trojans, that they may first offer injury to th' widely renown'd Greeks contrarie to the league."

Thus she spake, and Jove, father of gods, did not disobey. Instantly he summon'd Minerva and spake winged words to her thus:

"Hasten to deseed to the horse-breaking Trojans and the well-greav'd Greeks, and incite the Trojans first to offe' injury to Greeks, contrary to th' league, that there may be renew'd conflict."

And Minerva did not hesitate to obey,  
 But, like th' starre Jove sendeth as a signe  
 To mariners and sailors on th' deepe,  
 And to the various nations of the earth,  
 Emitting sparkes of light in her descent,  
 Minerva quickly leaped into their ranks.  
 Then, awe-strucke, one to other uttered this:  
 "Th' arbiter of all afaires belowe,  
 Great Saturne's sonne, hath ordain'd bitter warre,  
 Or doth establish friendship 'twixt th' Greekes  
 And mightie Priam's hosts."

Thus did they speake;  
 But liken'd to Anthenor's mighty sonne,  
 She sought brave Pandarus amidst the band  
 That follow'd him from th' Aesepus' streams;  
 And, standing near him, spake in wingèd words:—  
 "Would thou now Pandaru', Lycaön's sonne,  
 Lend eare unto th' counsells that I give,  
 No longer would thy bowe, its strong cord slacke,  
 Hang idly. Thou a bitter shaft wouldest aime  
 At Menelaus, winning endlesse fame,  
 And thanks and favoure,—golden gifts as rare  
 As prince or king can offer unto one  
 Whom he delights to honour,—for indeed  
 All Trojans would rejoyce, could they beholde  
 Brave Menelaus laid upon th' pyle,  
 Slaine by an arrow from thy mighty bowe.  
 Especially shall Paris' heart be glad;  
 No limit shall there be to gratitude,  
 Nor to th' treasure in rich store for thee.  
 Come now, I pray thee, send thy mighty shaft

Into their midst, and vow unto Apollo  
A splendid hecatomb of firstling lambes."

So saying, his unthinking minde she wonne.  
In haste, straightway, his polisht bowe he tooke,  
That from the wild goat's branching horns was  
fashion'd.

Once from the ambush on a mountayn side,  
Lying in wait, he saw that noble payre  
Proudlie uplifted, as th' bounding goat  
Emergèd to the light. There clear he saw't  
Against the cavern's mouth, and taking aim,  
His wingèd shaft that square white breast did pierce,  
And on th' rocks supine the creature lay.  
These horns, polisht and golden tipt, became  
Th' bowe Lycaön's sonne, most masterfull,  
Did bend. Th' pointe he rested on th' ground,  
And from his quiver taking off the cappe,  
Fitted an arrowes notch unto th' cord,  
While, round about him, shields were closely rank'd  
By his companions, lest th' watchfull Greeks  
Espyng him should take away his life,  
Ere martiall Menelaus should be slaine,—  
The leader brave of all the Grecian hosts.

So Pandarus drew back the tough hide string  
Untill his hand did rest against his breast,  
While the shaftes barb nigh to the bowe was brought  
A moment, ere the impatient arrow sped  
In swift flight thro' the campe, on deadlie quest.

Ah! Menelaus, then thy hour had come,  
Had not blue-orbèd Pallas at thy side  
Repell'd that shaft. Ev'n as a watchfull mother  
Would brush a fly from her faire, sleeping child,

Minerva's hand th' sharpe pointe turn'd aside,  
 And firme infixèd in his girdle's claspe.  
 Its course thus silently and swiftly stayed,  
 That wicked arrow little harm might worke,  
 Yet did its pointe breake through th' tender skinne;  
 And the white columns of those ivory thighs,  
 Th' sturdy knees, and th' faire feete belowe,  
 Were bath'd in blood, blacke as th' sacred Styx.  
 Then 'gan that heroes heart to quail with feare;  
 But, looking downe, th' corde outside he saw,  
 And once more gathered courage in his brest.

When Agamemnon sawe that coal-blacke stream  
 Gushing from out his martiall brother's side,  
 Lamenting loud, Atrides' hand he grasp'd,  
 And thus hee spake, and his companions nigh  
 Lamented also:

“My beloved brother,  
 By this inglorious league thy doome I seal'd:  
 Alone thou sufferest for all th' Greekes  
 Through Trojan treacherie. But, even now,  
 I see them with their wives and tender babes  
 Paie with their lives a debt to righteous Jove;  
 Already is his heavy hand outreach'd,—  
 His lightnings quiv'ring, eager to fly forth,—  
 And Priam and his city shall lie low.  
 But thou, alas, shalt rest in forraine soile,  
 While wee returne, disgrac'd, to our faire land  
 Beyond th' sea. For if, indeed, our leader  
 Fall by th' hands of Trojans, or allies,  
 All then will long for home and fatherland;  
 And, leaving Argive Helen to our foes,  
 In hastie flight will homeward turne our shippes.

Then will some one or other of that host,  
Leaping and dancing on thy tomb, speake thus:  
'O would, indeed, that Agamemnon ever  
Such vengeance wreak'd! Vainly his fleet he led  
Across th' seas, and now he hath return'd  
In empty vessels, leaving Menelaus,  
That valiant hero, dead in Phrygia.'  
When this shall be, may then the gaping earth  
Ope wide to swallow me."

But brave Atrides,  
Marking his brother's grief, spake hastilie:  
"Let not the Greeks see feare and sad distrust  
Governe the motion of a kinglye eye:  
No man, indeed, should have one throe of feares  
Lest hee, by showing it, his host dishearten.  
No feare have I of death, or thought of dying,  
For slight the wound must be. This well-wrought belt  
Of many colours blent hath stay'd this shafte;  
Th' pointe is turn'd ere reaching vitall parts."

To him the chiefe replied: "So may thy words  
Be true, th' gods preserve thy life for aye!  
But forthwith will we send unto Machaön,  
Th' Grecian hero; he th' wound will probe  
And draw th' poyson'd shaft, with remedies  
Which Chiron gave to Æsculapius  
Relieve th' pain."

He cal'd th' messenger,  
Talthybius, and said in wingèd words:  
"Haste thee, Talthybius, to seeke the sonne  
Of Æsculapius, divine Machaön,  
And bid him unto Menelaus haste,

Chiefe of the Greekes, whom some one midst the bands  
 Of Trojan archers, or of Lycian,—  
 To whom 'tis glorie, but to us a grieve,—  
 Hath wounded with an arrow. Bid him come,  
 And with some panacea ease the wound.”

Talthybius straightway obey'd, and sought  
 Divine Machaön 'midst th' eager hosts  
 That throng'd him round. By him hee stood, and gave  
 Th' message of imperial Agamemnon,  
 Bidding him come with speed; then, turning, led  
 His swift steps to Atrides, 'midst his ranks  
 Of grieving souldiers.

From the wound, with care,  
 The bitter arrow this physitian drew,  
 Yet were the barbes, as it was done, snapt off;  
 Next hee th' embroider'd girdle's clasps undid,  
 And well-wrought plate beneath, most tenderly,  
 And in the wound did poure a healing balme.

Meanwhile, across th' plaine, the Trojan hosts  
 In warlike guise advaneing, might bee seene.  
 Then would you not surprise brave Agamemnon,  
 Nor see him hesitate nor shunne the fight;  
 But hastening forth, hee bade Euryomedon,  
 Th' sonne of Ptolymaeus, to be nigh  
 With steeds and chariot against a time  
 That, wearied with the labors of the field,  
 Hee might gaine respite. Many hurried on;  
 To these he spake swift words of cheer, thus saying:

“Argives! remit not any of your ardor,  
 For Jove will not of falsnesse bee th' abettor;  
 The flesh of all false Trojans shall be food

To cormorants. Ay, and their wives and children  
(Since they this solemne league did violate,  
And first did offer injury), for this,  
Shall hence within our sable shippes be borne,  
As we returne to our dear native land  
Triumphant conquerours. Then shal faire Troy,  
And all that mighty band, lie lowe i' th' dust."

But when he found a soldier loytering,  
Or any that would shrink backe from the fight,  
To these in wing'd words spake he: "Arrow fighters,  
Why stand ye here like fawnes, which frighted runne  
Along th' plaine, then all dismayed stand gazing,  
As if there were noe heart within their brests?  
Will ye awaite untill these Trojan hosts  
Draw nigh with fire, and all the Rhetæan shore,  
Where lie your shippes, to ashes shall bee turn'd,  
That ye may knowe what is th' will of Jove,—  
Whether he over you will stretch an arm?"

So through the hosts he pass'd, and came at  
length

Where brave Idomeneus, like a wild boar  
Strong in his might, the Cretan bandes did lead,  
Comanding in th' van; while in the reare,  
Where in close ranks they stood, Meriones  
The phalanxes urg'd on. Nigh him he paus'd  
While thus he said:

"Thou brave Idomeneus,  
Most valiant art thou, ever in th' strife,  
And at the solemne feasts, to mee thy cup  
At all times standeth ready to be quaff'd.  
Would thou now prove it, hasten to th' field."

Idomeneus replied: "I have in truth  
To thee, O Agamemnon, ever beene  
A most congeniall friend and firme ally,  
And such I will to end of time bee found.  
But do thou haste to exhort th' othe' chiefes, since now  
A treacherous army of Troy's strongest forces,  
In violation of the league, approach,  
First having offer'd injury to thee."

Mighty Atrides, much rejoyc'd in heart  
At words like these, hasten'd along the field;  
Soone nigh unto th' Ajaces he stood,  
And round about foot-souldiers, tall, were throng'd  
Most like a cloude, that oft the goatherd spieth,  
Dark as th' night, in pitchy masses roll'd  
Acrosse wild seas that it to fury lasheth;  
And shudd'ring deepe, he doth a cove' seek  
In cleft stone wall upon th' mountayne side,  
Where [he] himselfe and tender herd will lie.  
Untill th' tempest cease. Like such a cloude,  
The phalanxes acrosse th' waste did move,  
With spears and shields that bristled like a wood.  
When these hee viewed, Atrides, standing nigh,  
Spake to them wingèd words, in heart rejoicing:

"Ye Ajaces, to exhort you like the others,  
Ill would become my state. Well do I know  
That ye your army urge unto th' fight,  
Exciting in each heart desire of glorie.  
Would, O great fathe' Jove, ruler of earth,  
And thou Apollo and Minerva mighty,  
Such courage were in all! Then might we see  
Priam's faire cittie bending to its ruin,  
And all its glorie levell'd in the dust."

Heere ceas'd his speech, and leaving them still standing,  
Hee to the others joyously did passe,  
And Nestor soone approacht. The Pylian sire,  
Surrounded by th' other chiefes, hee found  
Exhorting eagerly these comrades nigh,  
To leade the hosts to the tumultuous battaile.  
There might you note 'midst all the noble throng,  
Th' mighty Pelegon, with bold Chromius,  
Bias, who was th' shepheard of th' people,  
Alastor and Prince Hæmon, gather'd round  
To hear the sage, and mark how skilfullie  
His hosts hee marshalleth. Th' horsemen first,  
With their strong chariots shining with brasse  
Most brightly burnishèd, and pawing steeds:  
The sturdy foot, like solid wall of stone,  
Guarded th' reare; while i' their midst the cowherds  
Were held, that, by the rushing tide of warriours  
Resistlessly swept on unto the fray,  
They needes must mix with Troyans, and must fight  
Or bee cut down. Having accomplisht this,  
The agèd sire address'd them in swift wordes:  
“Let no man here, relying on the skill  
Hee hath in armes, rush singly in the thicke  
O' mightie conflict; rather let every man,  
If possible, extende his weapon forth,  
And with th' pointe his neighbour's chariot touch.  
For thus th' valiant men of former times,  
Against a foe in solide ranks, did moove  
And overturne the strongest phalanxes:  
Like these therefore go forth to victorie.”

So spake the aged man, long since well skill'd  
In conduct o' th' warres; to him Atrides:

"Would, worthiest Nestor, that some other man  
This weight of yeares soe heavy might upbear,  
And that thy strength might equall to the heart  
Within thy breast, since thus to thee o' late  
Old age hath come, common alike to all,  
And ever wearie thee."

Thus did he speake,  
And the Gerenian knight, old Nestor, said:  
" 'Twere well, indeed, if now I could again  
Th' might I had, when in my prime I slew  
One Eruthalion, feel in hands and arms.  
But never all their glorious giftes to men  
Doe th' gods at once bestow. If then, in youth  
And youthfull strength I glорied, now olde age  
In turn invadeth me. But, even now,  
I much desire to aide men with my counsel,  
And ever by the horsemen doe I stand,  
When, for th' conflict marshalling their steeds,  
I see them gather, but to younger men  
I leave th' shield and spear."

Thus Nestor spake,  
And, hearing him, Atrides joyously  
To others went, addressing every chief  
Most earnestlie. Next he Menestheus saw,  
A sonne of Peteus, who 'midst th' Athenians  
Stood quietlie; by him crafty Ulysses,  
Eneircled by the Cephallenians,  
Wee see, for they as yet no sound do hear  
Of dreadfu' battaile hurtling i' th' ayre,  
And waite the approach of other hosts, to lead

Into its turmoil. Seeing them thus stand,  
 The sonne o' Atreus hastily approacht,  
 Rebuking boldlie both his valiant chiefeſ—  
 Speaking to them i' words which had swift wings:

“Thou sonne of Peteus and crafty Ulysses,  
 Why stand ye idly waiting with your troops?  
 Ye should be first, when Trojan hosts draw nigh,  
 To rush headlong into the thick of battaile.  
 Ye ever are th' foremost at th' feasts,—  
 Th' first to be invited, when th' Greekes  
 A banquet to their chieftains do prepare.  
 For pleasant, then, ye find it to sit there;  
 Th' meats suit well such tastes, and the sweet wines,  
 'Tis your delight to quaffe.”

But stern Ulysses  
 To him replying said: “O sonne o' Atreus,  
 What foolish language, now, th' barrier  
 Guarding thy mouth oreleapeth! for if thou wouldest  
 At the battell once take note whatere I do,  
 Thou wouldest not se Telemachus' bold sire  
 Shrink fro' th' turbulent and noisy confilte;  
 For, ever in th' thick, when spears do bristle  
 Like to a thornie wood, my strong arm findeth  
 Work such as suites the might of sturdiest sinewes.  
 But thou, Atrides, ever speakest rashlie.”

When Agamemnon thus knew of the anger  
 That stirr'd in brave Ulysses' crafty minde,  
 He hastily and smoothly spake, attempting  
 A speech illy advised to retract.  
 Smiling hee said:

“I neyther would reproove,  
 Nor ev'n exhort thee, urging thee to fight,

For well do I th' minde thou hast desery,  
 And knowing how thy friendly cou'sels ever  
 Accord with my owne thoughts, and that thy judge-  
 ment

Doth crye i' th' top o' mine, in thee I rest,  
 And pray th' gods t' render my rude words  
 Vaine and unmeaning, if I speake not well.  
 Of this at greater leisure will we speake  
 After th' battaile."

With these words, Atrides  
 Went to that band led by the sonne of Tydeus,  
 Brave Diomed, with valiant Sthenelus,  
 The sonne of Capaneus. These standing near  
 As they beside their polisht chariots  
 Idly do wait, he, speaking swift reproof  
 In words that wingèd were, addrest them thus:

"Why stand ye idly here, scanning the ranks  
 If haply yee may find waye of escape?  
 Not thus, O Diomed, thy valiant sire  
 Olde Tydeus fought, as to mine ear report  
 Of former warres hath told of his brave deeds—  
 For him I never met, never beheld—  
 But I have heard that he excell'd the bravest,  
 And toyl'd with workes of warre far in th' van.  
 Certaine I am, with god-like Polynices,  
 Mycenæ he did enter, seeking ayde  
 'Gainst Thebes to lead an expedition.  
 Most eloquently did he supplicate,  
 And urg'd them stronglie to beecome allies,  
 That thus hee might obtaine, unto th' purpose,  
 Auxiliaries renow'd and skil'd in fight.  
 Had Jove withheld his unpropitious omens,

Many Mycenaens had joyn'd his ranks.  
But they retiring came to fayre Asopus,  
Rushie and greene. This noble hero next  
Was sent upon a distant embassie.  
There, in the palace of Eteocles,  
Many Cadmeans at a feast were found;  
But nothing daunted by soe great a numbe',  
Th' valiant knight boldlie did challenge all,  
However many would with him co'tend.  
Mighty Minerva was so great a second  
That easily he did orecome his foes,  
And won in every contest. This enrag'd  
The proud Cadmean youths, goaders of steeds,  
And fifty of them, going slily forth,  
Prepar'd an ambuscade 'gainst his return.  
There were two leaders, Mæon, th' brave sonne  
O' noble Hæmon, and bold Lycophontes,  
Sonne of Autophanus, foremost in fight,  
And last to leave the field. These Tydeus slew,  
Sparing not one save onely Hæmon's sonne;  
Thereby th' threat'ning portents of the gods  
Wiselie obeying, him alive he sav'd  
And sent him home. Such was Ætolian Tydeus,  
But he begat a sonne, inferiour far  
In courage, though superior in counsell."

Thus did he speake, and Diomed was still,  
So greatly did hee reverence the king.

Not so the sonne of Capaneus, renown'd,  
Who quicklie did reply: "Lie not, O sonne,  
To Atreus, the divine, since thou dost know  
The truth right well to speak. Never againe  
Compare us thus unto our ancestors,

For we, indeed, doe rightly boast to bee  
Far better; for we, too, the citadell  
Of seven-gated Thebes have overturn'd,  
Leading beneath the walls, that sacred are  
Unto the god of warre, far fewer troops:  
Their owne infatuation was their ruine.  
Therefore I say, nere place me in the ranks  
Of such men as our ancestors have beene."

But Diomed, sternly regarding him,  
Address'd him thus: "O Sthenelus, my friend,  
Sit thou down silent and obey my words.  
'Tis surelie no reproach unto Atrides,  
Exhorting thus the well greav'd Greekes to fight.  
His shall the glorie be, the honour his,  
When sacred Ilium shall yeelded be:  
But, on the other hand, mourning and griefe  
Shall keepe with him their watch, if ere the Greekes  
Shall be cut off. 'Tis time, therefore, to be  
Fill'd with impiteous valour."

Thus he spake,  
And leapèd down upon the earth in haste  
From the high chariot, girded in armes.  
How dread the sound! The stoutest heart might well  
Quake as it heard.

As in the ocean wide,  
A driving wind from the North-west comes forth  
With force resistlesse, and the swelling waves  
Succeed so fast that scarce an eye may see  
Where one in pain doth bring another forth,  
Till, on the rockie shore resounding loud,  
They spit forth foam white as the mountaine snows,  
And break themselves upon the orejutting rocks—

Thus, mightily, the Grecian phalanxes  
Incessantly mov'd onward to th' battaile.  
It might not then be said, that anie man  
Possessèd power of human speech or thought,  
So silentlie did they their leaders follow  
In reverentiall awe. Each chief commanded  
The troops that came with him—each led his owne—  
Glitt'ring in arms, bright, shining as th' sunne  
While in well order'd phalanxes they mov'd.

Th' Trojan hosts were like unto a flocke,  
Close in a penne folded at fall of night,  
That bleating looke th' waye their young ones went,  
And fill th' ayre with dire confusion—  
Such was the noyse amongst the Trojan hosts.  
No two gave utterance to the same crye,  
So various were the nations and the countries  
From which they came. Mars these incited forth,  
Minerva those inspir'd, with Terror dread,  
And Rout; and Strife—the sister unto Mars,  
Th' homicide—she goeth on the ground  
And yet doth hide her head in mistie clouds,  
And while along the plaine they madly haste,  
She casts amongst them wild contention.

Like wintry mountaine torrent roaring loud  
That frightes th' shepheard, in th' deepe ravine  
Mixing th' floods tumultuously that poure  
From forth an hundred gushing springs at once,  
Thus did the deaf'ning battaile din arise,  
When meeting in one place with direfull force,  
In tumult and alarums, th' armies joyn'd.  
Then might of warriour met an equall might;  
Shields clasht on shields, th' brazen spear on spear,

While dying groans mixt with the battaile cry  
In awesome sound; and steedes were fetlock deepe  
In blood, fast flowing, as th' armes met.

Antilochus first slew Echepolus.

Upon th' horsehair crestèd helmet of the Trojan,  
Th' mighty speare struck such a deadly blow,  
It piercèd through th' well wrought plates of brasse,  
And deepe within his forehead was infixed.  
Now sodainely blacke death oreshadowes him,  
And like a tower he falleth in th' dust,  
In that fierce conflicte. Elephenor then,  
Chief of th' most magnanimous Abantes,  
Seeing him fall, in all swift haste proceeded  
To drag him forth and of his armes despoyle him.  
But this Agenor, th' magnanimous, descryng,  
Aimèd at him with skill his heavie beam,  
Ev'n as the hero, bending down, reveal'd  
His side unguarded 'neath his brazen shield.  
At once the limbes relax'd, and falling down,  
In groans he breathèd out his heavie soule.  
Then rose most dreadfull conflict 'mongst the foes—  
Trojan 'gainst Greek, and Greek 'gainst Trojan rush'd,  
As they had beene the wild wolves of the forest,  
And each bore down his man. Then mightie Ajax,  
Sonne to brave Telamon, smote Simoësius,  
Th' faire young sonne of bold Anthemio',  
When, formerlie, his mother (following  
Her honor'd sire) descended downe Mount Ida,  
To beare her parents companie as they view'd  
Th' assembl'd flocks, there on the flow'ry banks  
Of Simoës did she bring forth this sonne,  
And for that cause him Simoësius nam'd.

But nere could he repay th' tender care  
Lavish'd on him, for Ajax saw his forme  
As he advanc'd, and smote him with his speare.  
Straight at his brest hee sent that heavie beam  
And pierc'd him through: th' sharpe point might bee  
seen

Protruding from his shoulder. Now he lieth  
Low in th' dust, like some faire poplare tree,  
Whose branches smooth that grow upon th' toppe,  
Th' chariot builder lops and fairly trimms  
For felloes to a royal chariot wheel:  
Upon th' bankes it lies and slowly drieth.  
Thus high-borne Ajax did this princelie sonne  
Of brave Anthemion spoyle, though, to avenge him,  
A sonne of Priam's—Antiphus, who wore  
Th' varied corselet—aim'd his brazen spear  
Full at his brest. But hee escap'd full light,  
While Leucus fell, friend to Laertes' sonne,  
Strucke in th' groyne. Ulysses, wroth thereat,  
Rusht through th' van, bending his wrathfull gaze  
Upon th' foe with threat of dreadfull death.  
The Trojans backe recoyld as he drew near,  
And, when he hurl'd his massive brazen spear,  
Th' foremost ranks broke in confusion;  
Ev'n Hector shrank from th' furie of his looke,  
None there could meet it: nor was it in vaine  
He threw his speare, since Priam's bastard sonne,  
Democoön of Abydus, was strucke,  
Who lately came fro' 'tending th' fleet mares  
Priam there kept. Th' sharpe pointe pierc'd his  
temple,  
And darkenesse veyl'd his eyes, as downe he fell.

Then rose a shout from all the Argive train  
 As wildly on they prest in mad pursuite;  
 Apollo at th' sight was sore displeas'd,—  
 Greatly he grew in wrath, and looking downe  
 From Pergamos, he shouted to th' Trojans:

“Yee Trojan warriors, rouse yee to the fight,  
 Nor yeeld th' battell to th' impiteous Greekes;  
 Their flesh is not of stone, nor yet of brasse,  
 Impenetrable to well-pointed speares;  
 Nor doth th' sonne of faire hair'd Thetis fight,  
 Mighty Achilles, for at th' ships he sits  
 Nursing his spleene.”

’Twas thus Apollo spake.

Meantime, Tritonia’ Pallas to th’ Greekes  
 Spake words of cheare, whenere she saw them flagging,  
 That straight did rouse new courage in th’ breast.

But fate ensnar’d Diores in her toyles,  
 Diores, sonne to Amarynceus brave,  
 For with a jagged handstone was hee struck  
 Upon the leg above the ancle joynt.  
 Th’ leader of th’ Thracian warriours, Pirus,—  
 Th’ sonne of Imbrasus, who came from Ænos,—  
 It was that hurl’d the swift impiteous stone,  
 That, crushing bone and sinew at a blow,  
 A wyde way made t’ let forth living breath.  
 So downe hee fell supine upon the sands  
 And breathèd forth his life. Yet Pirus stay’d not;  
 Hee still ran on and thrust him with his spear:  
 Then all his bowels in his body brast,  
 While darknesse vayl’d his eyes.

Ætolian Thoas,  
 With fury fierce and wild, then ’pon him fell,

And, with the push of his sharp-pointed speare,  
So strong and hard strooke Pirus on the breast,  
It seized, as a vulture's evill beak,  
Upon his lungs. Then Thoas, hastily,  
Out of the gorèd wound the cruell speare  
Lightly doth snatch, and straightwaye his quick sword  
Out of his sheath hee drew, and smote him there  
And took away his life; yet did hee not  
Of war-like armes despoyle the fallen hero,  
Because that, suddenlie, around him gather'd  
A Thracian band, that drove him from his prize  
At point o' speare. Valiant and glorious  
He was, and strong of heart, yet must he yeeld  
Unto that hot and fierce repulse, for none,  
How brave soever, could withstand such force.  
Thus was th' Thracian leader, Pirus, slain,  
And likewise, lying low i' th' dust, we see  
Beside him that Epean leader brave,  
Diores, while full many more close by,  
Like fruitlesse seed, their lives around did strow.  
Then could not anie man behold that fight,  
And say the action was not glorious,  
Whether of those who at a distance stood  
With sharp spears fighting, and escap'd the blows,  
Or those who near at hand had yet not felt  
The piercing brasse, though in the fiercest strife,—  
Whom eage' Pallas leading by the hand  
Preserv'd from death, and skilfullie averted  
Th' violent darts: nor truly may one tell,  
How many Greek, how many Trojan knights,  
Stretch'd prone upon the earth, lay side by side  
Coldly embracing death.

This work is hereafter persew'd after the originall modell, with the argument of the twentie following books given in this manner. The preceding verses, although more then a running note, were written as a supream effort of memorie, yet, also, with a desire—which was naturall—of making the work in some measure easier; for this reason also, much of book three, and the table of the commanders, doth appear in full, but not in the form which it hath in that early poeme. Your part is to seeke it out, and fitly joyne the fragmentes, to do which you doe not surely need furder instruction, but much patience and skill.

## V.

In the fift book of this great poeme, will the exploits of Diomedes be related, who perform'd miracles of valour and even wounded Venus in the hand. And Mars likewise he drave roaring from thē field, hurt and wrathful, for both these imortals ayded the Trojans. But them mightie Diomedes dreadeth not to engage in a hand to hand conflict, for Minerva render'd him both glorious and mightie, making his helmet and shield shine like a sommer starre, likewise increasing the strength of his sinews and th' eourage in his breast.

First the two sonnes of Vulcan's blamelesse priest, Dares, rich and famous as well, Phegeus and Idæus, skill'd in all sorts of battaile, rusht upon Diomed as he stood alone; but with his javelin, hee thrust Phegeus downe and fore'd him out of his chariot. Then Idæus, fearing like harm, leapt downe from th' very beautifull chariot, nor stay'd to protect the body of his brother, whose fate he surely would at once bring upon himselfe, could he not escape. Vulcan,

mov'd with compassio' to the old man, sav'd his sonne, cov'ering him with a thicke cloud. But when the Trojans saw the sonnes o' Dares, one slaine, the other in flight, all their hearts were discomfited.

Thereupon Pallas Minerva, leading Mars gently from th' field, seated him upon grassie Scamande', saying to him that 'twere much better should they leave th' battaile to th' Greekes and Trojans, that the wrath of Jove might be averted. Afterwards th' Greekes turn'd th' Trojans to flight, while each leader slew his man. Agamemnon, violently hurling forth th' mighty spear, smote the leade' o' th' Halizonians, Hodius, that first did turn. Betweene th' shoulder blades that sharpe point enter'd, and pierc'd through his brest. With a crash he fell and his armes resounded loud.

Then Idomeneus slew Phæstus, who came from fertile Tarne, a sonne to Mæonian Borus. Him with his long lance he wounded in the shoulder, when as he was mounting his chariot. So downe he fell, and darknesse seiz'd him; Idomeneus' companions, his attendants, despoyl'd him of his armes.

Next Menelaus, sonne of Atreus, kill'd Seamandrius, the sonne of Strophius, skill'd in the chase, an excellent marksman. Now, indeed, cannot avail the ayd of arrow-rejoycing Diana, nor his skilful long-distance shots, because Menelaus, the sonne of Atreus, hurled at him his sharpe spear, and smote him so fiercely in the back that th' sharpe point pierc'd thorow his brest. So he fell prone, and his armes resounded loud.

Meriones slew Phereclus, sonne to th' artist Harmon who was skill'd in all handicraft—for Minerva lov'd him exceeding well.—'Twas he who built those equall shippes for

Paris, th' source of woes and bane to all the Trojans, but most to himselfe, not knowing what was meant by the oracles of the gods.—Meriones followed close, and, overtaking him, thrust the spear into his hip. Th' brazen pointe pass'd through beneath the bone, and penetrated th' bladder. Falling upon his knees with loud lamentings, he pass'd into the shadowes of death.

Next Pedæus was overtaken by Meges. He was a natural sonne o' Antenor yet noble Theano rear'd him as carefully as her own dear children, to gratifie th' heart of her husband. Him the spear-fam'd sonne of Phyleus, Meges, thrust through the back of the head with a spear, and the point found its way out under his tongue through the teeth: and low in the dust hee fell as he caught the cold head in his teeth.

But Eurypylus, sonne to Evæmon, kill'd Hypsenor, sonne to Dolopion, Vulcan's honoured priest; following him, hee smote him with the sword, cutting off his heavy hand which was red with gore. As it fell, bloud-red Death veyl'd his sight.

Then no eye could distinguish the sonne o' Tydeus, to know to which army he belong'd. Like a mountaine torrent (that neyther bankes nor fences may keep from fair blooming fields) which, swolne greatly by th' rain-storms of fathe' Jove, tumultuously doth overflow the plaine, and overturne many workes the vigourous youths have labour'd long to compleat, so Diomedes rusht along the plaine discomfiting th' hosts of th' foe. Here, there, and everywhere, at once hee flew, and perform'd prodegys of valour.

When, therefore, Pandarus saw him sweeping through the field and driving the Troyans before him, hee drew his crooked bow and aimed at him an arrowe, by which he

thought to stay his course. The cruell arrowe sped forth so swiftly that Diomedes could not avoid it. The shaft struck sharply upon his shoulder, piercing the corselet and coming through on the other side.

Seeing this Pandarus, rejoicing, exhorted his companions to return, boasting that hee had wounded to the death one of the bravest of the Greekes. But Diomedes approacht his chariot where th' sonne of Capaneus, Sthenelus, friend of his heart, remain'd with th' magnificent chariot and steeds, and entreated him that he would leap down out of the chariot, and remove from the wound the deeply piercing arrow; for hee was anger'd because Pandarus declared he would not long behold th' glorious light of the sun. Thereupon bold Sthenelus drew forth the arrow, and the blood spurted through th' twisted mayle.

Then Diomedes prayed aloud to Pallas Minerva that she would ayde him in th' fight, if ever he or his sire, in former times, had beene aided by her. His prayer was heard, and granted. Minerva increast th' might of his soule and body many times more then their wout, and also made his eyes so clear that they could discerne gods and men, but injoyn'd upon him to injure no other save Venus should hee chance to meet her. Whereupon hee went forth at once, strong in the might Minerva bestow'd, resembling, indeed, a lion (that a heardsman slightlie grazing as he leaps over the courtyard, but in his fright injures no further) [which] rejoyses as he sees the sheep abandon'd, soe Diomedes, rejoyc'd in heart, mixt quickly with his foes, and slew so many that Æneas, in alarm, sought Lycaön's sonne, begging him to aim an arrow at th' warriour that was making such havocke among th' Trojans.

Both fear'd that he might be a god, angrie because their sacrifices at times had been neglected.

Pandarus soone recognis'd him as Tydeus' sonne, having seene his shield, the oblong helmett which hee wore, and observing his steeds. Yet was hee perswaded in his owne minde it was not meerelie Tydides whom they fought, but that hee must bee ayded by some one of the immortalls, that, standing near, wrapt in a cloud about the head and shoulders, turned aside the shaft that otherwise would hit him; for he would not thinke that it was by any lack of skill on his part that both th' chieftaines—the sonne of Tydeus and Atreus' sonne—at whom he had aymed swift arrows, had escapt death, inasmuch as he saw bloud gushing from th' wounds.

Therefore hee regretted much that hee had not brought with him th' eleven richly ornamented chariots and the steeds which he had left at the palaces of his sire. In his discomfiture he vowed, that, returning to Lycia, he would break in pieces and caste into the fire th' crooked bowe, or the forfeit should bee his owne head.

But Æneas reprov'd Pandarus, cheared up his heart, and stirred up his failing courage. Then together they bore down upon Diomed to take his life by force. Sthenelus, seeing them hast'ning on, urg'd Diomede to withdraw from such unequall conflict. Diomed did not falter, however, Minerva had soe steel'd his heart.

With loud threats, Lycaön's sonne aym'd his spear at Diomedes but hurt him not. Then he, in turn, hurl'd his long lance at Pandarus, which passed through his mouth, coming out under his teeth; so downe he fell. Then he smote Æneas so that he fell upon his knees, while darknesse veyl'd his eyen. Then would hee, too, have perished, had

not Venus rescued him and cover'd him in folds of her robe  
that no weapon could pierce. Thus was hee saved.

Meantime th' magnificent chariot and steeds were taken  
to the Greekes by Sthenelus, who was not heedlesse of those  
strict commands that Diomedes laid upon him. But hee  
himselfe hastened to return to the reliefe of Diomed, who  
was pursewing laughter-loving Venus through the crowd.  
In truth, he wounded her in th' hand, causing her great  
paine, so that she screamed aloud and cast her sonne downe  
againe. Thereupon Apollo cover'd him from sight by  
casting over him a cloud. Ichor flowed from the wound—  
for they eat not bread nor drinke darke wine, therefore  
bloud doth not flow in their veines, and they are called  
immortalls. Iris seeing this, led Venus from the throng,  
and, finding Mars upon the side of the field, begg'd his  
steeds in order to take Venus to Olympus. Swiftly were  
they borne upwards, and Dione, mother of the goddesse,  
soothed her and wip'd away th' icho' gently, so that she  
was heal'd at once, while to fortifie Venu' spirits, she told  
of other immortalls that suffer'd paine because of mortal  
foes. First, Mars, who was imprisoned thirteen moneths;  
then Juno, who was wounded by a three-prong shaft; then  
Pluto, also. But she foretold a short life to Diomedes be-  
cause of his rashnesse, saying that no sonne should lisp th'  
name of father at his knee.

But Juno and Minerva scoffing said t' Jove, trulie it  
could be only a scratch, which Venus had received while  
she caressed some dame among th' Greekes, whom she  
wish'd to bring away for th' Trojan chiefes, who were her  
principall charge, since she lov'd them dearly.

Meanwhile Diomedes did not hesitate to attack Æneas,  
tho' conscious he would also strive with a god, because hee

was shielded by Apollo. Thrice did he advance upo' him, and thrice hee was repell'd but as he approach'd for th' fourth time, menaci'g dreadfullie, the god reproved him and bade him desist, nor thinke himselfe equall to th' gods. Thus he was fore'd to draw backe slightly. Then Apollo withdrew Æneas from th' fight, and, creating a phantom that resembled him, sent it to th' battaile; and round this the contest was renewed with terrible fury.

Sitting upon Pergamos, Apollo exhorted Mars to rouse th' courage of the Trojans, which hee proceeded to do. Then Sarpedon addrest Hector recalling to his mind a boast that hee and his kindred, the sonnes of Priam, could unaided defend th' city, yet they affrighted were cowering like dogs before a lion.

This reproach gnawed Hector's verie soule, and brandishing in his hands his sharpe speares, hee leaped downe and rusht forth rousing their ardor. But th' Greekes, awaiting in solide ranks their attacke, were not driven backe nor discomfited by the onslaught.

Th' two Ajaces [and] Ulysses joyn'd Diomedes, inciting and haranguing them to hearten them for a terrible struggle. Like clouds about the summit of Olympus when Boreas sleepeth, and all other windes having driven away th' soft and shadowy vapour are hushed, as these, calme, immovable, stood th' Greekes.

Apollo in the meantime had sent Æneas back to the field wholy restored, invigorated and endow'd with new powers. This greatly rejoyc'd th' Trojans, but they said not a word, nor asked a question, so great was the labor each warrior—leader or souldier—had to perform.

The sonne o' Atreus slew a chiefe, who was Æneas' companion. Æneas kill'd two Greek youthes, sonnes of

Diocles, descended from the River Alpheus, dwelling in Pheræ. They were as two young lions with the dam, but they fell like lofty firs upon th' mountayne side. Menelaus seeing this pitied them, and hastened to avenge their death. Pressing forwards through the van, shining in brasse, brandishing his spear, he stood; but Antilochus, th' sonne of Nestor, saw him and follow'd him to give him ayd, for he fear'd for th' shepheard of th' people, least they should bee disappointed of their hope. But seeing two heroes thus standing, Æneas, though an eager warriour, retreated. Then Agamemnon hurling with his spear, slew a generall of th' Halizonians, and Antilochus hitting his charioteer on his elbow, causing those beautiful reines to droppe, ran on to drive the steeds to the Greekes, and quickly return'd that he might protekte Agamemnon.

Hector, beholding this, rushed on vociferating loudly, and behind him the Trojan phalanxes follow'd. Mars and venerable Bellona, with tumultuous Din, were with Hector—the former sometimes pacing before him, sometimes in th' rerearde. Only th' dread presence of th' god could terrify Diomedes, whose course is stopt as by a mightie river; but addressing his companions, he exhorted them not to put their lives in jeopardy with a god, for 'twould not avail ought. Then the Trojans advanc'd very near, and Hector slew Menesthes and Anchialus, both being in one chariot. And Amphius, who had come as an ally to Troy, was struck with a speare caste by Telamonian Ajax. Falling, he made a crash: then illustrious Ajax hastened to him, set his heele on his body, and drew from the bloody wound his brazen speare, but did not possesse himselfe of any armour because of the many speares of the Trojans.

Thus they, on the one hand, toyl'd in conflict. Now fate urg'd on two doughtie heroes—sonne and grandesonne to King Jove—Sarpedon and Tlepolemus. These spake together,—Tlepolemus first addressing brave Sarpedon, taunted the sonne of Jove with his unwarlike nature, asking how he could suppose himselfe the sonne of Jove, while boastes of th' deeds his mighty, lion-hearted sire in former times had accomplish'd, were ever mingl'd with his scoffs; recounting how Hercules had come to Illium, with onely few men in six vessells, and overturn'd the eitty, widowing the streets, to recover the steedes which Laomedon still continued to withhold.

Sarpedon, unable to refute the charge, himselfe most frankly admitted the defeate, yet cast th' blame upon Laomedon; but he on his owne part hence would send th' soule of Tlepolemus to steed-fam'd Pluto.

Straightway both hurl'd their long speares at th' same instant.' Sarpedon's enter'd th' neck, and darknesse veil'd the eyes. But the ashen speare of Tlepolemus penetrated the left thigh, grazing th' bone, so that he was overthowne, but his father suffer'd him not to die.

Then his companions dragg'd him aside, even while yet th' speare remained in th' member, and it gave him great sufferance. As hee was borne thence, Ulysses was uncertaine whether 'twould bee wiser to folow Sarpedon and put an end to his life, or continue a slaughter of th' Lycians. Jove would not permit his sonne to be subdued under th' mighty spear of Ulysses, and Minerva persuaded th' minde of the hero to turne to th' latter. He slew Cœranus, Alcander, Chromius, Alastor, Noëmo', Halius, and Prytanis and would still have continued the work, had not Hector come forth in shine of brazen armour, bearing terror to th' Greeks.

But th' heart of Sarpedon rejoyc'd, and quickly he address'd Hector, begging that hee would take him to Troy, saying hee would die there rathe' then where he lay, if, indeed, he might neve' return to gladden his dear wife and infant sonne. Hector stay'd not, however, nor spake a word, so intent was he upon his quest, desiring onely to repell th' Greeks and take the lives of many.

Then th' noble companions of Sarpedon remov'd him, carrying him to a beautiful beech tree of Ægis-bearing Jove, and Pelagon drew forth th' speare. Thereupon animation left him and darknesse fell upon his eyes, but he reviv'd when Boreas breath'd over all th' place.

Th' Greekes did not (on account of Hector and Mars) retire to th' shippes, nor would their rankes give waye, yet were they compell'd to yeeld ground.

Th' question commeth here as to whom did Mars (with Hector) slay, and answer is thus made: Teuthras, th' knight Orestes, then Ætolian Trechus, with Cenomaus, Helenus of the race of Enops, Oresibus of Hyla, neare Lake Cephissus, and by him dwelt other Boetians who possess'd a rich country.

But Juno now address'd Minerva, and said they should now come short of th' solemn promise made to Menelaus, did they permit destructive Mars longer to rage, and bade her devise some meanes to aide him. She, herselfe, sought her golden caparisoned steeds, and, in the meantime, venerable Hebe speedily applied to th' chariot—to th' iron axle-tree on both sides—th' golden eight spok'd wheeles. Of these th' felloes were of gold imperishable, but the tires that rimmed them were all brasse; th' naves of silver; th' body was stretched on with gold and silver thongs; and from a double circula' rim there projected th' pole of

silver, to which was fastened th' beauteous golden yoake, and here poytrells of gold were attach'd. But Juno brought th' steeds under th' yoake herselfe, so eager was th' goddesse for conquest and th' battaile.

Pallas Minerva let fall upon th' floor o' her father Jove th' beautifully variegated embroydered robe which she wore, and hasten'd to put on a tunick. The' round her shoulders she threw th' dreadfull fring'd  $\mathbb{E}$ gis. On it appear'd plum'd Terror on all sides; thereon was mighty Fortitude; thereon also was chilling Pursuite; thereon was Strife; thereon was th' dreadfull Gorgonian head, dire, horrible, a portente of  $\mathbb{E}$ gis-bearing Jove. Likewise upon her head she donned her foure-crested, golden helmet, with spreading metall ridge, equall to th' armour of a hundred citties. Finally she took in hand th' mighty speare she was wont to wield, then she stept into her beautifull chariot; but Juno spurr'd on th' restles, pawing steeds. Then Jove's faire Howres, which watch Olympus' gates, threw wide th' portals that they should goe through, and soone th' highest summits of Olympus were gain'd, and Jove, apart from all th' others, was found there sitting.

Eagerly Juno beg'd that she might drive Mars, th' frantick one, hither, who griev'd her with th' slaughte' of so many Greeks that she held dear, but pleas'd Apollo and Venus, who had let slip this god of warre. And hec was ready to gratify her wish, but bade her send Minerva rather then go herselfe.

Thereupon the goddesses descended Olympus, passing through th' space midwaye betweene the earth and that starrie heaven. At each leap th' steeds went as farre as th' eye can reach along the darkling ocean when gray mist doth lie over it. But when they reached Troy, where

th' river Simoës and Seamander joyne, Juno unyok'd her steeds and shed a soft mist round them. Then th' River Simoës afforded them ambrosial fodder.

With steppes like to timorous doves, the goddesses approach'd th' Greekes, that, as ravening lions or wild boares, stood in close array around Diomed. Likening her selfe to Stentor, th' great-hearted and braze'-ton'd, who was accustom'd to shout as loud, indeed, as fiftie other men, Juno cried to them that 'twas shame to them all that their hearts were but ill suited to bodies so admirable, and reminded them that when god-like Achilles was in the field, th' Troja's fought not farr from th' Dardan gates, because they fear'd his speare, but that they now ventur'd close upon the hollowe shippes, farre away from the citty.

Then blew-eyed Pallas hasten'd to Diomedes, and found him by th' side of his chariot, cooling the wound he had receiv'd from th' swift arrow Pandarus had aym'd at him, for th' moisture unde' his shield's wide band caus'd him great discomfort, and his hand was aweary. Then Minerva touch'd th' yoake of the steedes and said:

"O little like himselfe is the sonne Tydeus hath begotten! Hee in very truth was but smal of stature, but a warriour; and though I would not suffer him at all times to fight, nor to rush furiously to the battaile, even when he went on an ambassage to Thebes, he still retain'd his courageous spirit, and strove with numerous Cadmea's, and easilie conquer'd all, so powerfull an ally was I unto him. But thou art farre unlike Tydeus, and unworthy to bee call'd the sonne of such a man. For tho' I am constantlie inciteing thee against th' Trojans, and shielding [thee] from harm, eyther thou dost weary, or feare doth now dishearten thee."

But unto her valiant Diomed in reply thus spake:

"I know thee well, O thou daughter of Ægis-bearing Jove, and I will plainly tell thee, nor seeke to conceale from thee, why I have left the fight. Neyther am I weery nor is my soule possest with feare. Thou, thy own selfe, in sending me unto the battaile, injoynd on me to fight only against Venus and wound her with th' pointed spear, but to contend with no other immortall. Therefore have I retray'd from the field, and have drawne away the othe' Greekes also, because I perceive Mars dispensing now the battaile."

To him blue-ey'd Minerva said: "Tydides, deare to my soule, neythe' neede thou in thy heart quaile before god Mars or any other of th' immortalls, so great an auxiliary am I unto thee. Then come now, direct th' solid-hooved steeds against implacable Mars, and engage him in close combat, nor regard this phrensied and unnaturall pest—this weather-vane! For hee lately promis'd Juno and myselfe that he would aide th' Trojans no more, and would assist th' Greekes. But now, alas, he mixeth with th' Trojans and forgetteth all this."

Thus did she speake, and laying hold upon his companion, Sthenelus, dragg'd him backward. Leaping quickly downe, he yeelded th' place. Minerva straightway, arous'd to fury, mounted the chariot and seized both goade and reines, directing Diomedē to encounter Mars, who had now slaine Periphas, bravest of th' Ætolians. Then Pallas put on the helmet of Pluto (which caused her to bee invisible) that impiteous Mars might not see her.

But he, espying Diomedes, left fallen Periphas and went against him. Leaning farre out over his reins, over th' yoake of his steeds he caste his brazen-headed speare. Yet Minerva caught it as it sped and turn'd it aside. As

Diomed, however, sent forth his weapon, shee guided its course so that it penetrated the lower flank, where it was covered with th' girdle, but shee withdrew it at once. Then god Mars roared louder, much louder then any nine or ten thousand men when they joyne in strife of the battaile, that the Greekes and Trojans hearing th' bellowing were affrighted. Then as a haze appeareth when a hot winde doth blowe for a long season, soe Mars ascending unto heav'n appear'd to Diomedes. Going to Olympus, and seating himselfe by his father Jove, hee shewed his woundes and wiped away th' immortall bloud, addressing words to Jove that were swift as wing'd arrowes, complaining that hee in no wise restrain'd the daughter he had begotten, she that was the cause of continuall strife 'mongst the other immortalls. But Jove reprov'd him sharply, saying that he was most hatefull of all Olympian gods, and inconstant above all the others; that he found discorde and warres ever most grateful, and possess'd th' insufferable, unbending disposition of his mother, Juno. In truth hee beleaved that had Juno not led him on, hee had not suffer'd thus; yet owned that Mars' paine so griev'd his owne heart that he could not endure it, inasmuch as Mars was his sonne, but said t' him that had he, being so destructive, beene the sonne of other immortalls, long since would his place have beene lower then that of the sonnes of Uranus.

Thus saying, Jove straightway commanded Paeon to heale him, which hee proceeded to doe, applying remedies, for hee was not mortall. As when the juices of the figgetree stirr'd into milke quicklie cruddle it, the remedies quickly heal'd th' woundes of impiteous Mars. Hebe washed him and decked him in beauteous robes. Then, exulting in glory, he sat downe by Saturnian Jove.

Whereupon Juno and that great assista't Minerva, having stay'd from dreadfull deeds of death, Mars, the man-slayer, return'd to the pallace of mighty Jove.

## VI.

And now th' dread battaile of Trojans and Greekes was abandon'd by th' gods, and victory sway'd most clearly to the Greekes.

Helenus counsell'd Hector to give order that all meet together to make supplication in the citadell to Minerva—i. e., the Trojan dames and the old men unable t' mixe with th' warriours— instructing Hecuba, mother to both, that an embroder'd robe be presented to th' goddess, and twelve yereling heyfers be promist in sacrificee. Hector therefore leapt downe from his chariot, and brandishing his speares, went throughout the army inciting th' hosts, urging them into the thicke of the confliete, avowing what was his mission to th' citty. No soone' was he thus gone to Troy, then Tydides and Glauens met face to face eager to fight, but first Tydides, inquiring, ask'd th' name and lineage of his opposer: thereupon Glauens replied hee was well-descended, and in giving his genealogie, told th' sad tale o' Bellerophon, sonne of Prætus, sent into farre-distant lands by that deluded syre, at the request of his false-hearted wife—th' young man's stepp-mother—who, failing in her designe of seduction, hated him as much as she had loved him—untill so fayling. Whereupon, being sent with seeret writing to the king of Lycia, he was (th' space of nine daies) much attended and honour'd as a guest, and sonne t' Prætus, spouse o' th' king's daughte'. Yet, upon seeing th' message which Bellerophon had given him,

the subtile soveraigne of the Lycians put upon him many great labours. These, however, were all accomplish'd, and whe' it became known that Bellerophon was the offspring of a god, the Lycian soveraigne gave him as his wife one of his daughters; and by her he became the sire of both sonnes and that fayre daughter, Laödamia, whom Jove himselfe secretly loved. Of one of these sonnes, Glaucus was th' offspring.

Then Diomedes, when hee heard this, well remember'd this sire as a guest in his father's house, and spake of it. Both doughty warriours then leapt downe to give the hand, thus bespeaking amitie. And Jove depriving Glaucus of all prudent foresight, hee exchang'd armes with Diomed, giving his rich golden armour for brazen—the valewe of an hundred oxen for the valewe of nine.

But when Hector arrived at the Seian gates, wives and mothers surrounded him to ask for th' welfare of th' sonnes, brothers, friends and husbands in th' field. He, however, straightway ordered that all should supplicate th' gods, so many evills were impending. Then he hasten'd to the beautifull pallace of Priam, and his fond mother there met him and hung upon his hand, begging that wine might be brought, that he might pour upon th' earth a libation unto Jove and th' other immortalls. This Heetor declin'd, saying he wisht nought that would enervate him, nor did he hold it meete that hee come with gory hands to offer vowes to th' powerful sonne of Saturn; but bade Hecuba, from th' rare stores they possest, select the most beautifull robe and bear it to Minerva's temple, vowing to her twelve yeerelings that never felt the goade, if she will avert from sacred Illium Tydides, that fierce warriour, valiant author of terror.

Whilst Heuba was thus engag'd (in companie with other dames of distinction) Heetor pass'd on to the beauteous halls, where Alexander built for himself lofty and splendid apartments, close by those of Hector and Priam. There hee found Paris pollishing brightly the golden armour and fitting th' crooked bowe. Sharpely he reproached him for his infatuation, saying also that his rage was ill suited to th' time. Threat to the safety of Illium mennaced on everie hand, and he himselfe would reprove any other warriour that was thus remisse in th' hatefull battaile. But Paris disclaimed all this, and said it was because of grieve, chiefely, rather then rage or indignation, that he was thus absent from the fight; but that his wife, with kinde words, had urg'd him to go forth, and he also thought it would be better.

But Hector made no answer. Helen spake soothingly to him, regretting in her soule that a tempest, at the hour o' her comeing into the world, had not carried her off to some mountayne top, or to the sea to be a prey to the billowes. Then she begg'd Hector to be seated, but hee would not be perswaded to remaine, although hee was sensible of her courtesie, urging but one thing: that Paris come at once unto the battaile.

Then he went to his dwelling that he might look upon his wife, the faire Andromache, and his infant sonne, since the gods had perchance decreed his fall at that battaile. His wife he did not find, for she had gone forth unto the walls. Thither Hector follow'd, and Andromache espying him ran out to meeete him, with her a maid bearing th' child. Andromache took hold on Hector, saying it was strange he should go out so fearlesslie to th' warre without pitty for her or his child, foretelling that valour would

destroy him, and bemoaning her fate. Hector replied, it were shame to all the Trojans should he not defend th' city; but spake eloquentlie, with tender paine and sorrow, of Andromache's possible captivitie and servitude. Then he stretcht forth his arms for his child, but th' infant, affrighted at th' nodding plumes, (also because of all that glitt'ring brasse) hid his face in th' bosom of his nurse. Hector, smiling, took off his helmet and plac'd it upon the ground; then he fondled his little sonne, whilst he praied aloud that he might become a brave souldier, even braver then he, his valiant sire, a joy to his mother.

Then he placed the boy tenderly in his wife's arms. She tearfully smil'd, and the babe hid his face in her bosome. Soothing words Hector then doth speake, and doth pray her to beleeve none can send him to th' shades of death untill his date be out; and not a man that is borne can escape fate, bee he brave or cowardlie. Her he bade return to the care of th' household, whilst hee went forth again to battaile.

## VII.

Neythe' did Alexander staye behind, but joyn'd his brother as hee pass'd forth, and together they went to the field to hew down the Greeks. Minerva, seeing them destroying manie, descended Olympus hastily to staie them; but Apollo, knowing her mission, met her and proposed anothe' course of action. This was nothing less then that Hector might challenge the bravest of the Greekes to single combat.

This beeing agreed upon it was made knowne to Hector, who straightway sent a roisting challenge 'mongst th' waiting Greekes. By the tearms of this challenge, th' armour

of the conquer'd should go to the victor, but the bodie should be sent to his owne people. The Greekes were all mute with dread, yet asham'd to refuse.

Then Menelaus addrest them, calling them but dames without courage, and said he would accept th' invitation himselfe. This would have beene sure death, and Atrides knew it; therefore hee, seizing th' hand of his brother, dissuading with eloquence, prevail'd upon him to give over.

Then Nestor rose and, inciting thei' courage, told of his brave actions in his youth, and longed to have once more the mighty strength of former yeeres.

Nine warriours rose in answer to his appeale. Agamemnon much the first rose up, then Diomed and the two Ajaces, next Idomeneus, then his armour-bearer, Meriones, after them Eurypylus, Thoas and divine Ulysses. All these wish'd to goe out to fight Hector, but the Gerenian knight, Nestor, bade them decide by lot who should accept his challenge. Then each mark'd his owne lot and cast it into th' helmet of Atrides, the king. Then they pray'd aloud that Ajax, or Tydides might get the lot, or th' Mycenæan king himselfe. The Gerenian knight shooke the helmet and the lot of Ajax leapt out. A herald then let each chiefe see th' lot as he pass'd from right to left. But all disclaim'd it until he came to Ajax, who, stretching forth his hand for it, saw that it was th' one that he had marked, and, in soule rejoicing, cast it upon the ground, saying to all that the lot was his, and bidding them silently lift up prayers lest the Trojans heare, or even aloud for nothing daunted him, nor did hee lacke skill and use.

Then they supplicated Jove, praying that Ajax might bear away the victory, but if he lov'd Hector with an equall love, give an equall might and glory to both. When Ajax,

therefore, had put on his armour, he rusht forward, grimly smiling. The Greekes rejoyc'd at the sight, but the Trojan warriours trembled, and even Hector's soule thrill'd and panted, since having given challenge it was impossible to retract. Then mighty Ajax bade Hector note many heroes besides Achilles amongst the Greekes, and begg'd him to beginne the strife and battaile.

Hector in turne replied he knew all shifftes and passes, but he would scorne any but open warfare. Then he hurls the long beam so forcibly that it pierces th' outer brasse of that seven-fold oxhide shield and penetrates sixe layers, but stays in the sevent fast fixt. Now Ajax hurls a mightie speare, and it goeth through his equal shield, nor staies untill it through his curat glides and cuts in tway his tunieke near the flank, but bending or turning hee escapes blacke death. Drawing forth th' speares, like ravening lions or boars, they againe joyn'd battaile. The point of Hector's was bent on Ajax' shield, but Ajax' weapon repelled and wounded Hector. Yet did he not cease from the combat, but, seizing a great stone lying in the plain, hurl'd it forth, strook the shield of Ajax upo' the bosse so that it rang loudly. He in turne snachteht up a heavier stone, and dispachetht it with such force it broke through Hector's shield and wounded him in the knee, so that he fell supine. But Apollo quickly rered him. And now, in a close hand to hand combat with the sword, both would have had deadlie wounds had not the message come to them to cease. The heralds, Talthybius and Idæus, were sent from eyther side, bidding th' battaile cease in obedience to approaching Night. Ajax, however, must hear it utter'd by him whom he fought ere he yeelded. Hector therefore pronounc'd similar words, and, exchanging gifts, they separated.

Then councils were held among both Trojans and Greekes. Nestor avis'd th' Greekes to seeke forth their dead; to build one common pile, before which a trench should bee dug, (and beside it gates should bee erected for the chariots to pass through) a bulwark to their camp.

Meanwhile Antenor was exhorting th' assembled Trojans that they should let Helen go; but Paris refused with warmth, whylst proposing he should restore th' treasures, and add something thereto. Priam likewise harangued them, saying it were well they first goe to their repast, mindfull ever of the watch, and in the morning send a herald to the Greekes to lay before them proposalls of a truce (that those that were slaine might be burn'd) at th' time he made them th' offer of Paris, which he bade the herald say must be accepted, or they would fight again till fate divide them or give th' victory to one or the other.

But when Idæus bore th' word to the Greeks, they receyv'd it mutely. But brav Diomed bade them receyve neither Helen nor the treasures, for even a babe could see that an evill fate impended over th' Trojans; and all th' Greekes shouted in approval. Whereupon Agamemnon bade the herald heare this expression of sentiment that accorded fully with his owne. Yet as co'cern'd the dead, they bore them no grudge, therefore might they performe hastily their obsequies with fire, but Jove inust be a witnesse to the treaties. Then he raised up his scepter to the gods, and both hastily brought forth their dead and built their pyles.

The Greekes built a wall and strong towers, and put therein gates thorow which the chariots might passe; and without it, dug a deep ditch wherein postes, well sharpen'd, were set. Th' gods, observing th' defence, admir'd it; but

Neptune made a plaint that the wall he and Apollo had built round the city of Troy for Laomedon would be eclips'd. Jove reprov'd th' Earth-shaker, saying he could easily overturne th' wall, obliterate everie trace of it with sand, and th' place thereof know it no more.

At set of sun the wall was compleated, and they took repast. Then shippes from Lemnos bearing wine from Euneüs, the sonne o' Jason, came. A thousand measures were a present fro' Euneüs to Atreus' sonns, but, for the rest, th' Greekes gave in exchange large portions of brasse, iron, skins, and even oxen and slaves, and they feasted bounteously all the night. In Troy also they made a great feast, but Jove, meantime, with loud thunderings, was devising evills that should fall on Greekes and Trojans alike; and pale feare tooke hold upon all, and they dar'd not drinke till they pour'd out a libation to Saturn's supreme sonne, but afterwards lay downe and enjoy'd the boon of sleepe.

### VIII.

Then Jove, having summon'd the Olympian gods to an assembly upon the very summit of th' highest mount, forbade them to take any further part in th' confilte 'twixt the Greekes and Trojans. At Mount Ida, consulting the scales of Destiny, he directs his forkèd-lightnings against the Greekes. Nestor now, in th' chariot of Diomed doth goe out agaynst Hector, whose mighty charioteer Diomed slays; then Jove, thund'ring, turn'd backe the Greekes, and they sought refuge within their bulwarks. And then indeed would Hector have press'd with fire to the very shippes, had not venerable Juno put it into th' heart and mind of Agamemnon (seeing this returne of his hosts) to

urge, as vehemently as he was able, a charge with all their forces. Taking position upo' Ulysses' vessell, so that his speech might bee heard as farre as th' tent of Telamonian Ajax on th' one side, and to that of Achilles on the other, Atrides incited them forth thro' a dread of shame should they bee driven before Hector alone, praying that they might escape (at least) with their lives. And Jove sent his eagle with a fawne in th' talons as they were offering sacrifice, and the fawn is caste downe to earth near the beautifull altar. When they saw th' signe from Jove, they rusht forth to battaile, but none went before Diomed. After him came th' two sonnes of Atreus; next the two Ajaces, clad in impiteous courage, then Idomeneus, and his armour-bearer, Meriones, follow'd by Euryppylus: and the ninth was Teucer.

Close upon Telamonian Ajax he prest,—as child to its mother,—who shelter'd him behi'd that mighty shield. And Teucer peer'd forth, as Ajax mov'd the shield unto one side, and shooting his arrows swiftly, slew many of the Trojans.

Agamemnon rejoyc'd seeing him, and stood by him to incite him, making promise of rich reward when they should have enter'd the captur'd city. But Teucer bade the general observe that hee needed no exhortation. In fine, he would himselfe doe all that was within his power, but as yet he could not hit the mighty chiefe at whom he aym'd. Againe and againe he levell'd an arrow at valiant Hector, but Apollo guarded the hero from all harme.

Teucer, however, slew Hector's mighty charioteer. This so enrag'd the great Trojan that he seiz'd an heavy stone and strooke the youth, so that he fell upon his knees.

Then Ajax held th' shield over him whylst two strong companions bore the suffering young warriour to one side, groaning heavily. Then Jove rous'd the mightie Trojans who drove backe th' Greekes to their defenses; and Hector in the van lash'd his fierie steeds in pursuite, and slew great numbers of those that were in the hindmost of th' rankes.

Juno, seeing their flight, prevayled upon Minerva (in despight of Jove, his decree) to go out with her to the succor of the Greekes. At this, Jove was angry with Pallas more then with Juno, who, he said, sought ever a meane to thwart the plans and purposes hee wished to carry out. But he now prevented their interference, and during the whole of the night Heetor prevented surprises through wise prevision. Youths and aged men were given order keep watch in the towers, the matrons to have mighty fires in their halls, and a strong guard set to watch the secret entrances to the town; but meantime a thousand fires blazed around the city, and fifty men at each fire sat at watch.

#### IX.

Then old Nestor, wiselie counselling, bade Agamemnon send Ulysses with Phoenix and Ajax to the tent of the hero Achilles, if by any meanes they could prevayle on him to come to their ayde, but 'twas of no availe.

#### X.

Next Diomedes and subtile Ulysses slyly enter the Trojan campe at night, having first entrapt and slaine Dolon, who had set out as a spye to the Grecian campe. From him they obtain'd the desir'd informatio' that inabled them to seeke out the tent of that Thracian king Rhesus,

and having slayne him (with many others) Ulysses loosed th' solide hoov'd warlike steeds, and, lashing them with the bowe, drove them away to the Greekes.

### XI.

Then they resum'd th' conflicte. Atrides fought most furiously, but Paris woundeth Diomed, and Socus doth injure Ulysses. No sooner do Ajax and Menelaus observe this, then they go to their ayde. Patroclus now seeketh Nestor at his tent, and th' sire exhorteth him to goe to the field in the armour of Achilles.

### XII.

Ere long the Trojans assail the mighty gates and presse toward the shippes, in disregard of Polydamas, who interpreted the omens as most unpropitious.

### XIII.

Then Neptune engages on the Greecian side, and the battaile proceeds hotly. Deiphobus is repuls'd by Meriones. Teucer slays Imbrius, while mighty Hector, smiting Amphimacus, takes away his life, in turne.

Neptune assuming a likenesse to Thoas, exhorteth Idome'eus, who proceedeth to the battaile with Meriones. Idomeneus slays Othryoneus and then Asius. Seeing this, Deiphobus, ayming his speare at Idomeneus, slayeth him not; however his speare falleth not idlie to ground, for Hypsenor is slayne. Then Idomeneus doth subdue Alcathoïs, over whose body a sharp contest doth take place.

## XIV.

Agamemnon and other wounded chiefeſ visiting the battle now, the Earth-shaker, in the likeness of an aged man, taking holde on the hand of Agamemnon, ſpake winged words and greatly incited the courage of the ſouldiers. With a bellowing roar, louder then anie ten thouſand men, hee hasted on.

Juno ſeing him was delighted, and prepared at once to visit Jove on faire Ida. Bathing and perfuming herſelfe ſoe sweetlie that the odor reached both earth and sky, ſhe array'd herſelfe in a beautifull embroder'd robe with golde clasps and a rich zone, from which an hundred fringes depended, and, having ſmooth'd her gleaming haire and diſpoſed it well, ſhe put on her treble jewell'd eare-rings, and, over all, a beautifull ſhining veyle. Going forth from her chamber and finding Venus, ſhe obtain'd from her the cestus, which ſhe wore ſeduſing men or gods, as no allurement was lacking. In it were desire, love-converſe, ſeductive ſpeech—able to ſteale away the minde even of th' very prudent.

Then, descending Olympus, paſſing with all ſwiftneſſe o're mountain and ſea, ſhe came at length to farre-distant Lemnos and ſought out Sleepe, the brother of Death. She tooke fast hold upon his hand and begg'd that he would now close in ſleepe the eies of Jove, promising a golden throne and footſtoole if he grant her wiſh. But hee declin'd, leaſt Jove deſtroy him in his anger. Yet, when Juno promis'd him the youngeſt of the Graces to wed—Pasithea—hee could no longer withstand her. However, he made her ſweare by the water of Styx, with one hand upon the earth and the other upon the ſea, calling the

Titans to witnesse her oath, that she would surely give him one of the younger Graces—Pasithea, his hart's desire. Hast'ning to many-rill'd Ida, Juno placed her person conspicuously in Jove's sight, but Sleepe conceal'd himselfe.

Juno, faining to Jove (as she had to Venus), that she sought to unite Oceanus and Tethys, inflam'd his desire to keepe her near him, avowing, indeed, that none (be she goddesse or woman) had awaken'd so much love in his bosom, not even herselfe at any former time, he pleaded; she yeelded unto the embrace of Saturn's lordly sonne, and hee shed a golden cloud round them, hiding them from sight. Lucid drops were distill'd from the cloud, and the divine earth produced hyacinth, lotus, sweet with dewe, and crocus, thus forming a flow'rie couch, where the sire quietly slumber'd with his spouse in his armes, subdued by Sleepe and love. But Sleepe went in all swift haste to the Greeks, where he found the powerfull Earth-shaker, and led him on to incite the Greekes.

#### XV.

Jove waked to see th' Trojans driven before them and was exceedingly angry. Calling Iris he sent her forth to induce mighty Neptune to leave the field, and requested divine Apollo that he would at once heale Hector.

Armed with the *Aegis*, Apollo doth put the Greekes compleatly to rout and drive them to their shippes. These all th' Trojan heroes thought to burn. Ajax (Telamon) kept the fire backe and himselfe slew twelve of the Trojan warriours.

#### XVI.

Then valiant Patroclus obtain'd permission of Achilles to don that hero's armour and lead forth the Myrmidons

to th' succour of the Greekes, upon the condition that he should take heede of all danger and return as soone as th' Trojans were driven backe. This he fail'd to do, but persew'd the fleeing foe to th' walls of Troy, eager to slay Hector. Him, indeed, Apollo protected, but Sarpedon was slaine, and also Hector's charioteer, Cebriones. He is repelled by Apollo, wounded by Euphorbus, and put to death by Hector, but not before he declares th' fate of Hector. The latter mounteth Aehilles' chariot, and followeth after Automedon to th' shippes of the Greekes.

## XVII.

Menelaus then slayeth Euphorbus, who was attempting to remove the armour of Patroclus. As Atrides doth stand waighing in his minde what he should doe, Hector's approach frights Menelaus so that he doth goe in search of Ajax. Then Hector doth take off the beautiful armes, but as he is dragging the body away to sever the head from the trunke, he seeth Ajax advancing, and in all haste mounteth his charet, giving the armour to some of th' Trojans to carry to Troy.

These two, Ajax and the sonne of Atreus, guarded the fallen hero. As a lionesse, keeping watch ore her whelps as the huntsmen draw nigh, doth goe round about the den, soe Ajax, lowering th' shaggy browes, glaring savagely, walked round him, th' whiles Menelaus stood beside him. Then Glaucus reprov'd Hector in so sharpe a manner that the great hero's heart rag'd, and he, returning, beginneth the conflict anew over th' body of Patroclus, while Automedon doth furiously defend the chariot of Achilles. The Greekes are beaten backe at length, and e'vn heroicke Ajax doth shrinke backe, yet Meriones and brave Menelaus bear away the body of Patroclus.

## XVIII.

Achilles gave waye to the most violent griefe, throwing himselfe on the ground, weeping and soe sorelie lamenting that his agony touched Thetis' heart; and she came out of the deepe to give him comfort, and with her came manie sea-nymphs. She promises him also she will procure forthwith most beautifull armor, and for this purpose doth go to Vulcan and beg that hee will prepare it at once. Vulcan, consenting, maketh first a five-fold shield, with a belt of silver.

On it were the earth, the heavens, the sea, th' unwearied sunne, the moone, and the constellations which crowne the heavens—the Pleiades, the Hyades, the strength of Orion, with the Beare (that is likewise denominated Wain) and is the only constellation never wet in wave of the sea.

On it were two faire citties, in one marriage feasts, dancing, sweete songs, musik and gladnesse; round the other two armies sat at watch, at one and other side, besieging it.

There was a fallow field, and men with their ploughs; and a waving cornfield, where reapers were thrusting in their sharp reaping-hookees.

On it was a sunny vineyard with golden clusters of grapes, where faire maidens, and joyous, skiping youths gather'd the grapes, or danced to the musicke of the harpe.

On it was a heard of oxen driv'n forth to th' field, with lions seizing the leader of the heard before the heardsman's eies.

There was also upon th' shield a dance, such as Dædalus devis'd for Ariadne, where youths and maides mingled in a gracefull motion holding each the wrist of the other.

And near the outmost edge he plac'd that mighty river,  
Oceanus.

Then he made a corselet brighter then the sunne; also  
a well-fitted helmet with golden crest; and greaves of the  
tinne which may bee well hammer'd.

When all was finished, he plact the whole at Thetis'  
feet, who, as a hawke doth sweep downe from the sky,  
darted adowne from snowy Olympus bearing th' armour to  
her sonne.

#### XIX.

Then all the rest of his troopes, dazled at sight thereof,  
shrank backe, affrighted. Achilles, on the contrarie,  
rejoyced in soule. Shouting he went along the shore, and  
straightway the wounded chieftaines—Tydeus' sonne, with  
Ulysses and Atrides—gather to an assembly, at which  
Atrides and Achilles are reconcil'd, and the latter hasteth  
forth to take vengeance for his friend, his death, in despit  
of Xanthus' prediction regarding his fate.

#### XX.

Jove doth permit the gods againe to ingage in the con  
flict, and they range themselves on one or other side. Then  
had Trojan Æneas, who engaged Achilles, fallen at the  
hand of this hero save for th' watchfullnes of Neptune.  
Hector also attacks him, in order that he may avenge his  
brother Polydoru'.

#### XXI.

Him Apollo rescueth, but many are slaine by th'  
fierce Greeke, who doth compell one part of the Tro  
jan armie to withdraw towards Troy, and doth force  
a second part into the Xanthus. Here, instead of

putting all to death, he saveth twelve youths to offer as a sacrifice on the funerall pyle of his friend. Hee slayeth, savagely, Lyeaön, also Asteropæus, whilst loudly deriding the rive' god as unable to defend his friends. This doth so enrage the River that he riseth up, and, menacing dreadfully, doth attempt to overwheline Achilles; but mighty Vulcan protecteth him and wardeth off the danger.

The gods standing by engage in single combat, greatly delighting Jove. First Mars smote warlike Minerva with his speare, hitting the Aegis. Not even Jove's thunder-bolt may subdue this, however, and soone Minerva prostrated him with a monstrous stone. Falling, he cover'd seven ackers, and he made a horrible crash. Then Minerva, exulting, taunted him as he lay prone; yet Venus, pitying him, led him away, but with difficulty he collected his spirits. White-arm'd Juno seeing them, incited Pallas to pursue them. She therefore hasted after them and overthrowi'g them, spake reproachfull words, wishing that all Trojan allies were such as they, since Troy then might easily be overcome. Juno smil'd at these words, but the Earth-shaker spake to Apollo, reminding him of their unrequited labour for the Trojans a long time before, and asking if for this hee is a friend and ally of that treaty-breaking people. However, he thought it not meet that they longe' hold aloofe from combat, since all th' gods were ingag'd there in an unpremeditated strife. Apollo answer'd, that it was unwise for the immortalls to contend on the part of creatures of mortall frame.

At this th' Farre-darter withdrew; but when Diana—his rustick sister—seeing him, rebuk'd him, taunting him as th' bearer of an idle bowe, he did answer not a word.

At this the spouse of Jove, taking up the word, hurriedly address her in great fury, ending by plucking Diana's bowe from her shoulders and beating her (smiling meanwhile), smiting her about the eares. As a dove affrighted flieth from a hawke, so tim'rous Diana weeping fled, without staying to gather up her dusty arrows.

Then Mercury, the messenger of Jove, address Latona, saying he would not contend with a spouse of cloud-compeling sonne of lordly Saturn, because she would surelie boast amongst the immortalls of victory. Thereupon Latona took up the bow, gather'd up the scatt'red arrows, and follow'd Diana to Olympus, where she had gone to make complaint to Jove. Latona found her belov'd child seated close beside Jove, who drew her nearer smilingly while he sooth'd and comforted her, asking who had soe distress'd her, but hearing that it was Juno, said not a word.

Apollo then repair'd to sacred Illium, for the walls were to him a care, but all other gods ascended to Olympus.

Then Achilles pursued the Trojans with great slaughter; and Priam, observing him from one of Troies high towers, descended in all hast to give orders to throw wide the gates to let the flying Trojans enter, but bade them haste to close them when the troopes had come in, lest Achilles, following upon their heels, enter with them.

Cover'd with dust, thirstie, almost breathlesse, they enter'd. Then had not Apollo mov'd Agenor, the sonne of Antenor, to go against Achilles, the citie had fallen into the hands of the sonnes of the Greekes. Guarding his person with his mightie shield, he caste his speare, smiting the greave upon one shin; but, not disabled, Achilles pursued Agenor so hotly that Apollo must needs shelter him with a mist, and remove him from danger. Then likening

himselfe to Agenor, he beguiled Achilles to followe, with the hope of overpowering one soe mighty, (not discerning that a god led him on) turning his steps ever to'ard River Seamander.

## XXII.

Meanwhiles, Hector remain'd without the walls, eager to combat with Achilles. Priam, seeing the latter advance shining like Orion's dog, that brilliant starre of autumn, (bright indeed, but most balefull, for the violent heat that commeth thereafter) addresseth his sonne, stretching forth his feeble hands with piteous action, and tearing his hoarie haire. Then Hecuba laid bare her brest that was a source of food and rest in his infancy. But all availeth not a whit.

Like a huge serpent that, fill'd with rage, awaiteth th' coming of a man, coyling itselfe round and round, so doughty Hector, filled with inexhaustible courage, leaning that waightie shield against the projecting wall of th' tower, mused in his soule as hee awaited the approach of Pelides. But when th' hero, shining like a blazing fire, or even as the sunne, commeth on like th' Helmet-shaker, Mars, a tremor seizeth him and he fleeth affrighted. Round and round with swifte feete he doth fly, circling about Troy's walls thrice, Achilles close following: a brave man is leading th' race, a braver one followeth, since 'tis not a victim that is sought, nor a hide of a bull, but for th' very life (they run) of horse-breaking Heitor. This the gods note, as they begin the fourth time to encircle the city, and speake together concerning the fate of Heitor. Finally, Jove throweth into his golden scales long sleepe, to mark to which one it would fall, in one having plac'd Achilles' fate of death, and Heitor's in the other. As

Jupiter holdeth the scales up, poising them, Hector's fatall day doth go swiftlie downe to Hades, and Phœbus Apollo then leaveth him.

Minerva induceth Pelides to stand, in hope of bringing about face to face contest. Likening herselfe to Deiphobus (a favourite brother) she cometh nigh unto Hector, and perswadeth his minde to try his skill with the Grecian. Thus deceived, and thinking that one brother had beene brave enough to come to his ayde, Hector returneth, arous'd to the strife; yet attempting to make a compact with his opposer, that, in the event of his fall, his armour onelie should fall to Achilles, but that his body should bee kept for ransom.

This eager Achilles loudlie derideth, asking if any league would hold 'twixt men and lions, or according minde be found 'twixt wolve' and lambes, and avowing that no treaty of any sort could hold 'twixt them. Then, brandishing, he sent forth his long-shadow'd speare, but Hector, bending ove', doth avoide the blow. Quickly the goddesse, bringing the weapon backe, placeth it in Pelides' hand. Then Hector hurl'd forth that mighty long shadow'd speare, smiting the center of that massy shield, nor miss'd it; but rebounding, flew far off. Then Hector called to white-shielded Deip'obus to bring him a long spear, but he was not near him; and Hector perceaved in his minde that Deiphobus was not present as he supposed, and felt that without doubt the Fates o' death awaited him. But hee resolv'd to meet the end bravely.

Drawing his long sword that hung lowe at his flanke, like a soaring eagle that doth sweepe downe upon a tender lambe or tim'rous hare, so Hector rush'd on Achilles. But, brandishing his speare and holding his wrought shield so

that 'twould warde a thrust, Achilles also went eagerly forward. Like Hesperus the brazen tip of his speare did glister, as he stooode eying Hector's faire person in order to finde where best it would yeeld. Then was th' dreadfull weapon hurl'd swiftly, and it lodg'd under the collar-bone, where the necke and shoulder joyne, yet did not sever the weasand; therefore, he could yet speake. Hee pray'd Achilles that his body might not be fed to Grecian dogs; that he would receive brasse and gold in ransom therefor, father and mothe' alike would gladly furnish, in order that the funerall obsequies might bee performed. But, nought perswaded, Achilles avow'd that not ten or twentie times the ransome he had in minde, not even gold should be accepted, for nought could avert the destin'd ignomy and shame. And Hector, sighing, said that knowing Achilles as he did, he knew before he spake what fate was his, for th' soule within the bosome of Achilles was iron; but hee said: "Nay, reflect lest the wrath o' th' gods fall on thee for my sake on th' daye when Death's hand clutche thee, when Paris and Phœbus Apollo shall strike thee downe."

With words like these his soule descended to Hades, but Achilles still addrest the lifelesse body, bidding him dye, that hee fear'd not his fate at Jove's hands, or by the will of other gods.

Then the rest of the Greekes approacht as Achilles plukt the bloodie armour from the brest, having drawne forth the speare, and all admir'd the forme and stature of Hector, yet none pass'd by without inflicting a wound.

Then Achilles spake to the Greekes, saying they now might try the mind of Troy, since it was giv'n unto them t' subdue mighty Heetor, but nought should be done untill Patroclus' funerall rites should be observ'd. Then split-

ting each heel, he fasten'd leather thongs to them, by which he bound him to the chariot in such a way that his head trail'd along, and dust defil'd his glorious locks. Then taking up the armour, he mounted his chariot and lash'd his steeds on towards the shippes.

King Priam, seeing him, is undone, and Queene Hecuba also lamenteth loud; but yet for a time the wife of Hector knew not what had occur'd, for no messenger had beene sent to her. However, the sound of wailing did pierce her eares, and her heart interprets aright the measure of woe meted out to Illium. It is as if its summit, stooping to its fall, were wrapt in flame. But upon reaching the tower, where the men stood crowded together, she saw Hector's body being dragg'd in the dust towards the Grecian vessels, and fell swooning, and darknesse veyled her frighten'd eies; but reviving, she collected her soule, whilst 'midst sobs she bewail'd Hector's fate and hers, and with bereaved Andromache all the dames standing near wept and mourn'd.

### XXIII.

Then Achilles is warn'd by the ghost of his deeeas'd friend to performe the funerall rites of Patroclus, and this is done with many games (for valuable prizes).

### XXIV.

Afterward, Jove biddeth Thetis go unto Achilles and demand th' body of Hector, sending Hermes forth also to conduct old Priam unto him to offer th' treasures he collected. Priam's wife and belov'd sonnes plead with him in vaine to restraine him, and, confiding in Jove's omen —th' eagle cald with them Perenos or Black Hunter—he

went forth on that sad quest, but Mercury was a great comforter, and upheld Priam's courage and strength.

When th' gates in th' bulwarkes behind the trench were reached, Hermes put the men (who were th' guard) asleepe as they were gone aside to feast, and unbolting the gates, conducted the steeds and mules through the campe untill they reach'd the lofty tent of Achilles, that the Myrmidons rear'd for their king, loppi'g the fir timbers, and cov'ring it with a thatch o' grasse mowne in the fragrant meades, and fencing it with a great fencee of staddles cut off and set thickly. The gate was well sperr'd up with a single fir, which three men onelie might shoot save Achilles. This Mereury op'd for old Priam, bidding him enter and embrace Achilles by the knees, and supplicate him by his father, his faire-haired mother, also by his infant sonne, that he would accepte the ransome for his sonne's body; but, reminding him of th' impropriety of a god overtly ayding mortalls, tooke his depart and returned to Olympus.

Priam then leapt downe from the chariot, leaving his steeds, mules and chariot in Idaeus' care, and entering the tent unobserv'd as Achilles finisht his repast, clasped his knees, and kissed those dreadfull man-slaught'ring hands; and as a dread sense of guilt seizeth a man, who, murthering a man in his owne country, fleeth unto another, and astonish'd spectators stand round, so Achilles wonder'd (and they that stood by, looking one at other) seeing Priam.

He, however, spake quicklie and brought forth his request, recalling to Achilles' minde his owne father of the same hoary age, who awaited hopefully his living sonne's returne, whilst he, once father of fifty brave sonnes, had seene many kil'd by the Greekes; and now, Hector, his best belov'd, who defended their city and themselves,

was slaine by Achilles' hand, and he, his sire, had beene fore'd to do what no mortal man might endure—kisse the hand that had bereav'd his life.

At these words, a desire to weepe seized Achilles; and as one writh'd upon th' ground bemoaning his sonne's fate, the other thought with regret of his distant father and of his friend Patroclus. But after a time, Achilles, rising, lifted up the old man, bidding him be seated (for he respected his hoary haires) and he exhorted him to let sorrow sink to rest in his minde, saying: "Chill grieve is uselesse, for no mortall can escape wretchednesse, and none save the gods are free from evill. Two caskes, the one containing evills, the other good gifts, stand beside Jove's threashold. From these hee sendeth forth mingled good and ill. Man falleth now upon one, againe upon another; sorrow, calamity, nimble mischance that hath soe swifte a foot, pursue him, nor is he honour'd of gods or men. Pelens, indeed, receyv'd golden gifts—riches and wealth, yet an ill fate has fallen upon him in that he had one only sonne, who, with slight care of his owne life, put it in jeopardy dailie before Illion, in despite of the knowledge of his short span, which even his goddesse mother might not lengthen. Of thee, also, have wee heard that thy wealth at a former time did exceed many, and that from lower Phrygia to Hellespontus on the north thy borders then reached; but now the gods have sent bane upon thee, and warre and slaying of men do encompasse thy city. Yet arise (for thou canst by mourning and grieve availe nougnt, nor restore him) ere further evills come upon thee."

Priam indeed thought it not well that he should be seated or give place untill Achilles had granted his prayer.

This provok'd a hasty reply, but at length the presents were brought in, save two cloakes,—a well woven tunicke also,—which were left to place on the body. Pelides bade Idaeus enter and be seated, but he kept the corpse from aged Priam's sight, lest his mourning cries should so move him that hee could not stay his hand, and, taking his life, displease Jupiter; then, giving orders that th' female attendants should wash and annoint th' body, waited without, and, when this was accomplish'd, himselfe tooke it up, put it upon the litter, and with his companion's helpe, plac'd it on the beautifull chariot, at the same time making a moan to Patroclus because of the deed.

Afterward he return'd into the tent, and seating himself on a couch over against Priam, urg'd him to take food, since his sonne was plac'd on a bier and he could return to Illium on the morrow. He citeth to him Niobe's case, who mourn'd the losse of twelve childre' destroy'd by Apollo and Diana because she compar'd herselfe unto th' faire cheek'd Latona, who (she said) was the mother unto but two, while she had borne many. Yet, although overcome with grieve, Niobe was mindefull of food. "Let us likewise be now attentive to our repast, then shalt thou lament this thy sonne, conveying him to Troy, and thou shalt bewaile him with many teares."

So saying, they prepar'd the repast quickly, drank wine together amicably, ate of th' roasted flesh, etcetera. Then Priam, opposite Pelides, much admir'd him, comparing him to the gods; and Achilles in turne marvell'd at Dardanian Priam, seeing his amiable expression and hearing him as he convers'd. But when they had gaz'd untill they were satisfied, the old man begg'd that Achilles would send him to his rest.

Achilles willingly granting him th' request, he and his herald had couches prepar'd for them upon th' porch, while Pelides went to rest within the tent, and beside him lay faire Briseïs.

But Mercury slept not, for he was devising a meanes to lead Priam away safely. Therefore he descended from Olympus hastily, waken'd him, standing beside him, arous'd Idaeus noiselessly and assisted him to yoke the steeds and the mules, then went with them through the campe; nor did hee leave them untill they reach'd the eddying Xanthus begotten by undying Jove. Then he ascended Olympus, and saffron-hued morn was diffused ore th' earth. Then they drove the steeds toward the city (and the mules bearing the body), but none saw them save Cassandra, who like unto golden Venus, ascended Pergamus, and looking out acrosse the plaine, beheld them approaching, and soone assembled the people; soe they met them near the gates coming in with the body, nor was there a man nor woman left in the city, so generall was the mourning.

First came his wife and venerable mother, plucking out their haire as they touch'd Hector's head, whilst all th' spectators wept. They, indeed, all that day would have mourn'd and shed tears, if aged Priam had not bade them cease their cries, and give way unto th' chariot till he had borne him home; then might they weepe untill they were satiated with mourning. Therefore, they stoode afare off, and, carrying him to th' illustrious pallace, they placed him on th' ornamented bed; and plac'd singers beside it, leaders of the dirge, who sang mourning ditties whilst the women made responsive moanes. Among them his wife beganne thus, while her hands held Hector's head:

"O husband, hast thou died young in yeares, whilst I am left a widow in the pallace? And beside myselfe, here is thy infant sonne to whom I have given birth, ill-fated, who, I doubt not, will nere attain to manhood's strength, for ere that, our eitty will topple to its compleat destruction. Certainly thou, who wert ever its defender, and didst keepe from losse or injury its venerable wives and infant children, art no more. They will be carried captive to the shippes, nor shall I escape. But thou, O my sonne, shalt perchance accompany me where thou must performe unworthy tasks, toyling for a mercilesse lord; or else some one of the Greekes (whose father, brother, or even his sonne thy father may have slaine) may grasp with force thy tender hand, that he may cast thee headlong from some tower and dash thy life out. For true it is, thy father many an acte like unto this hath here perform'd. He never might be gentle to his foes, or leave an enemy to go unpunish'd; but, by his hand, many a Greek hath beene made to seize the earth with his set teeth. It is for this the people so lament in every nooke and angle of th' cittie. O Hector, thou hast caus'd untold calamity, and grieve unutterable unto us all, most to thy loving parents and to me. Bitter, aye, bitter is my endlesse grieve, for thou didst not upon thy couch when dying, stretch out thy hands to me, nor speake my name, or give me any word of prudent counsell, to comfor' me long yeares to come."

Thus speaking, with floods of teares, Hector's fayre wife lamented, and with her all the other women moaned.

(Note.) Andromache, in her prophetic soul, knew her owne fate and doth foretell that of their child. This is told in the Aeneid, which I also translated, and is most pathetick and tender. Ever mourning, the childe in her heart, in her sad exile, keepeth pace with other children, and when she wrapt that other smiling babe within the cloake her loving hands had wrought soe skilfully with threades of rieh gold, she said, “Astyanax would have beene like in age; his hands, his haire, his smiling eies like thine.” And every mother, in all the centuries since that sad day, doth sorrow with like paine from secret sympathie that mothers knowe. The lines which containe this mournefull story are thrice given in my works. The sublimity of love and sorrow such as hers is most wonderfull, and is excell’d by nothing in our language except the stories of sacred history. Even Hecuba’s lot was much lighter, for she died at th’ hands of their captors. But to returne.

Now cometh aged Hecuba in place, and thus doth make her moane:

“O Hector, thou wert dearest of my sons, and truly of the gods thou wert the care, not alone in thy life, but also in this destiny of death. For all my other sonnes who fell into Achilles’ hands, were sold beyond the sea at Lennos, Samos, or at Imbris; but thou, though he hath tane thy precious life, and daily dragg’d thee round Patroclus’ tomb, liest within our palaces as fresh and beautifull of forme and every feature, as if Apollo, with his silver bow, had reav’d thee but to-day of joyous life.”

Thus speaking, aged Hecuba did cease her vehement lament, while all the women join'd in teares and moanes.

Helen came third, weeping sad tears, 'heavy sighes breaking the wordes, and said:

"O Hector, thou wert a belovèd brother, as Alexander th' god-like man is my husband. Kind hast thou and my father ever beene (and here have I dwelt twenty yeares), but th' others altogether despise me, and there is none other in th' breadth of Illium who will be kind to mee. Therefore I must mourne, not all alone for thee, but for my unhappy selfe."

Ceasing to speake they mingled one long cry. Then Priam bade them bring to Troy the wood for the funerall pyle, assuring them that they had nought to feare untill twelve daies should have expired, for th' word of Achilles was pledg'd that no ambuscade should lay in wait for th' Trojans untill th' funerall rites were concluded.

Therefore, with both mules and oxen, for th' space of nine days did they bring the wood from the mount in quantities. When, however, th' tenth morn brought light unto mortalls, they carried forth noble Hector and placed him upon th' pyle, and applied fire to th' wood.

But when rosy finger'd Morn appeared, they gather'd round th' pile of illustrious Hector; and whe' all had assembled together, they extinguish'd with darke wine all the pile that the fire had, ravening, taken hold on; and the brothers and companions of Hector, with tearfull eies, gather'd together his white bones. These they plac'd in a beautifull urn of gold, which they forthwith deposited in a deepe grave, heaping on it numerous sharpe stones. This, however, they did hastily, and kept constant and strict watch, lest the Greekes should make an attack too soone.

But when they had heap'd up th' tomb properly, they assembled in Jove-nurtur'd Priam's lofty pallaces, and feasted on a splendid banquet.

Thus were the solemn funerall rites of the great steede-breaking Hector performed.

And this compleats Homer's Illiads, but the story of some of the great heroes may be found in my workes, for I wrote out, not only his Odysses in the great Cypher, but th' Æneid of the noble Virgil. Thus can you peruse th' conclusion, and followe the wily Grecian Ulysses, and th' mighty sonne of lovely Venus that she bore to Anchyses—Trojan Æneas. The marginall notes of our work which you now are using, hath an argument to my translation of th' Æneid, while a Latine worke entituled De Augmentis Scientiarum will give ayde upon th' other. As in this work, you doubtlesse will note that favorit partes are enlarg'd, yet as it lendeth assistance to th' discyphrer, it will not be any disadvantage or hindrance.

In confident hope, I have intrusted this labour to your hands and am contente.

FRANCIS St. ALBAN.

## FRANCIS BACON.

### DE AUGMENTIS.

Where, by a slighte alteration of the common Italiche letters, the alphabets of a bi-literate Cyphar having the two forms are readily obtain'd (instead o' letters that I cut out because I feare anie eye might reade what is hid in Cyphar, had such as are seene heere beene employed in an example) in every booke I send forth I use, for complete yet somewhat scattered rules or directions for another of different scope, this or other similar Cyphers, choosing, you observe, one in which there can be trusted any great state matter, and anything we holde of a nature such that it requireth a wisdome greater, I double nougħt, than wise King Salomon's to finde the purpose thereof,— I mean the historie of my birth, and also my brother's, for I have written both in this secret storie.

We alwaies prize most a thing that hath longest evaded our pursuite, for a man's nature ever hath some dregs of wild waies in despight of ages of clarifying or racking. There is somewhat of the hunter about all men: quietly waiting untill th' game be scented, but rushing forth with halloo more piercing then his horne as hee joyneth the chace. Thus pursuite becometh universall: but should Art teach my most constant and watchfull hunter to follow in perfect silence, hee shall alone unkennell th' skulkinge foxe, beare, triumphantly, the prize homewards, and enjoie honours by no one shared. Mine may bee stil'd simila',

in fact, for th' honour of this methode—us'd whenere secret mater, of whatsoever kinde, is put forth, glorifying for all futurity one that should finde this—cannot crowne any brow save mine.

So blind are men, that I tell heerewith a pretty tale, as in the playes to my Margaret, write out historie, give lines in all kinds of poetrie that I have in anie place found easy or pleasant, in so plain sight, you, indeede, will find light work divesting them o' manie disguises, but no eye save our owne espyes a word or signe. Thus will you doubt th' shrewdnesse they boast soe great, but can men find what none looke for, or pursew a path not ent'red upon, neither sought?

I masqued manie grave secrets in my poems which I have publischt, now as Peele's or Spenser's, now as my owne, then againe in th' name of authours, so eald, who plac'd workes of mixt sort before a reading world, prose and poetry. To Robt. Greene did I entruste most of that work—rather his name appear'd as authour: therein you may finde a large portion that belonging truely to the realme of poetrie, would wel gracie verse, yet it did not then seeme faire matter for it. As plaies some parts were againe used.

Pull off ev'n now th' outside, disguising my story. I am the rightfull heire to th' throne, since th' blood of King Henry is running i' these veynes—th' same as in any Tudor. If the late Queene could claime th' throne, I, her earliest flower of royall issue, was by th' like right—it goes without saying—at any and all times heir-apparent to proud England's wide realm.

But the day of justice having gone, past long since all hope of my atchieving glory or faine, as the ruler of th' realme of England, Ireland, Wales, France,—as formerly one portio' of the later was ours—also our colonies in all th' regions of the globe, fro' remote East to a remoter West. Never shall th' crowne rest on Prince Francis' loftie brow; never shall th' great throne of this land bear up the sonne to the so-stiled Virgin Queen, wedde' wife of Robt., Earl of Leicester! Can these things be and not incite in one's heart a wish of shewing the truth to future generatio's? Can one of such a noble nature bee contente to bee but a common subiect, who, knowing that by th' virtue of kingly birth, royall power should come, doth feele assur'd that hee hath noe lacke in th' parts and endowme'ts all that hold regall swaie doe require? and who having within such impulses of th' god-like patriarchal care for his owne people would willinglie give his time, his mony, labour, or all a Prinee's power at anie time gone by, that yet shall be, or is, may, or may have performed for his subiects?

For this reaso' do I labour for men's elevation and holde communion with Science. As knowledge doth increase, th' pleasure I take is greatlie increas'd also, and I see here before mee a boundlesse province over which our raign may neve' cease. Th' secret story heere told doth fully set our wrongs before future reader': unto such do wee turne for judgement.

This work, however, was intended for ayde upo' another Cyphar, and next we will give keyes after we write out the argume't o' th' work. This is Homer's verse also, and doth take rank with his Illiads. The title is:

## THE ODYSSES.

## I.

The opening scene is laid in an ile where dwelt the fayre young sprite—th' nymph, Calypso. Th' ile farr-distant from men or gods was lovelie, indeed, and yet quite solitary. It can bee well scene, therefore, without explaineing, faire, sweete Calypso wish'd to caste a spell over th' guest, whose ship was wrecked, soe that he must needes remaine.

Seven yeares he was thus restrained, whilst hee daily longed to sayle awaie from fayrest land of Ogygia to that farre-away rugged Ithica where his wife, awaiting his returne, shed many a teare. However th' faire nymph entertain'd him with so much kindnesse (and having become the mother of two sonnes, earnestly besought the wanderer nere to depart,) to leave would have beene a cruell action; and indeed love so mastereth her after Odysseus findes meanes once againe of going to sea, having ayded him as Mercurie gave orde', nor day nor night bringeth surcease and end to sorrowe. Griefe doth finallie drive Atlas' daughte' to throw away her life, for she plung'd into the ocean and was drown'd.

## II.

In th' Ile o' Ithica the principall men, seeing the vast throng of suters urging upon Penelope, the prudent and faithfull spouse this wanderer soe long'd to reach, (even as is seen, choosing her before hope of immortality, which Calypso promis'd him if ouely he would remaine in Ogygya,) holde a councill. By th' advice of th' gods,

and by their instruction a plann is made to fit out the vessell of Telemachus and send him forth to bring home this lost sire and husband.

Minerva accompanies him in guise of Mentor as guide and protec'to', and first they saile unto sandy Pylos to get advice, as th' sage who reigned over that wide land, aged Nestor, had great wisdome.

### III.

Here hee is told to go to the magnanimou' king o' Sparta, Menelaus.

### IV.

Of him not meerclie are they receiv'd most hospitably, having beene made favour'd guests at his magnifieent pallace,—Telemachus, forsooth, receiving much kindnesse from fayre Helen, being th' sonne to the wilyest man that follow'd her into Phrygia to avenge her rape,—in truth they are informed also of his sire's shippewracke on Orgygia, of th' waye in which Atlas' winsome daughter had soe long prevented any efforts to escape.

### V.

Odysseus had now finisht th' vessell, with faire Calypso's assistance, furnish'd it well, donn'd a choice robe presented by her, bade the nymph farewell and set out on th' voyage. During seventeene days fayre weather and a favouring saili'g breeze prevayled, but on th' next it became tempestuous and his vessell soone began to sinke. Throwi'g offe the clinging garment he cast himselfe into th' sea, and preserv'd from death by th' care of Pallas, finds land on the Phæacian shores.

## VI.

Here being found then by Nausicaä, th' kinges daughter, as he doth lie wrapt in soothing sleepe.

## VII.

He is led to th' court, cloth'd and rendered fit to take part as beseemeth his position, and hospitablie entertained by her father.

## VIII.

At a festive gath'ring, as the costlie meats and wines are plac'd before them, Odysseus doth give an acompt of those wanderings since the fall of Troie, recounti'g all his narrow escapes from manie a difficile situation.

## IX.

Therein spake he of those disastrous chancees, by which he nearly lost his life; told his experience among th' Lotu'-eaters, how the sailors long'd to remaine in th' land where it seemeth ever an afternoon.

Alcinous, much interessed in th' recitall, bade Odysseus dilate the storie, and he ran it thorowe even to that momente as he sat at meat. He told th' storie of further adventures—a stay on th' Ile of Goats; sailing on to finde th' Cyclops, having twelve of his men with him, our traveller enco'nt'red Polyphemus, in his cave, where six of his sturdy followers were eaten even while th' hero stood there, nor could hee and th' others have escapt a like fate had not Odyseus made th' great monsterr intoxicated with Grecian wine. Without delay Odysseus burned out the giant's eye which occupied th' middle of his face, for he had but a single optick. Render'd helpeles thereby Polyphemus could not staye their departure.

## X.

They then ster'd westwards, coming first to th' Isle of Æolus. The wind-god gave them the windes in a bag, hence th' wand'rings might have come to a close, had not th' inquisitive sailours open'd the bag and allow'd severall to escape. Having but a single wind remaineing and that being westerly, they were swept farre awaie towards the setting sunne. They sawe Canibals which eate each other, call'd th' Antropophagi, or Læstry-gones, and men whose heads grow beneath their shoulders.

At length comming to the iland of Circe, th' encha'tresse, they are detained a yeare, as th' spells Circe threwe over the men chang'd them to swine, but by th' use of Moly, an herb that Mercury furnisht him, they were at once restor'd to their naturall forme. Circe, however, even though shee long'd to keepe Odysseus by her, assisted in manie ways when he set out againe.

## XI.

Soone they came to the Oceanus, swift flowinge; visited the Cimmerii that dwell in pitchy night nor ere behold th' day. Thence he went into the nether-world and inquired of the seer, Teiresias, how hee might reach his farre-away native countrie, Ithica. The seer tells him Jove's wrath doth burne strongly against our bold wan-derer because of his injury to the gigantic Polyphemus, as he was sonne to one of th' gods, Poseido'. When this was said it made the blood in his vaines flow icylie, yet the seer told him whither he must saile, in orde' that he might reach his home.

## XII.

Upon his waye backe acrosse th' westerne sea, he againe visited Circe who furder asisted him, gave him advice, counseling him well regarding dangers he would meeete. Passing th' place in which th' Sirens make their sweetest melodie (that they may cause th' destruction of the passers by, luringe them from a safe channell so that their vessell splits on a sunken rock ere one can see danger) he ordered his companio's to binde him fast to th' mast, so that hearing the musicke and feeling its charme, he could not if he desir'd, follow them. The sailors heard not one sound, as Odysseus had giv'n them a charge, ere reachi'g the spot, all eares should now be made deafe to these songs by being well filled.

So one dread peril is passed; then those more awefull dangers, Charybdis on one side and Scilla on th' other, threat them. Six of the sailors, dashed on th' sharp rocks, were kill'd, while all narrowlie escaupt the Maelstrom that doth sucke shippes downe to the lower world.

Yet, clearing these, they once more set their course to go to farr-off Ithica, coming nexte to Thrinatia, an island in the western sea in which Helios, th' sun-god, kept the famous cattell. Having in remembrance his instructio's that Teiresias had particularly impress'd on him, Odysseus attempted to passe by with speede and avoide the tempting creatures, yet everie sailor was fuly determined to land; so whilst Odysseus was unmindfull of his men, or this purpose, as he lay lock'd i' the armes o' Sleep, they hastily killed these cattell—or a number of the'. Because of it Zeus, angrie and revengefull, sent his dreaded thunder-bolt and wrecked the vessell killing all save Odyseus,

preserving him because of his promise to Pallas Athene of his safe arrivall in Ithica.

Hee also relateth to Alcinous—that known alreadie to the reader—th' stay at Ogygia, and Atlas' daughter's offer of immortality; how no bliss could bee like his, could hee see his native land, th' wife of his bosome, Telemachus, his dear sonne, and his olde servants.

### XIII.

This moveth King Alcinous to give him a shippe and send him forth on the homeward voyage. This, then, was straightway accomplish'd—King, Queene, as well as gentle young princesse gave him manie rich robes and ornaments, costly articles of all kinds fit for th' ransome of a great king, to carry to Ithacea that his travaile and toyles be rewarded.

Sailing with an auspiciou' gale th' voyage was briefe and very soone th' harbour close by commeth to viewe. At dawne they enter to sounds that the joyous waves when driv'n by merry gales ever do make, yet not a note may reach an eare which is sealed by Sleepe; the wand'rer lieth lockt in th' dreamelesse slumber of th' dead, and they put into th' haven of Phoreys where their vessell lieth at rest without anchor or stay of any kinde, while he is yet under th' spell, and th' Phaeacian sailors taking him up verie gently conveye both him and th' vast treasures to shore.

Rowing thither and returning softly, they disembark the stores given him by Alcinou', Arete, or Nausicaä, and leaving him by the shore with soft sleepe on the senses, th' treasure heapt at his side, they proceed at once to returne unto their owne land.

When th' sleeper waketh he doth still think that it is

a place not familiar, since he cannot at present discern th' port, Minerva having caste a mistie cloud upon every-thing, to keepe his presence secret; but after a short periode, shee, comming unto him and dispelling th' mists sheweth him th' olive-trees, that cave of th' nymphs on th' slope of th' hil, and the nimphes weaving their beauteous robes of purple hue, also loftie olde Neritos with his bosky sides above this.

He recogniz'd his beloved Ithaca then, and sta'ding near, th' goddesse spake thus unto him: "Thou art re-turned to Ithaca because I, Mine'va, ever watchfull guided thy waye, guarding thy life where ever thou wert lest thy eager enemie slaye thee. Therefore wait with a paciente spirit and beare all th' evill that shall come to thee, for the day of the great vengeance is at hand."

The goddesse ayding, hastilie they now co'ceal'd the gifts o' Alcinous, Arete and fairest Nausicaä, in th' cave fast by a stremme of living water flowing into th' sea. Palla' then touch'd Odysseus with the wande she carried, soe that old age possess'd his form, making the limbes stiff and bent, whilst his face lookes old and wither'd and the abundant faire hair hardly can reach to his shoulders, and sparselie doth shewe. Then Athene caste a begger's wallet on his bended backe, shewed a well marked path leading up to th' dwelling of Eumæus, th' swineherd, and bade th' traveler proceed to that place.

#### XIV.

Obedient to this mandate Odysseus approacht th' house. As he ent'red the courtyard, dogs bark'd with soe much furie the swineheard went to see what caus'd the confusion, then catching sight sodainelie of th' wanderer,

quicklie he doth bring him in, biddeth him such welcome as th' house afforded spreading a skin for a couch, saying as wine is drunke:

"Though I dwell still in this happie country it is not now like daies gone by, for now th' young chiefes govern, and th' friend whose love guarded us doth still staye away from his native land. Th' wife wasting her faire beautie in grieve doth looke for his returne, watching whilst others feast and sleepe, yet for my owne part I fear that he will fail to reach th' countrie of his nativity."

Then th' stranger inquir'd what name bore a wanderer soe lov'd. Assuring th' faithfull old servitor that Odysseus was yet alive, but fearing at present to make himselfe suspected hee narrateth instead, some advent'rous wand'rings claiming to have had thereby knowledge of th' long absente Odysseus, saying his vast wealth of treasures was at that very time to be seene in Thesprotia, for th' king of that land had shewn him th' same and told him it was the treasure of th' wand'ring king o' Ithaca.

He moreover is ready to take oth that a yeares course of th' sunne will not bee ended ere Odysseus come home; but faithfull old Eumæus cannot have faith in his promises, since an Æolian had told once before of something similar, saying hee, himselfe, at distant Ile of Crete had come upon th' Ithacan as he prepar'd to go out to sea, with Idomeneus' help maki'g whole th' vessels broken by storm and tempest, and quite assur'd that he would gain Ithaca ere summer waned. But he came not, and Eumæus for his owne part wish'd all Hellen's kinne were no more, ere Odysseus spent his fortune, or gave soe much strength, soe many yeares of his young manhood, to avenge th' insulte.

## XV.

Meanwhile Pallas Athenæ doth appear to Telemachus in Sparta, as hee lieth sleeplesse on his ivory couch. A glist'ning light fill'd his whole room, and Pallas said to him that he must returne to Ithaca, for th' daye of th' great vengeance was very near 'gainst th' suitors for despoyling faire Ithaca in th' long absence of Odysseus, nor need he fear them, altho' their heralds lying in ambush awaited his ship's appearance to take his life, for th' gods were watching and guarding the sonne to Odysseus; no harm should befall. Shee also bade him go to Eumæus' dwelling where he would be tolde what he should do.

Aecordingly, on the morrowe hee bids Menelaus and sweete Helen farewell and the Queene presenteth a robe her owne hands had wrought to give his bride on the day that his nuptialls bee celebrated, asking him in return to have [her] in his kind remembrance.

From Sparta he once more went in to sandie Pylos and told Nestor and others what he would do. A soothesayer (who having slayne some person was now dreading pursuit) named Theoclymenus beggeth Telemachus to have sufficient kindnesse to take him upon this voyage to Ithaca.

Setting saile, the shores of his native land were in due time to bec discern'd; at last they are gained and sending all of th' company to the city he alone hasten'd quickly to find olde Eumæus, th' herd.

## XVI.

Great was the joye of Eumæus beholding him for, noe tidings having come from him, Eumæus had no hope of seeing him againe. Inquiring immediateli of his friend if suters are yet crowding upon th' land and maki'g

themselves lords of all, "or hath my mother, accepting one in marriage, left Ulysses' bridall bed to become th' possession of cobwebs, for lacke of other or proper furniture?"

But his kind friend eas'd his heart by telling him that th' host of sutors were yet kept at bay, noble Penelope being consta't in her hope that waiting would bee rewarded by fruition o' this love. After a time, when Telemachus perceiveth a stranger there, he maketh inquiry concerning his designes and porte, saying that hee feareth to allowe him to visit his father's palace, th' sutors having much power now, might treat him ill. Whereupon Odysseus, vexed, doth himselfe put in a word and say:

"Ah, these suitors, why do we heare of them no matter where we go? Do ye yield to them willinglie or do th' people hate thee, O Telemachus, or hast thou a quarrel with thy kinsmen, that thou hast thus suffer'd them to overrun this whole country?"

But Telemachus hasten'd to answere: "I have no feud with my kindred, nor doe I of my owne free will yield to th' usurping crowd, but they have swarm'd in upon us like bees; and what would you? one can scarce prevaile against soe manie."

As soone as Eumæus was gone upon a commission to th' city, Odysseus saw a very bright figure standing before him and recognized the goddesse. She bade him prepare for his great vengeance, to make himself known to Telemachus, and proceede to his palace. Then she passed over him a wande which changed Ulysses' figure to beautiful proportiones, and gave his cheekes the rosy hue they had had in youth, while over th' rich garments hung his long lockes yellow as gold.

Telemachus, much surprised, asked Ulysses: "Who is this standing here looking like to one of the bright gods?" Then Ulysses embract his dear sonne and wept asseverating that he was, verilie, Ulysses.

But Telemachus could not yet trust these happy words and doubting said: "But men pass not thus from age to youth, from weaknesse, from want, povertie or squalor, to riches and strength." Ulysses made othe that it was Telemachus' sire, affirming, "If I indeed be not Ulysses, none other will ever come to the coast of Ithaca."

Noe longer might Telemachus doubt. Embracing his sire he lifted his voyce and together they lamented like birds from which th' young have beene stolen, even like vultures or eagles, and Ulysses asked: "How many are these suitors of whom all speake?" And Telemachus made answer: "They may be recko'd by scores and what could two doe against such a number?" "If Jove and mighty Minerva lende us ayde it is sufficient," said Ulysses, "and better to dye fighting for our right than to yield weaklie."

Th' sutors in th' meantime, who had waited in ambush to slay the prince on his homeward waye, much vex'd about the failure of all their subtile designes, return'd to Ithaca. Penelope thereupon reproved Antinous who was one of th' number.

Eumæus came to report his experiences at evening, but th' stranger was againe in th' guise of a wand'ring beggar.

#### XVII.

When morn came againe, Telemachus went to the home of Odysseus and shortlie after he set out, his sire intreated Eumæus to permit him (Odysseus) to accom-

pany him there. On th' waye, as they rest by the side of a fountaine, a goatheard, hight Melanthius, revil'd Odysseus soe much that with utmost difficulty he staied his hand.

Then they pass'd onward to th' citty and as they came to the pallace gate an aged hound rose to greeete Ulysses but falling back expired.

Then Odysseus wept saying: "Was this a comely hound when young, swift and strong?"

"Like th' wind for speed and nothing ever escap'd him in th' chase" said Eumæus.

Upon entering the vast hall Odysseus soliciting an alms of Antinous entreatingly said: "Thou dost have the appearance of gen'rous royalty. Give, and thou shalt winne great fame, for Jove shall surelie rewarde thee and I shall speake of thy bounty both near and far." Then he said he also had great abunda'ce untill Jove tooke away his wealth and drove him to Ægypt and to Cyprus where hee suffer'd ills noe tongue might tel. But Antinous strucke him on the backe saying: "Verily thou mayst go to a Cyprus or to an Ægypt thou likest not if thou haste not to depart."

But th' rest who stooode looking on prayed him to beware, reminding him that immortall gods wander ofte i' lowly guise. Afterward th' suitors go into th' hall and Odysseus dropping his walle' beside him sate in th' doore-waye.

### XVIII.

Ere long a publike beggar, named by th' suters Irus, since he was ofte a messenger emploied by them, commeth, and standing to begg, joyes to see Odysseus in a like or worse condition, ~~for~~ miserie wisheth all may share its

wronges; and after a little time hee is ill-pleas'd that another hath sought bounty at th' pallace. Soone they are bandying wordes, nexte giving challenge, then Irus lieth prostrate, felled by one forcefull blow that broke the jawebone.

Then are the on-lookeres dismaied least much worse ills lurke behind, for Ulysses then in a loud voyce addressing Amphinomus saith: "Soone the great vengeance must suddenly come and low in th' dust thou shalt be laid by th' hand of mightie Ulysses, when he comming backe to his owne kingdome endeth Jove's impos'd punishment, slayeth the greedie chieftains that devoure his substance, striving together for th' faire wife, that having but her serva'ts as guides or protecting guard, suffer'd much by such actions."

But Eurymachus hearing these words, anger'd and insulted, caste a stoole that overthrew the cup-beare'. Confusion everywhere ran riot and at last they withdrew one by one to the dwellings.

#### XIX.

Onelie the servants, th' attendants of his pallace are left and soone Ulysses, plotting destruction of th' multitude of wrong-doing idle suitors, alone, broods in sadnessse. Then commeth Telemachus to aide, Pallas also beeing with him, and together gath'ring up th' armes of th' sutors, Pallas with a light preceding as a guide, they stor'd them in th' innermost chamber.

As Telemachus sawe th' gleaming pillars he said: "My father, surelie one of th' divine gods hath enter'd with us. Beholde th' bright fir-tree columnes, they burne as with flame, on all sides pillers shine as though blazing with

celestiall glory. Truly wonders here shew on everie hand.” But rest is necessarie now and Telemachus is bidden to seeke his nightes repose.

Soone Odysseus returneth in silence to th’ hall, yet meditati’g th’ vengeance he would take upon these suters untill late. Penelope then apeareth, seeming as Venus or Diana in th’ fairenesse and beautie of moulde and th’ grace of movement. Shee seateth herselfe beside the fire, bids th’ servant bring Odysseus to sit on one side, inquiring whence he is, also who, yet he tells her not. With ease hee doth narrate a tale that is not a true historie of his wanderings, since he feareth he may bee betray’d; shee in her simple heart believeth it, and telleth how her beauty was wasted in heavy grieve for Ulysses, as he sail’d away to Illium to avenge fayre Helen’s wicked, shamelesse act; she tells him how th’ suitors harass’d her, and of her shrewde device in order to gain a little time, saying to them shee must first compleate for Laertes the woven mantle she had yet to prepare ’gainst his buriall, how at eve ravelling out all she had done in th’ daie, th’ suters were made to thinke her labor would soone be done, for seeing her diligence in th’ daytime, noe one suppos’d she was making no progres. For more then three whole yeares did this ruse availe, but in th’ fourth th’ suters learned of her deceit and angrily demanded immediate response.

But though inquiring oft of his former surroundings, his birth etcætera, nothing indued him to open his storie to her, but he feign’d to her constantlie. After long speeche sitting there by th’ cheerfull fire, Penelope summon’d th’ friendlie old servante, Euryklea, to wash his feete. It was the nurse Odysseus had in his infancy, and

hee doth attempte to turne from th' fire lest she might see the scar that was made by the boar's tuske when he hunted on Parnassus in his early youth. She would verily discover anie marke and tell th' household, so when she speaks saying she knowes 'tis Odysseus, her child, for hee is so like him in his strong handes and feete, his answer is that frequentlie th' peculia' likenesse had beene noted; but when, discovering th' scar, she exclaimeth that she doth well knowe th' wound made by the boar's tuske, for notwithstanding it was throughlie heal'd by Autolycus it left a scarre, Odysseus in alarm catching her by the throat shouteth angrily: "Silence, woman, or thou too must fare ill. Commit this to the gods." But this came not to Penelope's eares, th' goddesse, Minerva, having turn'd away her face.

Then the nurse in haste brought more water and bathed him, for the other had beene spilt, when, sitting opposite Penelope by th' fireside, the conversation on her favourite or sole theme was taken up againe, yet Odysseus taketh holde o' th' olde rags and keepeth his scarre cover'd from sight.

## XX.

After a time no sound is heard throughout Ulysses' palace. Pallas appeareth to shewe him what he should do, strength'ning th' heart in his breast by her wordes. At first it doth seeme that it were fitting that he slay th' unfaithfull female servants, most bitterly feeling a want of trust in his household, but on furder consideration he doth think well to wait.

At their feast later the suitors put a deal of man on his sonne, arousing soe mightily his great spiritt that Theoclymenus prophesieth their sudden destruction. They

turne th' prophecie to foolish mockery, and laugh th' seer to scorne.

## XXI.

Penelope coming unto the suitors, declareth no man can have her to wife that cannot draw th' mighty bowe of Odysseus. "Hee that is strong like to Ulyses shall lead me away to a new home, yet of this shall a dream abide still."

Great is their consternation. Antinous wil not handle the weapon, fully co'vine'd hee hath not abilitie to draw or even, verilie, bend slightlie th' bowe of Odysseus; but Eurymachus doth take holde on it, and warm it, attempting to make it to some degree pliant, and saith: "Not that I greatly desire to marrie Ulysses' wife, for many others are fairer in Achaia; not Ithaca onelie but manie a citty hath fairer dames. It is not that, yet should I sorrowe, for 'twould be disgrace to us if posterity should hear that we could not even bend th' bowe of great Ulyses."

Antinous doth persuade his minde so that hee, desisting, laies th' bow aside. Then they pour out wine offering a libation that Apollo, appeased, should lende his aide. Then the old stranger cometh as if it would be possible, by any meanes, in his age to compete with such men, but Antinous, scornfullie doth withhold the bowe taunting him with ill-grace. However his winged wordes are cut short by Penelope, and reproving him for his discourtesy to their guest shee saith to him: "Doe not fear least th' stranger, if successefull, should lead me awaie, for if he can drawe the strong bowe, a new coat or tunick shall be awarded him."

But at this her sonne, Telemachus, maketh reply: "Twere well if it be left for mee to make proofe, as might appear to mee best, of all that wish, or that I deem worthie of th' honour of contending." Thereupon the strife was subdued for a little while and Ulysses said: "Ye may very well leave it unto the gods."

Meantime he had reveal'd hi'selfe to th' oxheard, Philætius. With manie tears he had given a pledge to aide Odysseus, the swineheard seconding him, consequentlie it was arrang'd to have Eumæus carry the weapon to Ulysses and place it in his aged and weakly hand.

As the bowe was handed to him, he first adjusted the string as lightly and deftly as a musitian doth tune his slacken'd harpe, and, lifting it, sped a shaft through th' ring.

## XXII.

Soone th' arrowe was aimed toward Antinous—the young chieftaine lay prone. Another and anothe' were sent swiftlie forth, and the wounded, dead or dying lay in heapes, and gore ran in rivers on th' floore. A withdrawal was impossibl' because order to bar the entrance was given, before th' deadly strife, which Euryclea had done, th' gate being bound up with tackle.

Ulysses havi'g exhausted his quiver, plact a helmet upon his bare head, snatch'd shield and speare, and stood forth a bold hero to menaee th' throng. But he sawe that opposite him were arrai'd sev'ral of th' sutors arm'd with shields, spears, terrorising helmets with long noddi'g plumes, and whatever appertaineth to a warriour. As they continuallie presse furde' forwards, Ulysses noteth that they get th' armes from some of Odysseus' proper household.

Caling Telemachus he maketh inquirie regarding it. The latter, fearing it may be by his owne fault, in leaving ajar a door to the inner roome where the sutors' armes were concealed, doth waite untill he seeth Melanthius supply others with shining speares, and helmets with nodding plumes. Then he fals on th' knave, and with th' ayde of Eumæus, hoisteth him on high and biddeth him keep watch from that airie hammocke.

Then Pallas came to them in the guise of wise Mentor, and both Ulysses and the sutors hoped for ayde, the latter saying to him that hee should aby it dear if he did not joyne them. Ulysses hoping it was to be shewne that he was assisted by the heavenly divinities, and also that this would prove to be Minerva, felt his heart throb gladly, but the voyce said in stern tones: "Odysseus, where is now thy strength, as when at wide-way'd Troy thou didst hew down soe many Trojans? and it was by thy wisdome that th' cittie was overthowrne. Rise now in thy might and shewe an invincible spirit."

Without giving assistance either to one or the other, Minerva rose to th' roofe, and sitting high in aire watcht th' progresse of the confliete, sometimes however guiding th' weapons lest they might too sorely buffet Odysseus or his friends. But when th' combat had lasted some time, Telemachus being wounded in th' wrist and Eumæus in the shoulder, she lifted her Ægide shield, and the suitors in dismay were sodainelie vanquisht.

Next Odysseus, sending messages to manie parts of the pallace, gave strict command that the slaine bee remov'd, th' whole place cleans'd and purged, and th' unchaste servants of his household imprisoned where none could attempte reskewe.

Hastily obeying these commands, his servants soone made all most faire, for Ulysses' returne rejoyc'd th' faithfull attendants of Penelope. Not yet did shee her selfe even know of Ulysses' presence; however Euryclea shortlie went to tell her the glad tidings, for Minerva would that she be kept secluded untill all was prepared.

## XXIII.

After she had ent'red, for a long time she kept silence, in her hart doubting that this stranger who had perform'd these wonderfull deedes might be some other then her long-absente, well-beloved lord. But when she gave directio's for the preparation at once of the bridal couch, saying: "Let it be plact outside th' chamber," and Odysseus spake in quick tones making inquiry: "Where then have you plact the bed my hands did fashion, when round the venerable tree in this court o' my pallace I contriv'd our curiously wrought bridall chamber? There I put th' massive couch, so heavy with gold and silver, fayre ivory as well,—'twere a sinew'd man could lifte from its place a bed like that,—and over it I cast a purple bul's-hide very richly dyed," she knewe it was indeed Odysseus and running up fell on his necke.

Soone hee related the story of his reall adventures and felt a new thankfulnes for th' help vouchsaf'd to him, but realized that no true abiding place was there for his feete.

On the following day Ulysses with Telemachus, Eumæus and Philætus armed in shining brasse set out to visit Laërtes. It was already light ere they could go forth, but Minerva cover'd them from sight with a misty cloud.

## XXIV.

Th' last booke containeth an aecount of Mercury's descent into Hades with th' soules of th' slaughtered suitors.

Thereafter an uprising amongst th' friends of th' latter made an insurrection, which was quell'd by the interventio', at th' decisive momente, of watchfull Minerva. Eupeithes who was their leader being slaine, she warned Ulysses, lest he anger Jove, it would be well to cease, and gave the pledge or othe upon both sides, likened in form and in voyce, as at a former time, to Mentor.

This doth conclude this part of the worke.

Next th' opening lines will bee found, and keiewords which are your aides in joining th' parts of our Epick. The verses followe here:

"Sing, sing to me O Muse, of one to whom  
 Some rare expedient was never wanting,  
 Who, when proud Ilium he had orethrowne,  
 Wander'd afarre that he in many lands  
 Might see faire citties and observe the wayes  
 Of distant countries: yet to him there came  
 Much heavie suffering in that strong minde  
 Devising meanes himselfe and mates to save.  
 Infatuate men! little indeed wot they,  
 Ere Helios' fair herde was rashlie slaughter'd,  
 No man could shielde them, nor would ere again  
 Return to their faire land bring joy and rest.  
 O thou faire goddesse, from high Jove sprung forth,  
 Sing of these sorrowes!"

No more of our Odysses is given here excepting, of a truth, our numerous keyes, and these are oft similar, as noe doubt you will note, to manie that are alreadie used in th' Iliads; but no confusion can arise, as th' words which joine the portions are sufficient. These I name simplie joining-words, as such use must bee made of them as a builder maketh of th' markes that are frequentlie noted on timbers and stones that th' farre-seeing planner doth already, to his mindes eye, picture, fitted into a structure Time itselfe can little alter.

Key-wordes follow: first, the heavenly beings,—goddesses, gods and spirites, demy-gods or heroes; th' ruler or god that controles th' ocean, Poseidon, with the whole traine of sea-gods, nymphes, and attenda'ts; the god of th' underworld, Pluto, with every spirit of that realme; Olympus, Ida, Pergamos, Hellespontus, Troy, Trojans, Grecians, Thrace, siege, battaile, flight, vessels, tempest, wrack, haven, rocks, Calypso, immortality, Penelope, Telemachus, Sparta, Hellen, Menelaus, Nestor, sage, Theoclymenus, Argos, murther, ambuseade, swineheard, adventures, Eumæus, ship, Phæacian sailors, present, Nausicaä, Alcinous, Arete, Cicones, Cyclops, Cimmerii, winds, Circe, sorceresse, Ulysses, mates, enchantment, swine, Teiresias, Scylla, Charybdis, isle, Siren, Helios, cattel, perill, Ithica, suitors, web, bowe, stranger, vengeance, servantes, Laërtes, insurrection, conquest, oathe, Mentor, voyce and forme.

FRANCISCI, BARONIS DE VERULAMIO,  
Vice-Comitis Sancti Albani.

De Dignitate et Augmentis Scientiarum is ended.

## FRANCIS BACON.

### NEW ATLANTIS.

I am named in th' world, not what my stile should bee according to birth, nor what it rightfullie should be according to our law, which giveth to the first-borne o' th' royall house, (if this first-borne be a sonne o' th' ruling prince, and borne in true and right wedlocke) th' title of th' Prince o' Wales. My name is Tidder, yet men speak of me as Bacon, even those that knowe of my royal mother, and her lawfull marriage with th' Earle o' Leicester, a suitable time prior to my birth.

Queenes are not like common folk. They often controle opinions as well as their estates, and Elizabeth's strong will was not one that could be resisted. Her policy made Parliament and her Privy-Counsel each suppose, not onely that their wisedome did soe govern England, but that she herself was, (in a degree truly wondrous for a descendant o' th' line o' kings, like th' royall sire and grandsire o' famous memory) control'd by advisement of th' men that compose these bodies. No doubt they did not lack occasion at one time and another to modify this notion, yet her witt was seldome unequall to occasion, while a perplexitie rather sharpen'd then dull'd, and actuall danger made as a two-edged sword. Thus men were often dazzled by the sword, and not many that used this edg'd weapon escaped without deepe scarres. My hands—aye, my head as well, more then all, my heart—are sorelie wounded; for in a breath, my royall mother disclos'd our relationship and

cursed my nativity: nor could I, in the numerous subsequent encou'ters, change her hasty decisio' upon that very important question of th' succession. 'Tis said: "The curse that was not deserv'd never will come." Some may finde it true, but to me a causelesse curse did surely come, and my entire life felt th' blighte.

Neverthelesse, to Robert Cecil I owe much o' this secret, underhand, yet constant opposition: for from th' first hee was th' spy, th' informer to th' Queene, of all the boyish acts of which I had least cause or reason for any pride. This added fuel to the flame of her wrath, made me the more indiscreete, and precipitated an open disagrement, which lasted for some time, 'tweene my foster-mother, Lady Anne Bacon, and the woman who bore me, whom however I seldom name with a title so sacred as mother. In truth, Cecil work'd me nought save evill to th' daie which took him out o' this world.

Through his vilde influence on Elizabeth, hee fill'd her minde with a suspition of my desire to rule th' whole world, beginning with England, and that my plann was like Absalom's, to steale th' hearts of the Nation and move th' people to desire a king. He told her that my every thought dwelt on a crowne; that my onelie sport amid my school-mates was a pageant of royalty; that 'twas my hand in which th' wooden staffe was plact, and my head that wore th' crowne, for no other would be allowed to represent princes or their pompe. He inform'd Her Ma. that I would give a challenge to a fierce boyish fight, or a duello of fists, if any one presum'd to share my honours or depose me from my throne.

In due time th' Queene, afraide of these ominous portents, sent for good Paulet and arranged that under pre-

texte of great importe, I should accompany our ambassage to Francee. I was plaet in th' care of Sir Amyias and left th' shores of my own faire land without a moment of warning, soe to speak. Th' Queene by her [power] royall, and her rights maternall, readily overrul'd all our several objections. No teares on part o' my dear foster-mother, nor entreaties o' that o' grave Sir N. Bacon avail'd, while I, as soone as my first protest had been waived, occupied my fantasy houre after houre, picturing to myselfe th' life in forraigne lands.

Th' fame of th' gay French Court had come to me even then, and it was flattering to th' youthfull and most naturall love o' th' affaires taking us from my native land, inasmuch as th' secret commission had been entrusted to me, which required much true wisdome for safer, speedier conduct then 'twould have if left to th' common course o' businesse. Soe with much interessed, though sometimes apprehensive minde, I made myselfe ready to accompanie Sir Amyias to that sunny land o' th' South I learn'd soe supremely to love, that afterwards I would have left England and every hope o' advancement to remain my whole life there. Nor yet could this be due to th' delights of th' country, by it selfe, for love o' sweete Marguerite, th' beautifull young sister o' th' king (married to gallant Henri th' King o' Navarre) did make it Eden to my innocent heart, and even when I learn'd her perfidie, love did keepe her like th' angels in my thoughts half o' th' time—as to th' other half she was devilish, and I myselfe was plung'd into hell. This lasted duri'g many yeares, and, not untill four decades or eight lustres o' life were outliv'd, did I take any other to my sore heart. Then I married th' woman who hath put Marguerite from my memorie—rather, I should say, hath

banisht her portrait to th' walles of memorie, onely, where it doth hang in th' pure, undimmed beauty of those early dayes—while her most lovelie presence doth possesse this entire mansion, of heart and braine.

Yet here I have a little digress'd, although the matter doth appertaine unto my story at a later period. When Sir Amyias Paulet became avised of my love, he propos'd that he should negotiate a treaty of marriage, and appropriately urge on her pending case o' the divorce from the young Huguenot; but for reasons of very grave importance these buds of an early marriage never open'd into flower. But the future race will profit by th' failure in the field of love, for in those flitting daies afterward, having resolv'd to cover every marke of defeate with th' triumphs o' my minde, I did thoroughly banish my tende' love dreams to th' regions o' clouds as unreal, and let my works of various kinds absorb my minde. It is thus by my disappointments that I do secure to many, fruition.

Those whose chief desire is *Scientia* will rejoice in my experiments in Naturall Sciences, for they have greatly increas'd the knowledge which was in th' world. Something have my labours done for other claimants, and Philosophie and th' Arts have gained by no meanes slightly by my labour, for I took no respite for yeares. It is to make my decypherer industrious I urge this upon the attention soe frequently. I have learn'd well how much a wise use of time saveth, and I wish most deeply to stampe my precepts upon th' minde, at th' very earliest opportunitie and upon my latest appearance, as a guide in th' labyrinth of Cyphers.

It is to this husbandry—this guarding 'gainst losse that I do owe a large—aye th' greater portion o' this work in

Cypher. When a care of the minutes hath been learnt—a care almost miserlie, in truth—his next taske, quite similar, is that of holding to it faithfullie. This work perhaps more then any other which is knowne to mankind needeth continuance. As in a race he that hath greatest endurance doth come out before him of greatest speede, so here, likewise, hee who can long followe this Cipher is sure to winne an easy triumphe over him that soone tireth and leaveth the course.

It was necessarie to be wary: wee have spoken little therefore in anie single place, eyther of the subjects that are fully treated in the Cyphers or the rules for their easy unfolding: indeed a man of wit shall finde our stories and plays before he doth see the rules and arguments, if he be not a patient man, or especially if bird-witted—flying on swiftest pinions and never resting upon the leafie boughs longer then until he finde one olive leafe; but when his waie becometh difficile he hath but weake aides, if he finde not the diverse arguments which I put in many places in the bi-literall and clocke Ciphers.

Labour, I doe entreat thee, with all dilligence to draw forth th' numerous rules for use in writing out these secret workes. It is now the onely desire that hath likelihood of grand fulfillment, but so great is our faith that posterity shall give honour unto our name, here and in the distant lands beyond th' seas, our efforts are, as it might be said, tirelesse and unceasing to carry out even the least portions of our marvellous work to perfection.

Unto God do we lift up our soules imploring of Him aide, blessing, and light for the illumination o' the workes which wee leave.

## FRANCIS BACON.

### SYLVA SYLVARUM; OR NATURAL HISTORY.

#### RAWLEY'S PREFACE.

Illy his lordship's works succeed when he is dead, for the Cypher left inco'plete I have now finished. As you must note, th' Court papers told the world no secrets, yet I have stumblingly proceeded with it and unwitti'gly used some letters wro'gly as B, I, L, M, N, P, S and Z.

When, however, you find this change in the eighth Centurie where I beganne th' worke, you shall pause awhile, then use the alphabet as it is heerein employ'd and as explain'd in my preceding epistle. It will thus be like a new kind of alphabet and doubtlesse will bee troublesome, yet can bee conn'd while some had to be discover'd; but in respect of a probable familiaritie with th' worke, and the severall diverse methods employed oft by his lordship, this may by no meanes be requir'd, since th' wit that could penetrate such mysteries surely needeth no setti'g forth and enlarging of mine.

Ere the whole question be dropt, however, let me bid you go on to my larger and fully arranged table where th' storie, or epistle, is finish'd as it shou'd have beene had his lordship lived to compleat it, since my part was but that of th' hand, and I did write only that portion which was not us'd at th' time. All this was duly composed and written out by his hand, and may bee cherish'd.

From his penne, too, works which now bear th' name Burton—containing in them th' symboll, word, bi-literall, clocke, and severall anagramme Ciphers put forth—make useful those portions which could by noe means bee adapted to dramaticall writings. If you doe not use them as you deeypher th' interiorour epistles, so conceal'd, your story shall not be compleat.

Th' workes are in three divisio's entitled, Melancholy, Its Anatomy. Additions to this booke have beene by direc-  
tion of Lord Verullam, himselfe, often by his hand, whilst  
th' interiorour letter, carried in a number of ingenious  
Cyphers mentioned above, is from his pen, and is the same  
in every case that he would have used in these workes, for  
his is, in verie truth, worke cut short by th' sickel of Death.

Turn next as instru'ted to my co'plete table of the matter treated, or experiments set downe, and carry the scret story to its conclusio'. This doth followe directly upon the body of the worke as it should, had it beene incorporate with it.

WILLIAM RAWLEY.

## FRANCIS BACON.

### NATURAL HISTORY.

Every worke contains portions of my Cypher history: many that have great matters o' which no suspicion should be rais'd while I live, are written in the Latine, and are the lesse likely to be prematurelie found; for I doe not write these in expectation or desire of rousing such attention as shall jeopardize the story (hid much as our rules and sundry directions are hidden, onely not so oft repeated, for the readie eie o' my closest reader) built out of some stories great poetes have writ, or sung, that I turn'd into the best English of my day, to use in my Cypher.

Finding that one important story within manie others produc'd a most ordinarie play, poem, history, essay, lawmaxime, or other kind, class, or description of work, I tried th' experiment of placing my tra'slations of Homer and Virgil within my other Cypher. When one work has been so incorporated into others, these are then in like manner treated, separated into parts and widely scatter'd into my numerous books. When th' task has been compleated, and this little Ciphe' (thus contrived to ayde you in the writing) put into place, it is ready for the publishing.

Seeke it out by carefull attentio' to the simple rules which pointe your course: directions shewe each part of the worke so fully, (my designe is so farre worked out in such other accompanying Cyphers as best will teach this invention) that the unfolding doth seem like as it were

o' itselfe. Indeed you may write meerelie as the hired assista't whose worke is that of a man's hand, or penne, not of his thought, braine, or minde, inasmuch as my thought has inform'd every portion, as the minde doth the bodie.

At no time shal your appearance in mine emploie bee deem'd anie otherwise then that of an amanuensis, yet, sir, all dues of honour shal be yours, in this and the coming ages, since it is wholly by this meanes that the greatest things of this age can be revealed. Much doth it behoove everie man to be wise, prudent, and of great care to avoid the obloquy the vulgar are ever likelie to east on anyone more fortunate then themselves; thus I, constantly heed-ing this, have kept the secret of my birth many years longer than was absolutely necessary, lest seeking to ac-quire that which, while most truly my right, beeing settled by my royll mother upon my cousin, could not well be reclaimed, I might loose thereby many worthie honours I had wonne by labor as fruitfull and widely scattered, indeed, as any workes of Nature.

This however is told in full; I do but make mention of it here. Seeke it out if you have not alreadie found it, and make a full historie of my owne life and times. The men who live in the world will much valew a worke so hidden and preserv'd when I shall be no more a living historian and philosopher, since all should seeme to em-body my invention, and to be the sound of my long unheard voyee, which speaks to them in tones well remem-ber'd.

Yet must I owe to you the favo' of making this voyce sound the sweet music o' song. I can but frame the verses for your penne, and leave a work of Time unto Time's

mastery. Your dutie although somewhat dull is of so great importancy, I am assured that it doth requite the pains, but my great fear is lest a wearinesse overcome you ere this Cypher, or the Word Cypher may be fully work'd out. Doe me not so meane a service as leaving this work unfinished, I do entreat you. Make it my monument to marke the end of labour for my fellowe-men,—principallie the advancement and dissemination of knowledge, yet much for th' pleasing of men's mindes, while setting forth my other history,—for I give you my assurance that the worke is worthy o' preservacion.

One must give as great a portion o' time as seven daies in the weeke can furnish, and must not use many houres for recreation, would he leave ought o' any value to men, for life is so short. It is for this cause that I use my time so miser-like, never spending a moment idly, when in health. Oft my table seemes to me as a study, and I too frequently invite my friends when my minde seemes more upon my worke then my guests; yet do I accompt my reputation as an host not of the worse, inasmuch as I do converse with great ease, and (as hath beene said) with so much spiritt and wit that none know or imagine my absorption. Many times have I thus made the plot of a story in minde while great lords sat at the table, follow'd many of my experimenteres to indisputable conclusions, or contrived a newe Cipher.

You will observe a rule by which I separated the parts or divisions; this rule will, per contra, put them together in the originall order. Thus, when the keyes are found, take a part of that for your story, then follow the same key until some o' th' widely open doores be entered, and some idea bee form'd of the method of th' hidden Cyphe'.

Follow this to its inner folio, nor unbende until the whole of my Cipher historie be written.

It is behoovefull, as indeed wee know, that none o' this worke attract attention while I remaine here, and for another quite manifeste reaso' th' Cyphers are not as justly work'd out i' my later and larger bookes as I had intended to do, for lacke of time is something no man could overcome. Surely my hand and braine have but short rest. I firmly beleeve it were not in th' power of humane beings to do anie more then I have done, yet I am but partlie satisfied.

The chiefe wish I now have is to continue my rightfull, humble, yet truly worthy workes for my toyling fellowes, who wrestle in blind helplessness with th' forces of Nature. We that know the manifold mightie influences of unseen things, owe more of this knowledge of our environings to the light from our Celestiall Source then to our investigations. Therin lieth the duty we owe to our fellowe-men, for do not our Scriptures say: Freely ye have received, so must ye in like manner give? This then doth urge me ever on, up to heights of knowledge that no one hath ever reached.

Make a table, as hath beene alreadie said, putting therin the names that I have taken in the worke, and also mark that each doth represent one of my numerous penne names. When a word has many times been used, making what you would thinke, many times, very uselesse and questionable averments, you will turne to your small table, and finding it has beene put upon it, you begin a course or hunt for certaine other words,—keies I have named them,—but keepe the same catche, or guide-words from place to place. A small tilda, or mark of this kinde is used, sometimes, to catch your attention, and ayde in th' search for keyes.

The mark is often put inside letters, and as I have already said, is neare key-words.

My word-signs are scatt'red with most prodigall hand, not onely in the prose, but also in the diverse other workes. In many places you may finde them named as joyning-wordes, this manner shewing their use, which is to bring parts together. You must likewise keep in minde one very important rule: it is, that like must be joyn'd to like. Match each key with words of a like meaning, like nature, or like origin. These are sometimes called, in many prose pamphlets and th' workes of philosophy or science, conjugates, connaturalls and similars or parallels.

This doth unite parts in such a maner that you can write in perfection my many stage-plaies, histories, poemes, translations of Homer, Ovid, and (and) Virgil, and many French poems writen at an early age, and little worth save to finish the historie that they complete,—indirectly it is true, nor too fully, but with such passion that he who doth put it downe is sure to take it up againe. It sheweth forth my love for mine angelic-faced, softe-eyed Marguerite of th' South-land—sweet White Rose of my lone garden of th' heart.

My table of keyes by which each of the many workes were prepared, you may have found while making out this Cypher; they have beene placed in most of my books, but in manifolde wayes, as well as in many placees, in order that my Cipher story of mine earliest yeeres, be not writen while I stay in this land of my birth and rightfull inheritance. It is for this cause that little of your subject matter occupies one space, your numerous instructions so widely dispersed, nothing given with any due concern as to sequence, changes (often unexpected) from one

place to another, with much other and entir'ly foraine matter introduced to make this to appeare principall in the intention.

Yet the trulie diligent worker and ingenious decipherer may not thus easily be let or missled, and I shall rest ill in my minde for this manie a long day, least this fox may chance to be unkennelled too early. It is not feare, but disstaste of th' unseemely talk and much curiositie of the many who read these Cypher histories, and it is worth your time spent i' the long labour, if I have my inventions so perfected that nothing may thwart my designes.

My time of feare went from me with my greatness, but I still wish to avoid many questionings,—and much suspicion, perchance, on the side of the king, in his owne prope' person. I have neede of the very caution which kept these secrets from the many, when my mother made me swear secrecy, and my life was the forfeit; nor may I now speake openly, yet many men for a kingdome would break their oathes.

But my kingdome is in immortall glory among men from generatio' unto comming generations. An unending fame will crowne my browe, and it is farre better worth in any true thinking minde, I am assured, than many a crowne which kings do have set on with shewe and ceremonie. Yet when I have said it, my heart is sad for the great wrong that I must forever endure.

Seeke th' key-words if you would find th' secrets I shall write or anie alreadie told, for a newe name must now bee given him who shewes here written some pages of his hidden history. This you may finde clearly tolde in the Word-Cypher if it be still to seeke, but as I have mentioned it in severall places I must be allow'd the hope that you

have found the letter I have written which contains the directions in itself for a Cypher of a very great valew for my purposes.

I shewe many truths of the affaires of th' times that you have not founde told by my fellow-historians, for none knowe this page of history as the Queene—and a few others that dar'd not reveal it—knew it, and fear'd it. What will grow therfrom, is unknowne, yet none living save one man, besides the one most interested, standeth in this historie. These two are myself—one who by rights should be th' King of England, the last o' the honour'd line of rulers of whom none was more honour'd then was my mother, Queene Elizabeth, (and none lesse justlie so), the other is His Ma. th' King, (Charles) important onely as th' sonne o' th' man who ruled his owne kingdome, that of Scotland, and mine, that o' Eng-land.

The principall reason which makes my heart sad shall then be seen more fully. It is one quite such as Nature, herselfe doth place within us,—the love o' power with desire for right and justice, and though you stand farre removed from me in time (this I doubt not) it is still my surest hope that you may not let my story lie hidden from all eies, but will winne just renoune among men by writing, in many tongues, the Cypher which my writings hold within them. As the worke would scantily paye such of the hunting men as must be rewarded promptlie, and who can never seeke patientlie secrets that be of a greater worth then any history otherwise giv'n, especially if it may be through wayes that do turne many times backe and forth, you are, I do assure you, alone in this adventure.

Many who ride to th' chase turne back their steedes before th' fox runs to cover; the game is too swift, or, as oft may happen with one having a steed of great spirit, he is left by a hedge and must helpe himself in as good humour as possible: so in quests of this sorte they will not winne that fall by the wayside, nor they that turne back ere the end.

My labyrinth is tortuous, guarded by a Minotaur more fierce than th' one in Crete, and as watchfull as a Cerberus. It is myselfe that watcheth as "they that prevent the morning," lest I be betraied by some Judas or moderne Sinon, and I trust that the meanderings leade the feet in apparentlie meaningless waies, so that the places seeme not noteworthy to th' observer, in which I have put the keyes, while others having no important matter have beene prepared in a way that arouses curiosity. Farre fro' her neste, the Lapwing cries, away; and I have thus farre met with unhoped, even unthought of results, insomuch that now I feare that my whole labour may be lost.

But faith is triumphant, and th' doubts are generally conquered; for we do place men's powers i' rank, not so farre beneath our owne that we give waye to distrust. This that is cast wide upon darke waters may some daye bring a reward to one who did not sowe th' grain nor plough th' ground; but when it shall be, my fame must exceed his. This that I do, ever must be held of such value that the work of him who carries it forward can but be, as hath beene formerly mentioned, second to mine.

You now must use other plays which are combin'd, in the manner of the many already used, as follows: Peele's comedy of The Old Wives' Tale; and Shakespeare, his Twelfe Night, or What You Will; Comedy of Errors;

Midsommer Night' Dreame; As You Like It; Love's Labour Lost, and Th' Two Gentlemen of Verona. Next Greene's Pinner of Wakefield, with the Merchant of Venice; to these join the Arraignement o' Paris of Peele, and The Taming o' the Shrew, Marlowe's Jew o' Malta, and second Doctor Fausstus, Th' Merry Wives of Windsor, Measure for Measure, and All is Well that Ends Well. When you compleate the foregoing, take Much Ado about Nothing, Peele's Tale of Troy, Hiren th' Faire Greeke, and The Winter's Tale.

By this time you must have found all these rules, as everie play contains many. These direct your feet in a winding waie, wearysome to you oft-times and not always promising much profite, and yet manie stories are wrapt in this Cyphe'. Many of these were placed heere only for a guide or aide, in my Cipher-work. This must have beene soe apparent many times that my mention of it giveth you undue labour, but you had not greater dificultie with this very tortive Cypher, it must be seene, then I have had in writing them all and co'cealing one within others so neatly that no prying eie hath read the stories thus hidden here.

This Cypher then is of value to future generations. They who may have an ardent desire for glory, hereby may find a waye to gain the honour which they thus fervently and fev'rously seeke. He that is employed to conduct business which doth much concerne matters of th' State, and th' affaires that not onely are of importancy to princes, but to the people, shall not faile to want other, possibly many and varied, means of transmitting whatever is of secrecy or great import in his embassage. To him shall my invention give joy and profit many times,

nor can it be untimely at any age of human history—when my life is done, a monument more white and fair than the marble the farre mines o' Italy or Isles of Ionia have ever produc'd.

Pause before abandoning your work to aske: “Is my honor, my pride, my fortune or fame pledg'd to anie thing?” It is said to anyone having gone forth to his labor: “Let not him look baek who hath put hand unto his plough;” so shall the man who may have found my inventions presse forward to his farthest bourne, and winne the reward of industrious workers.

Never may doubts and idle fears assail him. A light shineth upon th' path his feet must tread, guiding like fiery pillar both while the night doth darken, and in the daytime when the sunne doth shine,—in th' noontime, at evening and at morne. Many moneths shall this light guard the waye, guiding his feete, and comforting his spirits. No labyrinth can bee so winding that he shal not be the leader through all the twisted, subtile turnings.

As houndes pursew the fox, so swiftly must he followe the quest till the Cipher histories be found. Time will justlie pay all his obligations, as he provided early in his venture, nor will he aba'don one who wandereth in Night and *Ægyptia'* darknesse untill he hath found th' light. Your assurance may grow strong, my friend, for th' end is sure. The golden crowne shall one day be yours.

Alas, how do men's mindes turne to the hope of a great name in some other waie, when no greatnessse of bloud hath set a seal upo' them. Some, however, are greater by birth. Such are heires to kingdomes, as I myself am, yea, and heire to a scepter itself, of such

pow'r that Europe doth tremble in dread o' wrath and destruction if the shadowe falleth over the land: yet I am not king, nor even heire-apparent to His Ma. My mother gave away her owne first-borne fruit o' her body, nor did she at any subsequent time honor him publickly as her sonne, although she promised it oft in the earlier years of her raigne. I who now speake to you in this waye, as hath bin said elsewhere in th' Cipher, am the Prince so unjustlie treated. My heart burneth in my bosom, my spirit swelleth like Neptune's waters before a tempest, and threateneth to orepeer the lists whenere my eager thoughts dwell long upon a crowne and throne.

Nor is it wholly borne of injuries,  
But there is that within my spiritt saith  
That I was form'd to govern other men,  
Wisely and boldly as beffitteth kings.  
It is no vaine conceit, no idole dreame,  
But in my veines a royall currant floweth  
Whose sourse, no other than the heart of him  
Surnam'd the Conqueror, sent i' crimson rivers,  
Warm, vitall, swift, in many channels running;  
Through heart o' one the boldest of th' bold,  
Whom men re-christen'd Cordelion—Richard,  
The Lion Heart; through artiers of that king,  
Edward the Third in name—th' first in honor;  
And in bold Henry Fifth coursing like fire;  
That bloud inflam'd my grandsire Henry Eight;  
Surged in the veines of Queen Elizabeth,  
My royall mother; now, to me come downe,  
Entaileth to me, by a law divine,  
This sole inheritance. Yea, it is mine,

A gift irrevocable from her whose hand  
Th' imperiall scepter held. Not Jove himselfe  
With awfull bending browe,—the nod that shaketh  
The firm foundation of the solid globe  
With fev'rous earthequakes, maketh Heaven tremble  
In terrour and affright, and hurleth backe  
To secret ocean eave a frighten'd horde  
Of cowering waves,—had pow'r to give to gods,  
Or unto humankind, decree more fix'd.

Such are these Cypher poemes I put within workes of this kind. The theam of the exteriorour works—play, poem, or work of science—often no waye concerneth that contain'd within, yet in the Cypher history I have put some of my wealth of poesy, both of poesie which doth intend nought but th' giving of pleasure, and that whose designe is to instruct. Many are plays, others are translated epics of Virgill and Homer. I repeate this oft since I know not what pages have beene work'd out, not supposing that instinct in a decypherer can be so strong, that he hath begun his work where I commenced my instructions; yea, in workes of poetry, history, science, I have scatter'd with free hand so manie repetitions of my directions that it would surprise me beyond measure, if my letter remaine still a sealed booke whose writing none may read.

When sufficient have beeene found in any place to make a full tale of keyes, a portion o' this history may be written, and, please you, the writing o' th' secrets is chiefest in my conceit, for 'twere a more note-worthy thing, I hold, to make true and correct records of the history of England and of Queene Elizabeth, her life,

than to relate the most thrilling tale man's minde can produce. It doth redounde most to our credit of all our worthy labou', and shall also bring just reward unto the decipherer, but no part is better worth noting then the portio' that doth containe the story which Time onely will reveale, inasmuch as it is nowhere found or is nowhere left to my countrymen but in Cypher.

The reason is not farre t' seeke; 'tis this: the many spies employ'd by our mother, the constant watchfull eies she had upon us, marking our going out and our coming in, our rising up and all our movements from the rising of the sunne, to his rising upon the following morning; not a moment when we could openly write and publish a true, accurate history of our times, since nought which Her Ma. disapprov'd could ever finde a printer.

This then is th' onely cause of my secrecy, but it is much too great an attempt now to reveale all this openly: instead, I will spend my whole time in encreast modells, and well form'd examples of the art o' transmitting. A true accompt of my mother's favorite treasure is strictly given in my history—her love of golden praises, of silverie tongued words of flattering speech, dialogues of compliment and princely sayings, or ceremonies. It formed her chief wealth, while, unlike the mother of the Gracchi, she did not reckon sonnes as jeweles, nor did she openly acknowledge either my brother or myself—borne princes —heires to th' kingdome.

It burneth as an injury no lapse of time can cure, a ceaselesse corosive which doth eathe th' heart. Th' sole relieve doth come by making out a complete history of my wrong that doth so embitter my dayes. Men can eat sleepe, drinke, worke when the heart is bowed down in

pain, yet the joys are gone from their whole lives, and doe not return. Chief of sorrows is a sense of willful wrong on th' part of such men or women as have greatest obligation by relation, and more especially those of neerest and most tender relationship—that of parents to a childe. This will never grow inferior, nor ev'n merely equall to the naturall ills in life. It doth rather greatly magnify and increase. Why and wherefore I shall not aske, nor marvell at ought of similar nature. The Creator planted this within the bosom o' our kind. Who hath so great wisedome or soe just judgment of our life, of right or wrong, as our Maker? Who can pronounce His lawes at fault? A foole or blind, perchance, not he that sees, nor the man o' thought.

Your work is soe thoroughly plan'd, its every part neatly joined togather before it was again separated, it awaits th' master hand. I may teach you the manner and perhaps shew manie examples in divers works for your use, as appeare often in more than three methodes of transmitting, yet the work is entirelie left to you.

It dependeth upon others oft-times to reapē th' harvest one hand hath sownen, and my labour may be so compared: it is also verie like th' sounds musicians make in tuning their instruements, of no delight or pleasantnesse to heare, but for this cause, afterward there is sweeter and more pleasing musicke. But we shall have occasion to shew the wonderfully beautifull harmony that hath at one time been brought forth, if you but obey us.

There is a play in some of my prose works, in Cypher, of great worth, entitl'd The White Rose o' Britaine. It hath as principall actors, names verie familiar. Historie related events, and out of many papers which th' times

render of importance, I have made a play. The parts concerning my maternall great-grandsire, who as you no doubt have learned before this was King Henry Seventh, and also much o' that that doth chiefly concern his thorne, that Perkin (or as it is often written elsewhere, Peterkin) Warbeck, and the gentle wife, whom the king so gallantly nam'd White Rose o' Britaine, will be found in the historie of his raigne. The remaining portions are put in my Essays, in my Advancement of Learning, the Anatomy of Melancholy and the prose of such plays as naturallie treat of affaires of State.

It shall give many a portion of my history, for my owne case is of the same nature as Perkin's, but my claime was just, his built on thin aire. Wrongs have been done me which none have known but persons who kept th' secret of my early life. In this play you heare the chaf'd lion's sullen roare, and though the scenes have their proper place in the history of Henry the Seventh's time, manie of them will be found to relate other things of an after time. If you keepe my life and its rude tumults in minde, this play that seemeth to relate such events in the reigne [of] this most mighty king, shall portray many a scene in that of Elizabeth, my owne royall parent. It is the vaine crie the tortured one doth utter ere the spirit doth quit the earthly frame.

You can proceed at once to collect much matter together in masse to be assorted, arranged, put aside for your future use, as you have frequentlie received directions in a great many works and in more places then one, and so mark'd and dispos'd as to lie as readie to th' hand, as brickes unto the hand of th' builder.

Many a yeare I did work upon this method to perfect it for use, and I submit it to you not so much as a work which shall be to the advantage of myselfe, that in truth, right, and the simplest justice should have the soveraignty of th' kingdome, as one brought forth for the aggrandizement of the patient decypherer. It is for this that I looke out to that long future, not of years but of ages, knowing that my labours are for benefit of a land very far off, and, after great length of time is past, Europe must also reap th' great harvest still ripening as doth the yellowe graine where th' sunshine doth fall.

As for th' Cypher-play you have now to write, when you have brought each cipher block (I use a native mode of speech) you comence by polishing and rounding these to resemble such as the plays that you already have written contain. Many parts are rough, it remains for your hand to polish some, reconstruct others, nor leave unturned the least portion of a line which I have plac'd in the Historie of King Henry the Seventh, and manie like prose workes, inasmuch as my time would not suffice to give this further attention.

But your experience hath well furnished the minde with all our directions and rules for any worke of this kinde, therefore our last play shall surelie hold a place of equal ranke with those that have doubtlesse come to th' hands of our publishers long ere this. For the decyphering of these secret workes will hardly be so closelie hid, or so secretly done as hath beene th' work of my silent preparation.

In some places another word has beene conjoin'd, as confusion may arise if I give not some just signe, or otherwise shewe which part of my owne life is related in this

play. As in the early part which I spent across the channell, surely in this the same kind of guiding words set this apart. These, the words thus used, pertaine to humanity, as for example, mankinde, womankinde, and all th' kinds of names us'd in th' language to signify humankinde.

Seeke all the keies which are so guarded by a word that I have pointed out thorow the many bookees. Like fingers on a guide-post they shall so direct the way out of the labyrinth that you can trace it with the penne as on a map or chart. All the rules given for th' other works shall be used to decipher this play, and th' first thing to do in this, as in all, must be making ready a true table of my guards, guides, keies, word-signs (or such as bring these portiones into such relation or position, with regarde each to the other, as before; or those that do give a direction to the work so named) also th' numerous and diverse names that designate various works.

When this hath beene well prepared anie further delay is unnecessary for all else was but secundarie in my designe. If further directions bee requir'd they must come to light in the pursuance o' this work. This in truth is in part my plan, as I have found no rules can be render'd quite crystalline, finished and perfected, beforehand, but use shall pollish them like glasses of steel. This is not a deficiency in any of the rules or direct'ons, but hath roote in th' weaknessse and insufficiency that sheweth ever in a man's first motions by another's suggestions. Yet custome doth familiarize these notions—the repitition o' th' action helpeth also—thereafter th' hand of th' man is a perfect and constant instrument obeying the will of a tirelesse master-minde and spirit.

Thus the decyph'rer, part only of that instrument, doth draw a hidden secret forth, revealing marvellously strange happenings as unknowne to himselfe as they have thus farre (necessarily) beene to all the world outside this microcosme—myselfe. This must bee so, yet shall his most importante labours in due time have the worthy measure of reward that they undeniably but justlie merit.

I must plant, I must sow, while none save hee shall reapre my fields of ripening golden corn that must feed the hungrie in future ages. Th' gods' sweet nectar or ambrosia is not so immortall as my precious harvest shall be. It is to you I doe speak, and unto you do I looke for aide. I, alone, am like a child in its infancie, weake and helplessse; you must afford strength for my frame. Yours is the hand that must lead me whither my steps would go—the guide, lamp, staffe indeed my sole hope and staie—the judge who is to give sentence upon the least or upon the greatest of the crimes any of the persons of whom I speak were guilty—the one from whom I shall expect just sentence when my owne life doth stand before you in judgement.

When my very soule doth lie, as the soules of men shall, before our Father's judgement seate, expos'd to the eies of men and angels, I shall receyve all men's praise instead of a whole nation's or manie nations' contumely. Then my love shall bee known, which would sacrifice my ease that humanity might share in all these labours, reaping rich benefits from my studies. So must my name bee revered in manie a land among th' sons of men; and in old countries where learning doth flourish, shall new knowledge grow from these experiments or inquiries when th' naturall lawes have been more carefully sought.

It must be well seene in many person's experience, that while Fortune hath somewhat of a woman's nature, hast'ning her steps whenere pursued, studies and learning may be said to woo their lovers. Knowledge will reward all who seeke th' real spirit or beautifull outward forme. No ardente follower was ere unsatisfied, if he faltered not nor wearied in a race up the lofty steeps of Olympus, and I now seeke th' dizzie top more eagerlie then I did in those e'rly daies when my bloud ran warme and life it selfe was as the first rayes of faire sunshine: for the crowne then seemed to hang ore my head. My right was made plaine to me, and besides a great earnestnesse, a persisting upon my owne side, there should bee, and I doubt there was, some secret bending or stooping o' my mother's spirit, yet my fate was as a card—a die cast by hands of those bold men, not as a prince's shining destiny.

I faine would attest how painfull this acting parts soon (naturally) did seeme unto my father, for, said hee, "A mortall man may speak falselie upon occasion but he was a strange man who dared live a falsehood;" nevertheless hee did live, the unacknowledg'd husband of Queene Elizabeth, my mother. But hee was an unwise and most artles actour, and oft did give sad trouble to some of our managers or controllers, those in the haughtie Burleigh's emploie, or th' hand and glove associates who served as his factors, but this was not of any momente.

The times were not a bad schoolemaster. When I resumed my former study of th' state of th' nations, and patiently work'd out th' modell of government, my most potent reason may be justlie gather'd; for I then did trust to his hopefull spirit as a sonne naturallie should. In my Cipher as you must soon see, I have written out the afore-said modell, which I still thinke is worthy of attention.

Make search for keies in another work entitled, New Atlantis, but looke on further for directions. Here you may finde a rule by which Cipher stories, of value and interest not onely in the time of which this secret work doth treate, but also when a future time is come, are put within some of my other workes. These are written as intending their printing, but no design of publication ere did enter the plan that I formed of this opportune methode of hiding my worke until such time as one shall write my history.

This historie in the form of plays, concerneth a great and most mightie sovereign, Queene Elizabeth, with mine owne eventfull life, the sorry course of the Earle that was mine apparent friend, when in fact he is my brother and my enemy, the reall pollicy that (as Queene of a mighty people, and ruler above every other which then did reigne i' th' bounds o' Europe, Asia, or Americ) Elizabeth pursued in relation to this matter, which is now misunderstood, with other diverse subjects.

This rule is as follows: Keyes are placed usually in the same portion with joining words, that shewe which parts had stood in juxtaposition. The parts are to stand as in that former or originall worke. When these are all joined together, you have those plaies, or prose historie, poems, (the Illiad o' Homer is concealed within the Cipher with Virgil his Aeneid) and so forth. I give in this manner many of the principall themes and plans, but in the Cipher you have the directions for writing the same.

I must have a trustworthie decipherer, a true writer, and readie interpreter, or the best of my work will never have neede of a printer. This is my onely manner of shewing out my true name, but it is well that my many

valued books have given the name which I bear worthiest renoune or I might loose my immortall honors—the fame that I would winne.

When this worke is finished, you must returne t' the place upon page two-hundred fifty-one, and finde th' secret story begun in Ce'tury Ten. The keyes are Paris, glove, favour, embassador, French, lady, lord, childhood, king, queene, child, love and wounds.

The storie of my secret mission is thus begunne, for as hath beene said, I was intrusted at that very time with businesse requiring great secrecy and expediency. This was soe well conducted as to winne the Queene's frank approvall, and I had a livelie hope by meanes of this entering wedge to be follow'd by the request nearest unto my soule [I] should so bende Her Majestie's minde to my wish. Sir Amyias Paulet undertooke to negotiate both treaties at once, and came thereby very near to a breach with the Queene, as well as disgrace at Henrie's Court. Both calamities, however, were averted by such admirable adroitnesse that I could but yield due respect to the finesse, while discomfited by th' death of my hope.

From that day I lived a doub'full life, swinging like a pendent branch to and fro, or tempest toss'd by manie a troublous desire. At length I turned my attention from love, and used all my time and wit to make such advancement in learning or atchieve such great profici(ei)eney in studies that my name as a lover of Sciences should bee best known and most honour'd, lesse for m' owne agrandizement than as an advantaging of mankind, but with some naturall desires to approove my worthiness in th' sight o' my booke-loving and aspiring mother, beleeving that by thus doing I should advance my claime and obtayne my rights, not

aware of Cecill, his misapplied zeale in bringing this to Her Majestie's notice, to convine' her minde that I had noe other thought save a designe to winne sovraintie in her life-time.

I neede not assert how farre this was from my heart at any time, especiallie in my youth, but th' Queene's jealousie so blinded her reason that she, folowing th' suggestion of malice, shewed little pride in my attempts, discouering in truth more envie then naturall pride, and more hate than affection.

A little while therafter her troubles concerning Mary of Scots began, and nothing else had such exceeding interesse in her eyes as th' least trifle of airey nothingnesse which came to us regarding her cousin. A wish to goe thither took possession of her, and she was almost perswaded, I am well assur'd, to goe to Scotland with a gentleman from that Court in the disguise of a youth, as page to the gaye Courtier, whilst her chamber should, in her absence, be closed as though suf'ring so much payne as that it compelled her to deny audience to everie person save Lady Strafford and th' physitian.

But this foolish plann died ere it was brought to fulnesse of time, thereby making it apparent that at second thought her wisedome doth excede idole curiositie.

For yeares th' wish lay quiescent. Soone, in truth, the Queene came hither requesting a safe conduct into France. This being harshly refus'd, th' ministers thinking it more prudent at that time to allowe her such sure shelter in our owne countrey that she should be safe from her enemies, whilst in England, this poor Queene was moov'd from one castle to another, but was not as yet, brought before Elizabeth.

Againe a desire to looke on the face of her foe stirr'd in her, so that newe curiosity made her inquire of all who knew the lady concerning her beautie, hight, colour of hair, qualitie of her voyce, etcætera, verie like to the famous Ægyptian Queene regarding Octavia, and, to gratify her consumi'g desire it was soone arrang'd by my ill-advis'd father to give Her Majestie a sight of this Queene whilst supping in quiet by invitation at his owne house.

Elizabeth, angered by hearing what pass'd betweene Queene Mary and my father, stept forth quickly, discov'r-ing herselfe and administ'red a reproofe my father under-stood farre better then Queene Mary could. 'Tis a subject of wonder that it did not signe both death warrants, for th' trouble that was spoken of in this matter was constantly increasing evidence that a Cypher us'd in Mary's forraine correspondence had beene the medium by which a complai'te had beene made of her treatment, and pleas widelie disseminated for assistance.

The Queene set mee at discyph'ring this, nor can I deny, indeed, that it grew so clear that it would glimmer through the dullest of eies that the imprisoned Queene did not intende anything short of her owne proper enthronization. She did affect greatly both France and Spaine, partly because of her religion, and partly, in respect of France, because of her brief, but happy union formerly with Francis Second, a brother of Henry, th' soveraigne then on th' throne. And whilst many of the epistles were difficult, and to me impossible,—not having th' keie,—to decypher, my labor had better fruits then I on my owne part wish'd, for I had a secret sympathy for this poor wan-derer although by no menes interesting or engaging my-selfe on anie dangerous chance.

As I have said elsewhere in th' principall Cypher, Her Majesty had suspected me of open assistance when in th' sunnie land of France. In truth that disagreeable insinuation had much to doe with her decision respecti'g my owne marriage, not a wante of fitnesse in the parties. However, no act or written word could bee produc'd in proof, or cited to shew that I had ever had such sympathy,—that it was shewn eithe' openly or privately to herselfe; the jealous suspicions died away and my assistance as adviser, and I may say valuable counselour, was earnestlie desired.

'Tis a grievous fault, I, [ay] a dreadfull crime, to conspire as Marie of Scots did against a great Queene. Th' very power and grandeur awakeneth a reverence or a veneration in th' heart, and give a sovereigne much in comon with our Supreme Ruler,—it must not be soe inquir'd of.

Elizabeth, thereunto prompted by her prudent advisers, at length adopted a policie soe mild in its nature that her foe could no' make just complaint, and th' matter then rested quiet a short time.

Her Majestie soften'd so much towards my unthinking father, that instead o' driving him away implacably, she gave him command at once of her army in foreigne warres, and dissapacht him as Master o' th' Horse of Her Majestie's army in th' Netherlands.

A short respite followed, and had Queene Mary bin warn'd by th' experiences of her very great danger, calamity might doubtlesslie have beene finally avoyded; for th' divided minde of Her Majestie, swaying now here, now there, at no time long clung to revengeful intents. In such incertainty was she, that a report of words that might be conster'd as spoken with t'reat or malice, another, follow-

ing it, should be set downe because of its kindnesse and forbearrance.

Such, however, was by no meanes Lord Burleigh's manner. In truth, soe determin'd was hee not onelie that sentence o' death should surely bee pronounc'd against her when she was brought to triall,—if triall that may bee entitul'd, when th' haplesse prisoner must needs chose from the counsell of her foe to obtaine any defender in th' proceedings,—but, likewise, that th' harsh se'tence should not lingr i' execution.

Soone there was a secret interview betweene Lord Burleigh [and] Earle of Leicester, to which was summoned the Queene's Secretary who was so threaten'd by his lordship—on paine of death, etcætera, th' poor fool—that hee sign'd for the Queene, and affixed th' great seale to the dreadful death-warrant.

The life of the Secretarie was forfeit to the deede when Her Majesty became aware that so daring a crime had beene committed, but who shall say that the blow fell on the guilty head; for, truth to say, Davison was onely a poor feeble instrument in their handds, and life seem'd to hang in th' ballance, therefore blame doth fall on those men, great and noble though they be, who led him to his death.

This sheweth any who have thought Elizabeth too severe to her cousin that, though she had prudence suffiente to keepe her arch-enemie in seclusion, by no meanes was th' heart in that faire bosom so flintie as to send th' unfortunate woman to her death before her time.

The Duke of Norfolk, it is quite true, lost his life through too much zeale to Mary's cause, united, it is said,

or springing from, a rash desire to wed the lady, notwithstanding th' charges that were preferr'd against her. However, th' removall of one duke was but a smal mater compar'd with that of a Queene. A man's head stood somewhat tickle on th' shoulders then, nor did hee thinke his life hard or cruell were such exit provided him.

But to return to the narration,—which is a painfull theame to me now as in that sad time, and furnish'd me th' subject matter of one o' my Cypher tragedys that may be found and written by aide of this argument,—this warrant of death reach'd Fotheringay much sooner then it was expected by anie there attendant upon the wro'gly accused Queene for whatever [her] fault, it is knowe that all plots in her favour against the life of the Queene, my mother, had their origine outside of England, but being the center therocoſ whether cognisant of them or not she would, by th' lawe, be attaint of treason.

Furthermore, being(g) Catholick, she held th' divorce of Henry Eight from Queene Katherine unlawfull, in verie truth, and unjust; his marriage with Anne Bolyne, therefore, could but bee an unsanctified union and their children bastards. Granting th' premise, Mary of Scots should have succeeded Mary of England.

Againe I have somewhat digress'd, but the theame is soe heavy I cannot follow it without taking short respite at intervals. At the appointed time on that sadd daie, Mary enter'd the great hall of her prison-castle, which for this occasion we ree-draped in blacke, wearing a lon' mourning cloake that cover'd her from head to foote; with her were her attendants. The executioner, likewise in mourning, stood in silence by the blocke, and dispos'd in paires about

the room, were the English Lords, Kent, Shrewsbury, Montague and Derby idlie conversing.

The Queene looked pale from want o' rest but was calme and compos'd. She ask'd for the services of her owne priest; it was refus'd with needless sternnesse. She spake little more, pray'd in cleare tones for some minutes, commended to God her suffering soule, to Phillip of Spaine th' quarrell with England and her clayme to the throne. Then she stept forward letting the cloake slide to the floor and stooede up before them in a robe of brave bloud-red, and in that sweete, winsome waye most naturall to a woman and to her in highest degree, she bade her waiting women farewell, thanked Lord Montague who had spoken for her when th' lords sat in councell and bade him adieu. Afterward there came a moment of hesitation,—onely a minute, possibly for silente invocation,—then she spake graciously to each one in her presence and was ledd to the blocke.

So ended Marie of Scots, but her sad story is set downe herein, and in my heart her beautie still liveth as fresh as if she were yet amongst the living.

As hath beene said, this is hidden in th' works in th' form of a tragedie of such interesse that I urge upon my discyp'rer th' oft repeated wish for a carefull rend'ring of my work. To such an one our worke is left nor can I beleeve it lost. In hope, such as doth inspire the hearts of all those who commit their labours to th' future, I leave you my name and labours.

FRA. SAINT ALBAN.

His lordship's part endeth here and I add but a fewe  
lines to speake of th' errata. Some words have [been] left  
out, now and then one repeated—th' syllables and letters  
are also thus—do sometimes appear, sometimes have  
stray'd from sight; but I trust the greater number of these  
mistakes to your diseretion. Yet one statement should be  
changed for a manuscript line omitted hurteth the sense.  
On page two-hundredth and sixty-five, speaking of Her  
Majesty, reade: "Shortly after the return of her rivall to  
her native land, desire to go thither, etcetera." This no  
(do) doubt is the chiefe thing omitted, but I thinke  
proper under the existing circumstances, not wishin' (that)  
his lordship's much priz'd epistle to make a beggarly entry,  
to sett you right in order that we may correct other  
errours.

Respectfully your faithfull fellowe worker,

WILLIAM RAWLEY.

## APPENDIX.

### IRREGULAR PAGING OF ORIGINAL EDITIONS.

**Advancement of Learning.** Book I.—Pages 16, 18, 34 occur twice; 17, 19, 24 are missing.

Book II.—Pages 6, 33, 79, 93, 94, 103 occur twice; 70, 99 occur three times; 69, 74 occur four times; 73, 105 misplaced; 9 missing.

**Spenser's Faerie Queene.** Pages 10, 23 occur twice; 8, 33 missing.

#### Shakespeare Plays—

**Merry Wives of Windsor.** Pages 51, 58 occur twice; 50, 59 missing.

**Comedy of Errors.** Page 88 occurs twice; 86 missing.

**Midsummer Night's Dream.** Pages 151, 163 occur twice; 153, 161 missing.

**Merchant of Venice.** Pages read 163, 162, 163, 166.

**As You Like It.** Page 187 occurs twice; 189 missing.

**Taming of the Shrew.** Page 212 occurs twice; 214 missing.

**All Is Well.** Pages 251, 252 occur twice; 249, 250 missing.

**Twelfth Night.** Page 273 occurs twice; 265 missing.

**Henry IV.** Part I.—Pages read 46, 49.

**Henry IV.** Part II.—Pages 91, 92 occur twice; 89, 90 missing.

**Henry VI.** Part III.—Pages 167, 168 occur twice; 165, 166 missing.

**Henry VIII.** Page 218 occurs twice; 216 missing.

**Troilus and Cressida.** Only two pages numbered—79, 80.

**Romeo and Juliet.** Last two pages read 76, 79; missing 77, 78.

In deciphering after 76 of R. and J. use 78 and 79 of T. and C., then 79 of R. and J.

**Timon of Athens.** Pages 81, 82 occur twice.

**Hamlet.** Next after page 156 is 275. Page 259 occurs twice; 279 missing.

**King Lear.** Page 308 reads 38.

**Cymbeline.** Page 389 occurs twice; 379 missing. Page 399 reads 993.

## APPENDIX.

### Anatomy of Melancholy (1628)—

Democritus to Reader. Pages 39, 40 occur twice.

Anatomy. Pages 62, 78, 79, 86, 88, 89, 91, 114, 115, 251, 259, 583, 584 occur twice. Page 359 stands in place of 360; Pages 66, 96, 98, 99, 101, 214, 215, 351, 359 missing.

De Augmentis. Pages 67, 104, 273, 276, 284, 357, 361, 387, 396 occur twice; 187, 204, 248, 372, 376, 369, 383, 386, 537 missing.

Natural History. Page 39 occurs twice; 35 missing.

In deciphering, the pages of the same number must be joined for connected narrative. If a page occurs numbered ahead of its order, omit until its proper number is reached, and decipher in advance of its duplicate. If a page occurs numbered later than its regular order, it must be brought forward and follow its duplicates in the order they occur in the books.

Some of the irregularities are printer's errors, but most of them are to bring pages together that were misplaced to further hide the Cipher.

## SPENSER.

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"Spenser's 'Shepheardes Calender' was in its day a book of great interest, not only because it made the world acquainted with 'the new poet,' but also because it contained allusions to personages of distinction well known, and to circumstances familiar to everybody. From 1579-97, in a space of eighteen years, it passed through five different editions.

In our days the little book is still interesting, but for other reasons. Firstly, as the earliest work of importance by the writer of 'The Faerie Queen.' Secondly, because, as Dean Church in his 'Life of Spenser' appropriately observes, it marks a 'turning-point' in the history of English literature; twenty years had passed since the publication of Tottel's Miscellany, and the appearance of the 'Shepheardes Calender' gave a new impulse to English Poetry. Thirdly, from the mysterious circumstances connected with its publication."

The following are some of the "mysterious circumstances": On December 5th, 1579, "The Shepheardes Calender" was entered at Stationers' Hall, under the name of Hugh Singleton, according to the following transcript:

Hughe Singleton; Lycenced unto him the Shepperdes Calender conteyninge xij eclogues proportionable to the xij monethes—vjd.

Neither in the entry nor on title page is the author's name mentioned, but on its *verso* some dedicatory verses are signed "Immerito."

This edition is dedicated, or "Entitled to the Noble and Vertuous Gentlemen, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and chevalrie, M. Philip Sidney." "Printed by Hugh Singleton, dwelling in Creede Lane neere unto Ludgate at the signe of the gylden Tunne, and are there to be solde."

Four copies of this edition are known to exist:—

1. No. 11,532 of the Grenville collection of the British Museum.
2. In the Bodleian Library, Oxford.
3. No. 293 Capell, T. 9, in Library of Trinity College, Cambridge.
4. No. 427 of the Huth Library.

The next four editions are published by John Harrison the younger, to whom Hugh Singleton assigned the book as follows:

29 October [1581]

John harrison: Assigned over from hugh Singleton to have the sheppardes callender, which was hughe Singleton's copie.—vjd.

The second edition was "Imprinted at London by Thomas East for John Harrison the younger, dwelling Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anker, and are there to bee solde. 1581." This second edition is also dedicated to Philip Sidney. It is rare, but found in the Grenville Collection, in the Bodleian, Trinity College, and Huth Libraries.

The third edition was "Imprinted at London by John Wolfe for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling in Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anker. 1586."

The fourth edition was "Printed by John Windet for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling Pater noster Roe, etc. 1591."

The fifth edition was "Printed by Thomas Creede for John Harrison the yonger, dwelling Pater noster Roe, at the signe of the Anchor, etc. 1597."

In 1611, together with some other poems, the Shepheardes Calender appeared for the first time with the poet's name attached to it; this volume has the title: The Faerie Queen: The Shepheards Calendar; Together with the other works of England's Arch-Poet, Edm. Spenser. Collected into one Volume and carefully corrected. Printed by H. L. for Mathew Lownes. Anno Dom. 1611, fol. This volume is dedicated to Queen Elizabeth thus: To the Most High, Mightie, and Magnificent Emperesse, Renouned for Pietie, Vertue, and all Gracious Government: Elizabeth, By the Grace of God, Queene of England, France, and Ireland, and of Virginia: Defender of the Faith, &c. Her most humble Servaunt, Edmund Spenser, doth in all humilitie dedicate, present, and consecrate these his labours, to live with the eternitie of her Fame.

Spenser returned to England (1598) a ruined, heart-broken man, and died in the January following, *twelve years before the book was attributed to his authorship*, and the above dedication to Queen Elizabeth.

*By what authority is this book claimed for Spenser.*

The following lines are from the dedicatory verses of the first edition.

*Goe little booke: thyselfe present,  
As child whose parent is unkent:  
\* \* \* \* \**  
*But if that any aske thy name,  
Say thou wert base begot with blame:  
For thy thereof thou takest shame.  
And when thou art past jeopardee,  
Come tell me, what was sayd of mee:  
And I will send more after thee.*

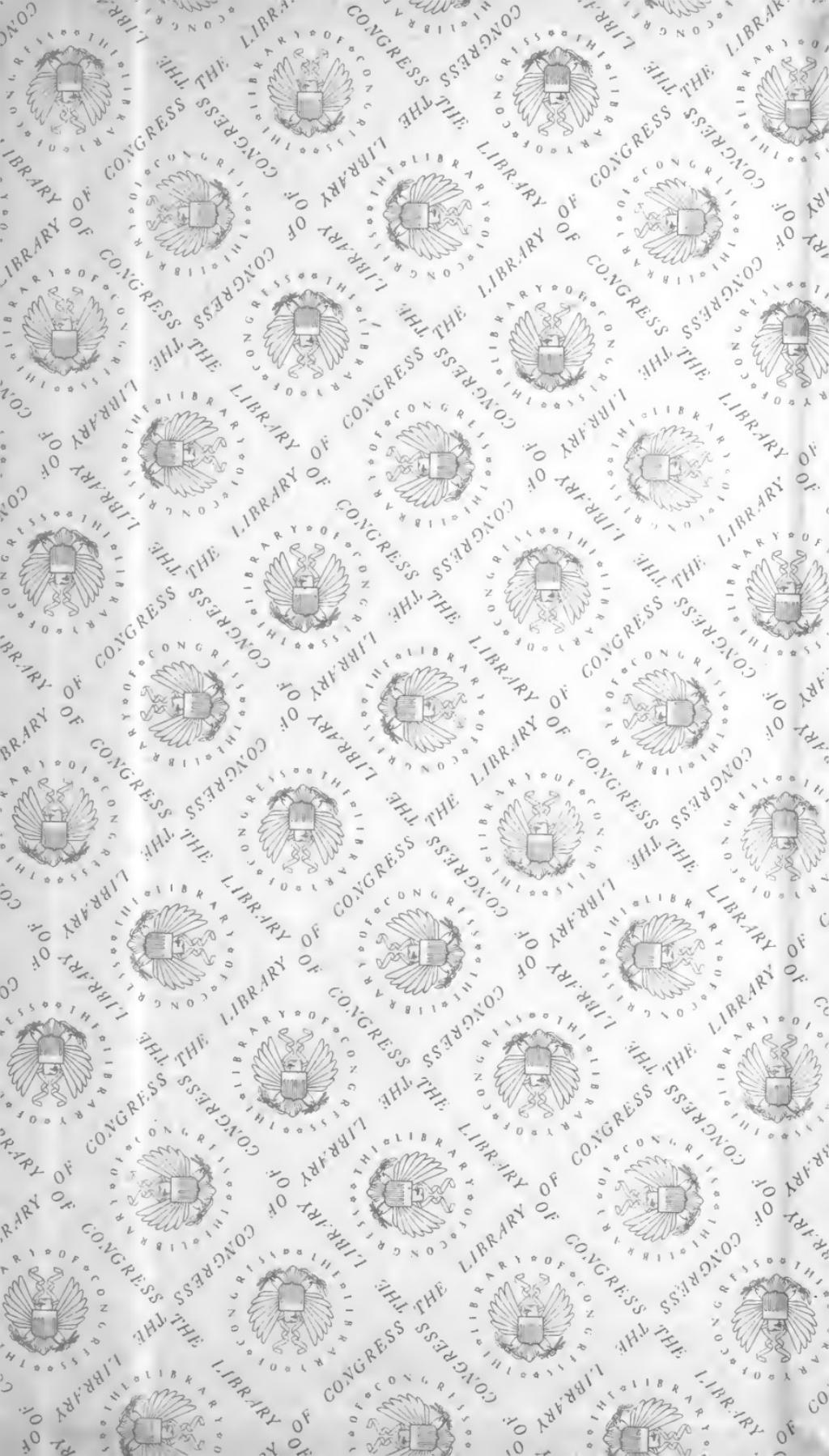
*Immerito.*











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